

COSMOPOLITAN

APRIL, 1958 • 35¢

THE MODERN MIND

New Theories
on Psychiatry,
Pills and Alcohol

Problem of Belief

Where to Take
Your Troubles

Overemphasis on Sex

Pessimist vs. Optimist

Your Pet Gives You Away

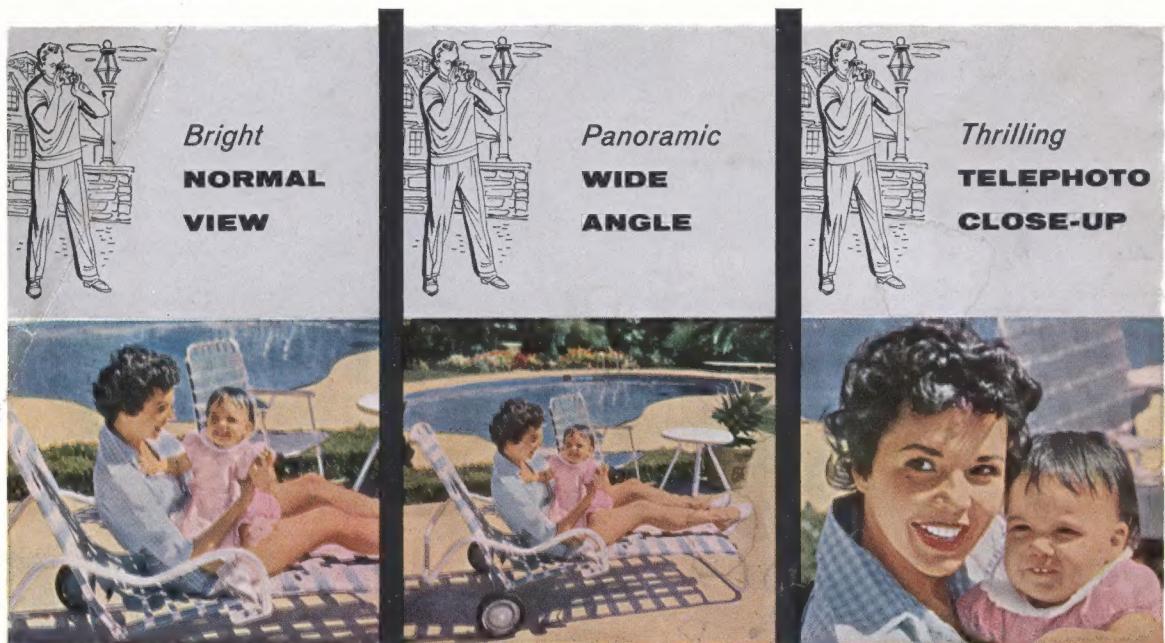
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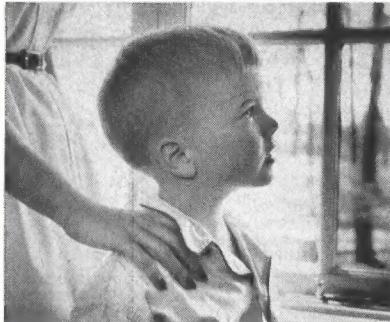


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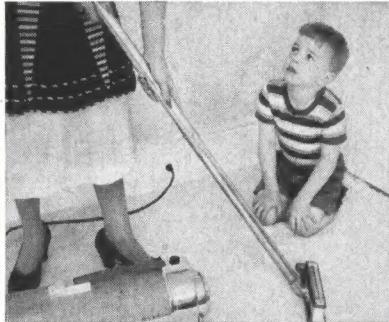


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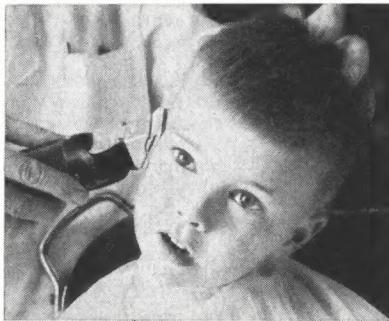
Where does dust come from?



What makes Johnny's dimple?



What makes me hungry?



Why doesn't it hurt when he cuts my hair?



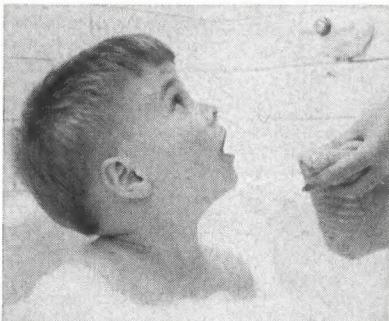
Where does the smoke go?



Do dogs dream?

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PICTURE OF THE MONTH

The ever-swelling ranks of the Friends of Ford (Glenn Ford, that is) will be happy to learn that he remains faithful to his policy of "a sense of humor above all".

This is apparent whether he wears an Okinawan kimono in "The Teahouse of the August Moon" or the gold braid of the Navy in "Don't Go Near The Water" or the spurs of a Westerner as he does now in "The Sheepman".



You'll be delighted to find that he's placed the accent on comedy again in this big outdoor-action picture. In the title role, he gets what he wants with humor and a casual approach, but when the occasion demands a fast gun or fist, he's there.

Starring with him is Shirley MacLaine, bright discovery of "Around the World in 80 Days"—not only a new face and figure but a new fire. Watch this girl! Leslie Nielsen, Mickey Shaughnessy and Edgar Buchanan strongly support.

Glenn Ford's Jason Sweet is the only sheepman in the Colorado cattle country of 1870, a bristling, brawling era when a sheepman had no friends and, in frontier cowtowns, very little future.

Into such a town rides Jason Sweet. Nobody quite knows what he's after. But there's a lively curiosity on the part of everyone, especially the town boss, the town bully, the town bum, and the town beauty.

Actually, Jason wants two things—three, after he meets Shirley. The first thing is to cow this cowtown into the proper frame of mind to listen to a sheepman. The second is to have them accept him and his flocks; and this takes a little fistwork and gunplay, plus a certain stubborn cussedness.

How he outguesses, outwits and wins out over all comers in his "easy does it" manner is part of the fun and charm of "The Sheepman".

M-G-M recreated it all in the majestic San Juan mountains of Colorado, a magnificent CinemaScope and Metrocolor background for the story. Director George Marshall happily has used his know-how and Edmund Grainger has produced bountifully. Scenarists William Bowers and James Edward Grant amplified a William Roberts adaptation of a Grant story.

When counting your entertainment blessings, count "The Sheepman".

COSMOPOLITAN

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SPECIAL SECTION: THE MODERN MIND

THE MODERN MIND T. F. James 22

MECHANICAL BRAINS, AUTOMATION AND OUTER SPACE

Eugene D. Fleming 30

HOW PROGRESSIVE EDUCATION FAILED US Bernard David 36

THE DRIVE TOWARD SELF-DESTRUCTION Alice Mulcahey 40

WHERE TO TAKE YOUR TROUBLES Elizabeth Honor 54

PESSIMISM VS. OPTIMISM Richard Gehman 62

SEX CULTISM IN AMERICA Frederick Christian 66

YOUR PET GIVES YOU AWAY Lyn Tornabene 68

PICTURE ESSAY

A MOTHER OF NINE Robert J. Smith—Jim Scott 46

SERVICES

THE BEST IN RECORDS Paul Affelder 6

PRACTICAL TRAVEL GUIDE Edward R. Dooling 8

THE COSMOPOLITAN SHOPPER Carol Carr 10

WHAT'S NEW IN MEDICINE Lawrence Galton 15

YOUR COSMOPOLITAN MOVIE GUIDE Marshall Scott 20

DIRECTORY OF SCHOOLS, COLLEGES, AND CAMPS 124

FEATURES

WHAT GOES ON AT COSMOPOLITAN 4

ON TOP OF THE WORLD David E. Green 16

LOOKING INTO PEOPLE Amram Scheinfeld 18

JON WHITCOMB'S PAGE—JON'S BEEN TO THE FAIR 74

THE LAST WORD 128

LOOKING INTO MAY 128

FICTION

THE SMALL ILLUSIONS Anne Sayre 76

THE MAN SHE MARRIED Mel Heimer 82

COTTON CANDY Eileen Jensen 90

TIGER CRYING Elliott Chaze 96

COMPLETE MYSTERY NOVEL

STAIN OF SUSPICION Charles Williams 100

COVER—If preference for animals has something to do with personality ("Your Pet Gives You Away," p. 68), Ivy Nicholson is definitely a feline type. One thing she really believes in is being free to do "what she wants, as she wants, when she wants," and for twenty-four-year-old Ivy, this philosophy has paid off. Since age fifteen she's reigned as a top-fashion model both here and abroad, and when the muse hit her she took a successful whirl at painting. For fun, she water-skis and shuttles between here and Europe. As a friend says, "Ivy is a progressive progressive." Photo by Erwin Blumenfeld.



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Why Hollywood Stopped Dieting

After unhappy results that ruined health and wrecked careers, Hollywood stars have rejected dangerous fad diets and now depend on a "candy that makes you thin."

BY VIRGINIA PALMER

You've got to reduce!" How many times Hollywood stars have winced at those words...!

When Ann Miller was making tests for a coveted part in MGM's "Opposite Sex"—she saw the camera man signal the director. Ann knew she'd have to trim down—or goodbye part.

Did she panic? Not Ann, for she knew the answer to the problem—the amazing "candy that makes you thin." "No starvation diets for me," Ann was heard to say. "I've tried fads before—and they've failed. But, darling, the wonders I've seen these work!" and she held up a little square candy. P.S. She got the part!

Hollywood used to lose its head in frantic efforts to shed unwanted flesh. When the edict was "Eight pounds off in a week"—the torture began. Pummel tables, starvation regimens, buttermilk at 2-hour intervals—such were the extremes. The stars went wacky with "wonder" diets that often brought on collapse.

Many will remember Barbara La Marr of "Three Musketeers" fame and Renée Adoree of "Big Parade." Tragic cases both—for it's been said drastic dieting led to their deaths—as it did to that of Louis Wolheim, the hard-boiled captain of that famous

film "What Price Glory."

Apparently, in those early days, a diet's effectiveness was judged by the punishment it inflicted. But Hollywood learned its lesson. Now, they have a better way to lose weight. A way that imposes no hardships and is completely safe. Ask Anita Ekberg, Alexis Smith or George Brent—or scores of other stars.

Today's screen stars now eat candy. Oh, not ordinary candy, but a special low-calorie vitamin-and-mineral-enriched candy called Ayds. Taken as directed before meals, it curbs the appetite so you automatically eat less and lose weight. And what a figure-saver it's been for Hollywood.

Take, for instance, Pamela Mason, the talented wife of actor James Mason. With two children and a career of her own, Pamela is a busy person. "The secret of losing weight is simple appetite control," says Mrs. Mason. "That's why I've switched to Ayds. It curbs your appetite."

Another case in point is popular Rory Calhoun and his stunning wife, Lita Baron.



Ann Miller gets lots of exercise dancing—but still watches her weight.



Mrs. James Mason, relaxing with her children, knows the importance of weight control for a slender figure.



Anita Ekberg, co-starring in "Paris Holiday"—the new Technicolor United Artists' release.

"Staying down to an ideal weight is hard—even with all the exercise I get on the ranch," commented Rory to a director friend. "But Lita and I have discovered a way to lose weight together and actually it's fun! Lots easier for two to reduce than one!"

"We take that miracle reducing candy—Ayds," chirped Lita. "Rory likes the chewy caramel kind and I the new chocolate fudge-type. Both work equally well, we find."

The Calhouns read about this reducing-plan candy in a magazine article, based on a Medical Journal report. It works on an entirely different principle from anything in the past. Not a "pill" or a drug, it's what is known as an "appetite deterrent."

A look at the Medical Journal revealed a clinical investigation had been made at a famous Boston Medical Center to determine the value of "appetite deterrents" in reducing.

The leading weight-reducing products, plus a strict diet alone, were tested among 240 overweight men and women. And the doctors discovered that those taking Ayds lost the most weight—almost 3 times as much as those on the diet alone. What's more, they suffered no hunger pangs, no loss of sleep, nervous jitters or other unpleasant side-effects. "Just what the doctor ordered" for movieland.

As Anita Ekberg remarked: "Out here in Hollywood when we have to lose weight, the first thing we think of is Ayds. It's such a natural way to trim off weight and control it."

For any fans who want to follow the stars to slimness, it's just a matter of taking a few steps to pick up a box of Ayds (regular vanilla caramel or new chocolate fudge-type) at the nearest drug or department store.

What Goes On at Cosmopolitan

DOG OF DISTINCTION, GLOOM BOOM, AND MAN OR MACHINE?

In a mild state of shock after reading our article on how pets live these days (see page 68), we started cautiously checking up on dogs-around-town. Soon we were chatting with thirteen-year-old Shermanne Billingsley, who owns a six-months-old Mexican chihuahua named Bambi. What Shermanne told us made even her father blink. And since Shermanne's father, besides running the Stork Club and a TV show, has raised and given away more dogs than any other man in the world ("about five thousand—pedigreed ones at that") to the Seeing Eye organization, Charles Boyer, Lana Turner, and others, he *thought* he knew how dogs lived. But Shermanne set him straight. Her dog, she announced, has a complete wardrobe: snowsuit, sweater, mink, pajamas, cocktail coat. What does Bambi eat? "I feed her baby food," Shermanne told us, while her father stood numbly by. "But her *favorite* food is Steak Diane." Since Steak Diane is \$5.75 at the



Shermanne and Bambi

Stork Club, we blinked right along with Billingsley, who muttered that the dog certainly had expensive tastes. Well, dogs—or their owners—do, as you'll see in "Your Pet Gives You Away."

The Dark Side

The "Beat Generation" in America, we realized the other day, has so far been composed only of males—Marlon Brando,

James Dean, the writer Jack Kerouac, a poet like Kenneth Rexroth who quotes grim poetry in a West Coast cellar. But who are the "Beat Generation" women? Jean Seberg? Kim Novak? Natalie Wood? Not they—they all wear shoes.

The fact is, we've had to import our "Beat Generation" ladies—Juliette Greco, for instance, one of "Les Rats des Caves," the ex-urchins of the Paris streets. Juliette is a friend of existentialists like Sartre (see page 24) and pessimistic as they come. "Her songs, like 'I Hate Sundays,'" says one depressed listener, "make a 1930 Depression deal like 'Brother Can You Spare a Dime?' sound as optimistic as 'I'm the Most Happy Fella.'"

Yet in spite of our "Beat Generation," the American mind is apparently incurably gone on optimism, tempered, as one sage puts it, "with some healthy pessimism"—which may be one reason people get a kick out of Greco. In reading this issue's "Pessimism vs. Optimism," page 62, you may be able to spot your personal blend of P. & O.

If a Robot Answers . . .

In this fast and furious life, it has be-hooved one busy writer we know to try some of the amazing robostry mentioned in "Mechanical Brains, Automation and Outer Space," page 30. Our writer, who lives in New Milford, Connecticut, has made several tape recordings, each of which can be connected to his telephone by pressing a button. On arising in the morning and getting into the shower, our man presses button one, and when the phone rings, the recording announces to the caller: "Hello. This is R.G. And this is a recording. I am taking a shower. Would you please call back in five minutes?"

But, unfortunately, automation hasn't yet stamped out human fallibility. On getting out of the shower and tearing off on an assignment, our writer invariably forgets to press button two, three, or four, whose recordings state: "Hello. I am in New York [or Boston, or Cleveland, or some other point]. You can reach me at—." Unaware of all this, one day we urgently phoned our writer half a dozen times, only to have our startled long-distance operator told mechanically, "I am in the shower." It was late evening before the operator was able to announce wearily, "The bathing beauty is on the other end." And that, in this age of automation, is as far as our personal experience goes.

—H. La B.

Summer vacation tip . . .

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Stereophonic Sound in the Home

THE BEST IN RECORDS BY PAUL AFFELDER

Twenty years ago, "high fidelity" was a mysterious term to all but a few pioneer dabblers and forward-looking engineers; today it's a billion-dollar industry and a password. You may find the "hi-fi" tag attached to anything from a five-thousand-dollar custom installation to a thirty-dollar portable, although the latter certainly doesn't deserve it. There's even a "hi-fi" lipstick! But although the public has been hurrying to keep up with advances in hi-fi, the industry is still ahead of it by one big step. That big step is stereophonic sound.

Perhaps the best way to explain stereophonic recording is to compare it with the more familiar stereoscopic photography. A stereo slide-viewer simulates natural, three-dimensional vision by presenting two simultaneous but slightly different images, one to each eye. In the same way, a stereophonic system achieves a facsimile of live music by presenting it in two separate, simultaneous segments, one for each ear.

When you hear a live performance of a symphony, each ear receives sounds coming from different points on the concert stage; the effect is not one, but two separate aural impressions. You are able to pinpoint the source of the individual sounds and are aware of the location of the various instruments in the orchestra. Naturally, a conventional tape, disc, or radio reproduction of this same symphony in your home cannot recall this spatial perception, because the sound reaches your ears from a single source, your radio or phonograph speaker.

Stereophonic reproduction, however, more nearly duplicates the conditions of a live performance. The recording is made by placing two microphones some distance apart, at the left and right of the orchestra, and imprinting the sounds from each microphone on two separate and independent channels—or tracks—of magnetic recording tape. When the tape is played back in the home, each sound track is piped through a separate

speaker, one placed to the left, the other to the right, of the listener.

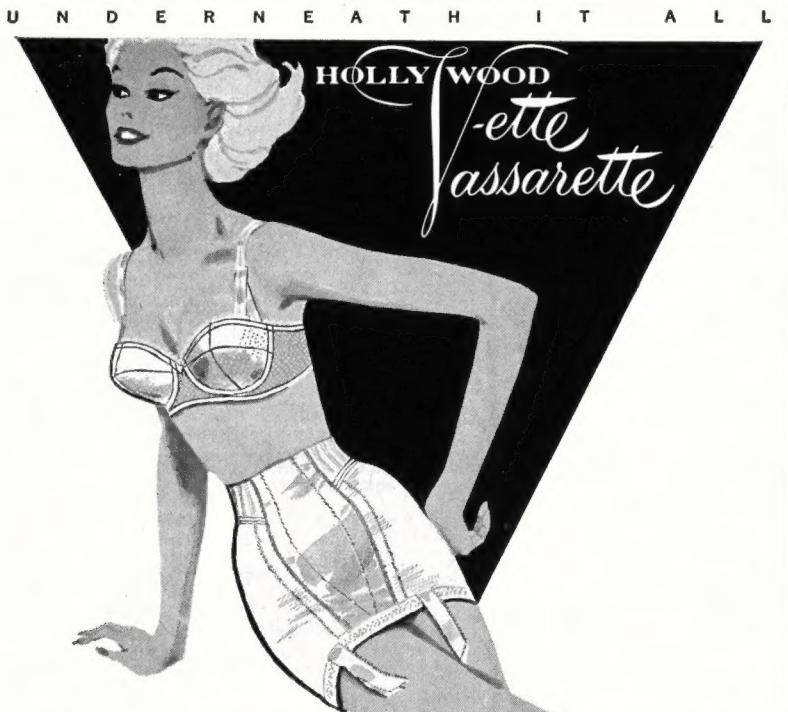
Although it's still quite new and relatively expensive, stereo is catching on very quickly. It is possible to assemble a basic stereo playback outfit (tape player, two amplifiers, and two loudspeakers) for as little as \$240. A hi-fi system can be converted to stereo by the addition of another amplifier and speaker and a stereo tape player. Top-quality components, however, run considerably higher.

Already the library of stereophonic tape recordings is quite extensive. Almost all of the established manufacturers have been making stereo tapes as well as LP discs for about two years. Among the firms now releasing music of all types in both forms are Capitol, Columbia, Concert Hall, Mercury, RCA Victor, Urania, Vanguard, and Westminster (using the name Sonotapes). Prominent among those specializing in stereo tapes are Concertapes, Omegatapes, and Livingston, which produces for itself as well as for a number of other independent companies.

Of major concern to the stereo enthusiast is the high price of these tapes, which cost from three to six times as much as long-playing records; most reels play for about thirty minutes and cost \$11.95. However, RCA Victor and Livingston have a number of shorter reels in their catalogues for as little as \$6.95, and Vanguard offers for the same price a "demonstration" reel of the Beethoven Fifth Symphony by Felix Prohaska and the Vienna State Opera Orchestra (VRD 1) that is one of the best performances of this popular work to be found anywhere. Another wonderful tape for showing off stereo combines Moussorgsky's "A Night on Bald Mountain," the Polovtsian Dances from Borodin's "Prince Igor," and Sibelius' "Valse Triste," played by the Florence May Festival Orchestra under Vittorio Gui (Livingston 703 F, \$11.95).

The increased demand for stereo may force the price down a bit, though probably not very much. However, as you read this, a further revolution is taking place in the field. Stereo discs, with two channels engraved on two sides of a single groove, are beginning to appear, and will probably be out in volume by the end of the year. They will contain almost as much as the conventional long-playing record and will sell for only a little more. When samples and further information are available, this column will pass on the details to its readers.

THE END



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Ray Burke

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LOCATING A NEW WELL SITE

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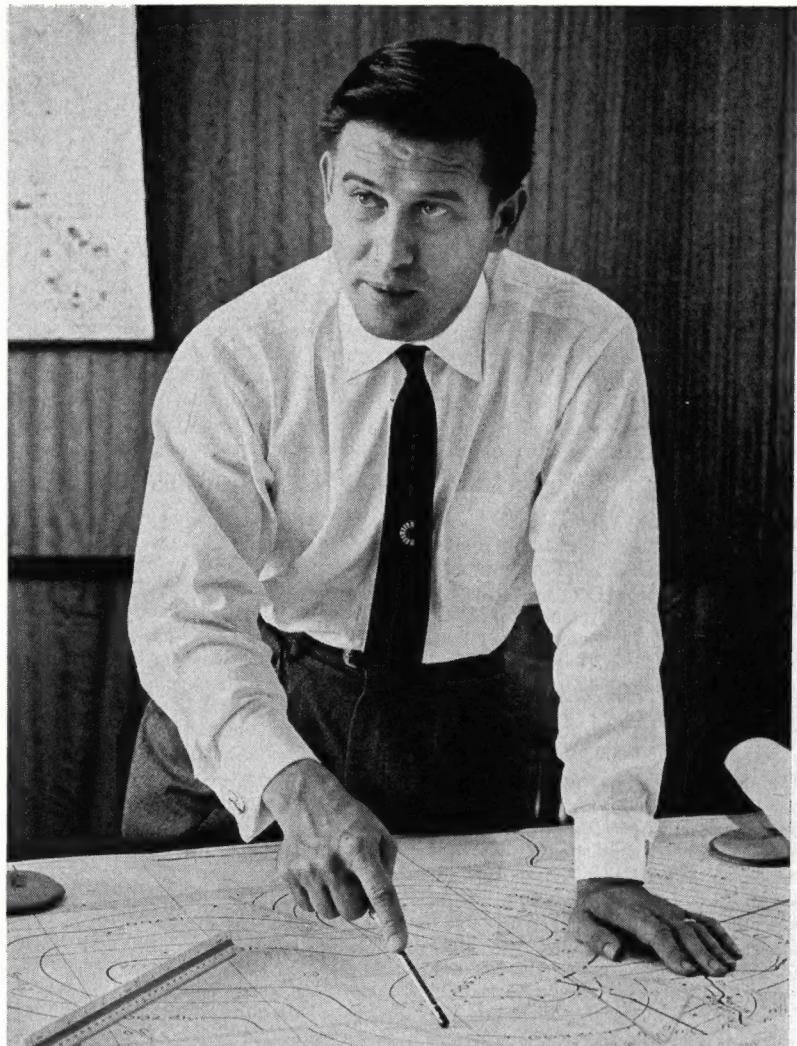
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"The industry spent over 3 billion dollars to get this job done.

"It's true we're entering the atomic age. But as long as our need for energy increases at the rate it has been, we're going to need all the oil we can get—plus atomic power.

"The best way to make sure we will get

it is to continue the free competitive climate in which the petroleum industry has worked so well for so long."

* * * *

Ray Burke—a geologist in our Exploration department—estimates that the industry will need to spend \$70 to \$80 billions in the next 10 years to keep up with this country's appetite for petroleum products.

As in the past, you can count on the industry to meet this challenge. So long as it is free to compete and do the job it knows best.

YOUR COMMENTS ARE INVITED. Write: The Chairman of the Board, Union Oil Co., Union Oil Bldg., Los Angeles 17, Calif.

Union Oil Company of CALIFORNIA

76

MANUFACTURERS OF ROYAL TRITON, THE AMAZING PURPLE MOTOR OIL

A Mind to Travel

PRACTICAL TRAVEL GUIDE BY EDWARD R. DOOLING

Our mental image of this wonderful world has changed more drastically in the last seventeen years than it has at any time since Columbus replaced the pancake concept with that of the sphere. Formerly remote parts of the world—North Africa, the Orient, the old world of Europe—are no longer merely colored shapes on a map of the world, but familiar areas, within visiting distance, containing towns and cities, homes and gardens, churches, hotels, restaurants and markets, and active people. Distance is no longer just a matter of miles but of time—of "how long it takes to get there." It is this new kind of thinking, this revision of our mental geography, that is now affecting the world of travel.

It's a Small World

The big switch in our mental concepts goes back to World War II, when millions of young Americans were sent to remote areas of the world. Just as Prohibition introduced many Americans to the delights of tropical cruising, so the dislocations of the Second World War gave birth to a new era of global thinking. Crossing oceans and continents was a new trick that was easily learned by parents and grandparents, brothers and sisters, sweethearts, wives and children.

While it was acquiring a new concept of geography, the modern mind also learned many of the tricks of travel, and

now that smartening-up course is paying off in terms of lower air and steamship fares and better travel accommodations. The engineers, designers, and decorators may get the Oscars, but the new luxury at a low cost was really born in the minds of the present wandering generation.

New Ship Shapes

Today's ships resemble their pre-war predecessors only in that they have a prow and a stern and a watertight hull to keep them afloat. Even the familiar smokestack is outdated, and is being retained only because, as one designer put it, "She wouldn't look much like a ship without one." The engine exhaust, on the newest ships, pours out of vents in the stern. One of the new vessels uses the smokestack as a compartmented area for nude sunbathing, while others use it for a radio room or observation lounge.

There are still three classes in steamship travel, but they are the same in name only. Steerage (a ventilated between-decks space originally designed for cattle) was abolished many years ago when the mass migrations from Europe to America tapered off. To take its place, third class was established. But over a period of time the word "class," applied to anything but "first," became an increasingly nasty word, so "second" became "cabin," and "third" became "tourist." Most newly built ocean liners are

one- or two-class ships. They would, in fact, all be one-class ships if it weren't for the archaic rule which states that a one-class ship must charge prices equivalent to cabin class on a three-class ship, while a two-class ship can charge both first-class and tourist prices. The result has been a growing fleet of ships with a small "island" of first-class accommodations tucked away amidships on one of the upper decks, completely surrounded by tourist facilities. Some ships in this category carry nearly nine hundred persons in tourist class and less than forty in first class.

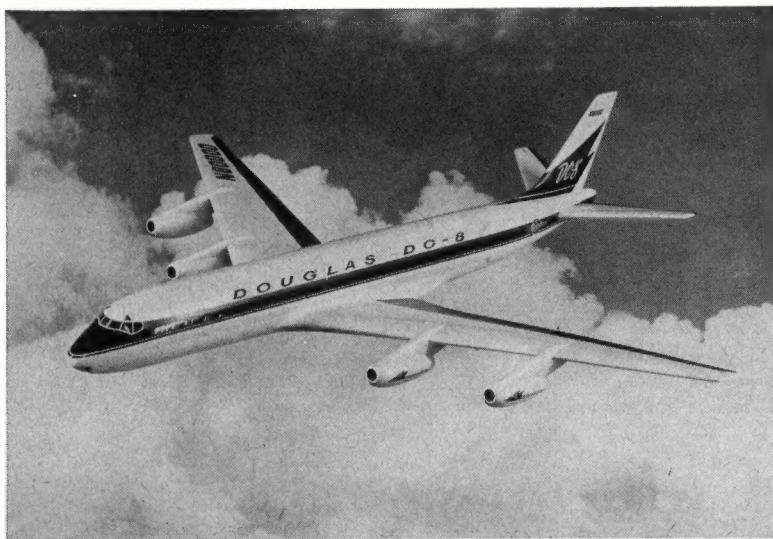
The distinctions between classes of steamship travel have become as flexible as a chorus girl's "No." Most big ships have a portable wooden gate with a sign reading "Cabin Class Passengers Not Permitted Beyond This Point," which designates the separation of accommodations. However, if all the rooms assigned to cabin class for a particular sailing have been sold out and there is still space available in first class, it is a simple matter to shove the gate along the aisle and create as many additional cabin-class rooms as are needed. The same rule works in reverse.

On the newest ships there is not much difference between classes as far as space and furnishings are concerned. Cabin- or tourist-class rooms may have a folding upper berth, useful for parents traveling with children or for three people traveling together. When the third berth is occupied, the rate for the crossing is lower for all three occupants. Today all first-class rooms and most of the rooms in the cabin and tourist classes have "facilities," meaning a toilet, wash basin, and either shower or tub bath, which are in the room itself or within a few feet of its door.

Shipboard Class Distinctions

Location has much to do with the price paid for a room on a ship. First class is usually located on the upper decks, amidships. This follows the old theory that this part of the ship is the most comfortable in rough weather. Actually, the part of the ship which moves least is the midships section at the waterline.

There is often much concern over "inside" and "outside" rooms. With today's almost universal air conditioning, there is little difference. The promenade deck, in fact, instead of being the choice location the price charts indicate, is a place where windows must be kept shut-



The Douglas DC-8, jet transport of a new design, will fly New York to Paris in about six hours, nine minutes. KLM's DC-8 service will begin in late 1959.

tered unless you want strollers staring in at you.

There is little difference between the bars, lounges, dining rooms, and other public facilities of the different classes. The principal difference is that first class has a bit more room per passenger, is a bit more plush in its decorations, and requires much more formal dress. Cabin class's space allotment is between those of first and tourist; and formal dressing is optional. Tourist-class public space is adequate, but the tips are smaller and there is no formality.

Food and Drink at Sea

Food is the same quality in all classes, though there are fewer menu choices in cabin and tourist. On some ships, table wine in decanters is provided without extra charge in tourist class, whereas first- and cabin-class passengers may choose from an extensive wine list at prices that match those of the best European hotels, plus the usual extra tip to the *sommelier*.

For a long time, airmen twitted the steamship men about maintaining class distinctions. That was before they instituted the "deluxe" air services with champagne dinners, leg rests, fully reclining seats, and berths. These were extra-fare flights, and there were extra charges for berths. Although the airlines provided some inexpensive air accommodations during the "thrift seasons," they eventually had to admit that the great travel market demanded a completely new and less costly type of trans-ocean air transportation. The baggage allowance was trimmed from sixty-six to forty-four pounds per person, the width of seats and space between seats was snipped, and that is how "tourist" was born. At first the elaborate free meals, cocktails, wines and liqueurs were eliminated from the tourist flights, but some of these have gradually crept back.

As of April 1, another type of transatlantic air travel was scheduled to make its debut: "economy class." This permits the forty-four-pound baggage allowance, as in tourist, but trims the space between seats by about two inches. Free sandwiches and hot beverages are served, but there is no bar service. Typical round trip fares between New York and London are: first class \$783; tourist \$567; economy \$453.

There are still, however, a few small jokers in the flight deck. IATA, the International Air Transport Association, of which most big transatlantic certified lines are members, sets certain standards and rules by which its members are bound. As an example, the deluxe flights on IATA member lines still require an extra payment over first-class fares, while non-IATA lines can set their own prices, even below economy class, and still serve hot meals and provide bar service if they wish. No international law requires a certified international air carrier to join

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IATA or to abide by its rules. This loop-hole enables certain carriers to use slightly older and slower equipment and offer lower rates while supplying most of the amenities usually found in first class.

Along with the changes in steamship and air travel, the modern mind has discovered or brought about a number of other travel-wise gimmicks which can be translated into savings on travel costs. As officials of the European Travel Commission point out, Americans have learned to travel in what were once regarded as "off seasons." They have discovered that during these seasons Europe is most natural, and that these are the times when Europeans enjoy themselves most, when operas, plays, concerts, and ballets are in full swing and holiday festivals are at a colorful peak.

Optional routing is another trick most American tourists have learned to use. By buying a round-trip ticket to the farthest point on the itinerary, a traveler can make stopovers at other cities along the way, and pay little or no extra fare.

Another saving is possible through judicious use of rail travel within Europe. British Railways have a special one-thousand-mile ticket which can be purchased in the United States at a cost of \$31.50 for first class or \$21 for second class. The Swiss Railways offer a special "Holiday Ticket" which can effect savings up to 50 per cent on rail travel in that country, while the Italian State Railways give a 20

per cent deduction on tickets purchased in the United States for use during the winter season, up to March 15. Nearly all European hotels reduce rates during late autumn, winter, and early spring.

Europe on a Budget

To give you an idea of what can be done on a budget, here is brief outline of an eight-week European tour, including round trip transatlantic travel by ship in tourist class, all sightseeing, two meals a day, transportation in Europe by air, rail, boat, or motor coach, all admissions, and guide services.

The itinerary includes visits and sightseeing in London, Stratford-on-Avon, Oxford, Amsterdam, Brussels and Brussels' World's Fair, Ghent, Bruges, Cologne; a Rhine River trip via Bonn, Coblenz, Wiesbaden and Mainz; stops at Frankfurt, Lucerne, the Swiss Alps, Lugano, Lake Como, Milan, Venice, Florence; visits to the hill towns Perugia and Assisi, Rome, Vatican City, Naples, Capri, Nice, Paris, Versailles, and Malmaison.

Total cost, traveling both ways tourist class, by ship, is \$895. Extras are estimated at \$28 to \$30 for taxis between stations and hotels, and \$75 to \$80 for meals not included in the tour price.

The same trip can be made in six weeks if transatlantic travel is by air on the new economy service, in which case the total tour cost is \$956, with the same estimates for extras.

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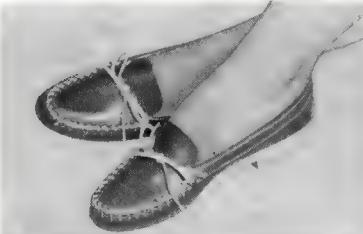


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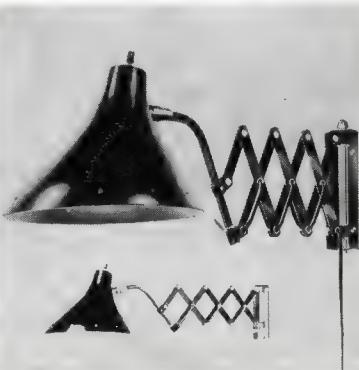


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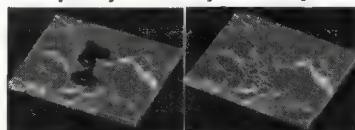
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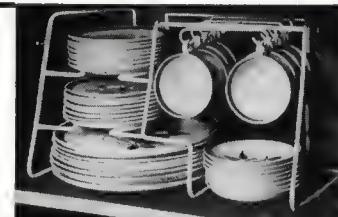
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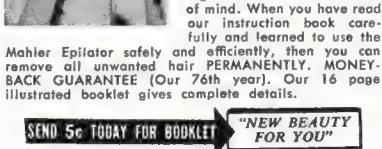
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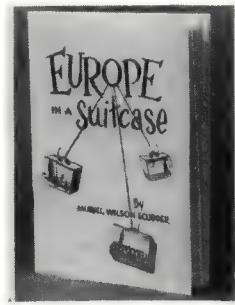


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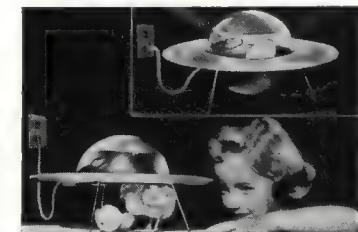
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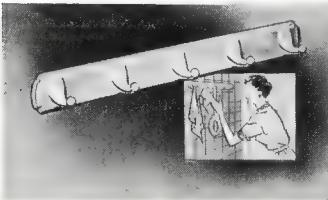
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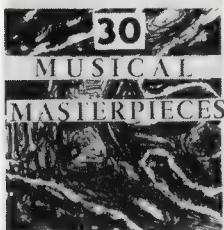
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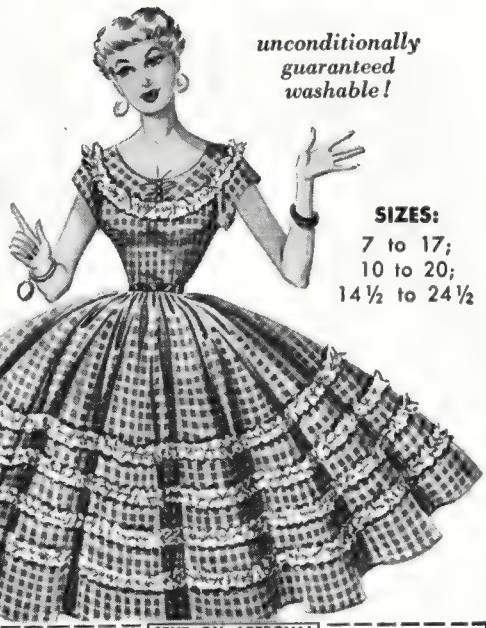
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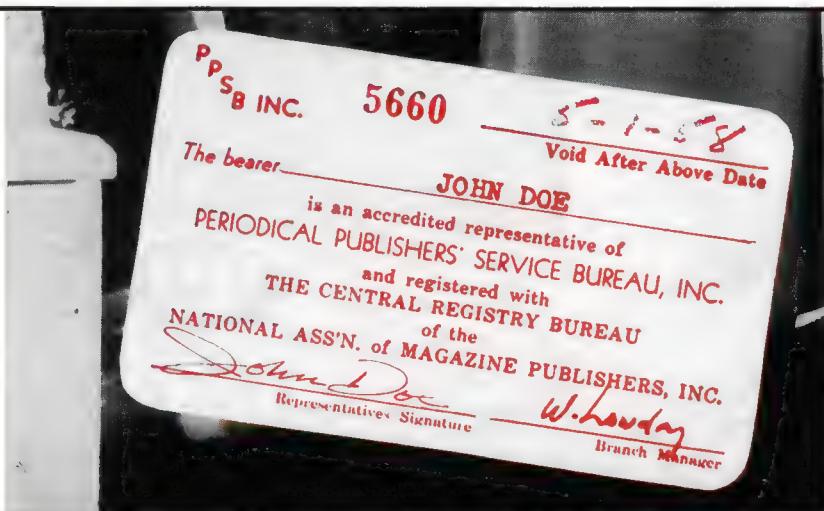
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Answer to a Teenager's Prayer

WHAT'S NEW IN MEDICINE BY LAWRENCE GALTON

Although its outward signs are all too plain, acne is an internal as well as an external problem, and no external medication can be expected to cure it. However, a new lotion, Cortacne, just becoming available for prescription by physicians, has proved to be an unusually effective aid, especially when used along with dietary, hygienic, and other established treatment.

After studying it in a large group of patients, three of the nation's foremost dermatologists say it is "more satisfactory locally than anything we have used in the past." It has been of value not only in mild and moderate acne but also in severe and long-lasting cases, often bringing relief after other methods have proved unsatisfactory.

The new flesh-tinted lotion combines a number of ingredients, each with a specific job to do in combating the acne problem. Two, sulfur and resorcin, have long been widely used for softening and removing the blackheads which plug up the surface openings of the sebaceous glands, and for scaling off old skin.

A third ingredient, never before employed in the treatment of acne, is n-sulfanilylacetamide, a sulfa drug with unusual properties. Active against the bacteria involved in acne, it attacks them not only on the skin surface but also beneath the skin. In addition, the drug combats abnormal sebaceous gland growth and reduces excessive oiliness.

Even in the early stages of its development, before a fourth ingredient was added, the lotion often produced impressive results. Most of a group of 106 patients showed some improvement, often noticeable within the first week of use.

In a study on 125 patients, the lotion was applied to one side of the face, while another preparation containing only resorcin and sulfur was used on the other side. Results were so heavily in favor of the new lotion that the trial was almost spoiled because many patients began to use it on both sides.

More recently, the addition of a fourth ingredient, hydrocortisone, has greatly increased the preparation's effectiveness. Hydrocortisone, a hormone with a marked anti-inflammatory effect, has proved beneficial in the treatment of such skin diseases as neurodermatitis and eczema, but its value in the treatment of acne has not previously been investigated.

Fast healing of burns, skin ulcers and poison ivy has been achieved with an

electronic medical device, the Bio-Cold-Ray, which generates radio waves of a lower frequency than those used in commercial broadcasting. The waves do not heat the body internally, as diathermy does, and they appear to have an attraction to tissues that promotes faster healing. In a case of advanced gangrene in frozen feet for which amputation was believed to be necessary, improvement was noted after the fifth treatment and complete healing occurred within thirty days. In severe poison ivy, itching and soreness have been relieved after one treatment.

Progressive myopia (nearsightedness) may be halted with contact lenses, according to a two-year study of fourteen hundred patients, all of whom had steadily worsening cases of myopia at the time they were fitted with corneal lenses. At the end of the two-year period, none of the patients showed any further increase

in nearsightedness and some showed signs of slight improvement. At the National Contact Lens Congress, where the American study was recently presented, a London physician reported that eye specialists in England have been aware of the "containing effect of contact lenses on progressive myopia" for eight years.

Hay fever immunity. Highly promising results in treatment of hay fever are reported with trial use of a special "immune" milk, produced by inoculating cows' udders with ragweed pollen antigens. A daily pint of the immunized milk—its taste unaffected by the antibodies produced by the cows in response to inoculation—kept thirty-six highly sensitive hay fever patients free of symptoms during an entire pollen season. The milk also appears to be effective as a treatment when pollen allergy problems have already developed.

THE END

For more information about these items, consult your physician.



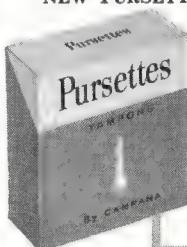
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On Top of the World

Facts Picked Up Around the Globe BY DAVID E. GREEN

MT. MIRAGE . . . R.C.A. has developed a music synthesizing machine which can reproduce any voice that has ever been recorded, making it say or sing whatever is desired. It can simulate the voice of Winston Churchill asking his people to lay down their arms—or of Enrico Caruso singing rock 'n' roll.

STATION NIGHTMARE . . . Here's the ultimate in brainwashing: Millions can be transformed into enslaved robots by the insertion of minute radio receivers in their brains. In surgery performed soon after birth, a socket is placed beneath the scalp, from which electrodes lead to selected brain areas. Subsequently, a miniature radio receiver is grafted to the nape of the neck and plugged in to the brain socket. Thereafter, the individual is controlled by electronic signals from a central sending station. The foregoing is from a report to the National Electronic Conference. Proof that it's more than an idle nightmare: rats with sockets in their skulls were frightened when they had nothing to fear and preferred a jolt of electricity to food when hungry.

STATE OF MIND . . . What ends in the divorce court often begins in the mind. A university study named eight basic mental causes for marriage failure: (1) low self-opinion; (2) a "hangover" of adolescent instability; (3) early anti-marriage conditioning; (4) cumulative ego stress; (5) homosexual tendencies or male passivity; (6) sexual dissatisfaction—a tendency to blame your own sexual inadequacy on your mate; (7) revolt against femininity; (8) desire to be the first to throw in the towel—flight into rejection.

WASHINGTON, D.C. . . . You're lucky if you have muscles in your skull, says Dr. M. W. Young of Howard University's Anatomy Department. If you can wiggle your ears and rhumba your scalp, your chances of avoiding baldness are good.

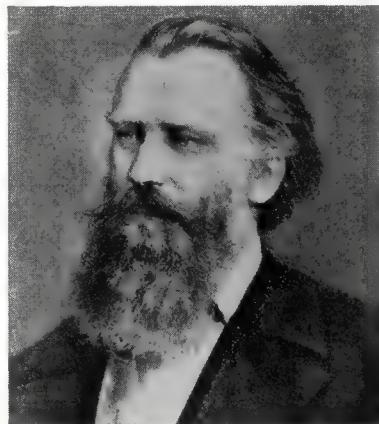
HALLS OF KNOWLEDGE . . . A Washington University study proved that people who learn quickly also retain information longer.

CANADA . . . Dr. Wilder Penfield, director of the Montreal Neurological Institute, has located the specific area of the brain which unlocks the past. The

area can be stimulated by direct application of a tiny surge of electricity. He claims the brain has a permanent record of the stream of consciousness, preserved in amazing detail as if on film strip.

MUSICAL MEMORY LANE . . . As a child, Mozart attended services at the Vatican, and while there he heard and memorized a sacred composition which church authorities had refused to make public. Another memory wizard, Johannes Brahms, could recall every piece

I.N.P.



Johannes Brahms

of good music that had been written from Bach's time to his own—a period of two hundred years.

MAD-ISON AVENUE . . . Monkeys were given "executive authority" by being allowed to push a lever to avoid a painful electric shock. What happened? They got ulcers!

INSIDE CRANIUM . . . The brain's ten billion cells can hold more information than is contained in the nine million volumes of the Library of Congress. Eighty-five per cent of mental information is obtained visually. The eyes operate like a motion picture camera, taking a series of individual snapshots and blacking out in-between. At the age of seventy, an individual may have fifteen trillion separate bits of information stored in his brain.

INDIA . . . Women's fight for equality in industry and the professions has evinced a warning from Dr. V. R. Ehrenfels of the University of Madras: "Femi-

nine qualities are urgently needed. Women excel in doing long drawn-out daily tasks, and in protecting and preserving life in its human ramifications. They should exercise their talent for co-operation instead of attempting to compete with men, and should settle for the esteem which their feminine qualities merit."

I.Q. ALLEY . . . There is no observable difference between the brain of a genius with an I.Q. of 180 and that of a high-grade moron with an I.Q. of 80, according to a University of California study. The difference must lie in the patterns of the pathways among the nerve cells. The study also disclosed that a warmup before an intelligence test results in higher scores.

WASHINGTON SQUARE . . . Two New York University professors listened to ten thousand arguments and concluded that professional debaters—politicians and U.N. delegates—are less successful than door-to-door salesmen in getting their views accepted. The professional debater attempts to "beat down" the opposition, while the salesman tries to induce the prospect to want to change his mind.

BRIDIE MURPHY REVISITED . . . Polgar, the hypnotist, claims that the most unexplainable hypnotic phenomenon is this: If you tell a subject you are holding a hot iron, and then touch his arm with a pencil, an actual blister will appear.

ISLAND OF TOMORROW . . . Age doesn't destroy the capacity to learn. You can acquire knowledge with 85 to 90 per cent efficiency during seven or more decades of your life. With practice, you can reduce the time it takes you to memorize anything by two-thirds.

NOT-SO-WILD WEST . . . It's difficult for the mind to grasp numbers. For instance, most people, when told that a man recently flew 2,260 miles per hour, are unable to comprehend such tremendous speed. Translation: he was traveling four times as fast as a .45 bullet.

SLUMBERLAND . . . A chemical called DMAE can replace hours of sleep with no apparent physical side-effects and no need for extra catch-up sleep.

THE END



Sea gulls watch the fun at the new Yacht Marina, Long Beach

Why our birds do so much people-watching

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Baldy (drive up and ride a ski lift). Then, past miles of vineyards to high mountain lakes and tall, cool pines.

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Dating Dangers, How Smart Will Baby Be, Dogs, Cats, Hachoo! and Lady Cops

LOOKING INTO PEOPLE BY AMRAM SCHEINFELD

Girls' dating dangers. It's not a "blind date" but a steady beau who's apt to be roughest with a girl when they're alone, reports sociologist Eugene J. Kanin (Purdue University). In the year before entering college, two-thirds of 250 coeds he interviewed had met with offensive sex behavior by male escorts, and most of the offenders were not new acquaintances but men the girls had dated regularly. Moreover, half of the episodes were not stimulated by prior sex play to which the girls consented, but were abrupt and unprovoked. Almost 70 per cent of the attacks took place in cars, and most were made by men who were older than the girls and who differed markedly from them in intelligence, social class, and background.



How smart will baby be? Don't try to make any positive guesses about this until your child is between two and three

years old. After testing the mental progress of hundreds of normal babies at various stages, five psychologists from the University of Buffalo concluded that "the intelligence scores of children below two years of age are of little value in predicting their subsequent IQs." Premature babies, they said, may score somewhat below full-term babies, but only at first; by the time they are eighteen months old, the preemies catch up to the others mentally.

Meat and milk. If you think Americans are the world's top consumers of these foods, you're wrong. Four countries are well ahead of the United States in consumption of meat per person—Uruguay, Australia, New Zealand and Argentina. In consumption of milk, we're behind ten other countries—Finland (top cow fans), Norway, Sweden, New Zealand, Switzerland, Holland, Canada, Austria, Denmark, and Ireland. However, we're the fourth-ranking consumers of all dairy products put together. The scantiest meat eaters are the people of India (their consumption is one-fortieth that of the United States) and Japan (one-twentieth). The lowest milk consumption per person is in the Philippines.

Hachoo! Dogs, cats, taboo! The dog is not your best friend, nor is the cat a comfort to have around if you are an asthma sufferer, warns Dr. George Gitelson (University of Miami Medical School). For asthmatics who like pets, he suggests turtles, lizards, or fish.

Dog hair and cat hair are powerful irritants of sensitive membranes. The hair



of other animals—horse, hog, goat, etc. (found in upholstery), rabbit hair (used in children's toys), and cattle hair (used in rugs and carpets)—may also make trouble for asthmatics and should be eliminated.

Are we going crazier? The increased number of patients admitted to our mental hospitals in recent years in no sense implies—as many believe—that more Americans are breaking down under modern stresses. It may mean only that more beds are available for mental patients. Dr. Henry B. Adams (University of Nebraska) suggests. To support his theory he points out that Rhode Island, with plentiful hospital facilities, has a mental patient admission rate of close to 190 per 100,000 population, whereas Kansas, with markedly fewer hospital beds, has a rate of less than 38 per 100,000. The fact that the United

States as a whole has far more persons in mental hospitals than many other countries have may mean only that we have more facilities for taking care of our mentally ill.

Marriage chances and education.

College degrees and income have entirely opposite effects on the marriage chances of men and women, according to government experts Paul C. Glick and Hugh Carter (Washington). The more education and income an American male has, the less likely he is to remain a bachelor, or, if married, to be divorced. The more education and income a woman has, the greater the risk that she'll remain unmarried. But once married, the woman who is a college graduate is less likely to be divorced than the woman who quit college or high school. In marriages in which couples are unmatched in education, if the husband hasn't completed high school his wife is likely to be more educated than he, whereas if the husband is a college man, his wife is likely to be less educated.

Lady cops. There now are more than 2,500 policewomen in 150 American cities, but these are all too few, says Lois L. Higgins, Illinois Crime Prevention

Bureau director. News stories about lady cops who shoot it out with gangsters hardly ever mention the special jobs in which



they outshine their male colleagues. Often they succeed in eliciting delicate information from women witnesses who would clam up with men cops; they are expert at nabbing men who molest women in dark movie theatres; and they use feminine tact in cases of rape, crimes against children, etc., to lessen the shock to victims and families. Particularly, Mrs. Higgins believes, since they have a special way with young people, an increase in the number of lady cops would help combat juvenile delinquency.

Be sold on it yourself. What is the most important element in successful salesmanship? A study by psychologists Donald E. Baier (General Electric Company) and Robert D. Dugan (State Farm Insurance Companies) shows that a salesman's enthusiasm and sincere confidence in his product may count more toward his success than selling techniques or longtime experience.

Commercial artists' frustrations.

How does a man who once dreamed of being a Rembrandt or a Picasso adjust to the role of commercial artist? Sociologist Mason Griff (University of Washington) queried scores of such men and got three different answers: Some of the men regarded themselves as fine-art practitioners "temporarily" engaged in commercial work while awaiting support for their greater talents. Some said they had become commercial artists not by necessity but by choice; they expressed pride in their work and believed it was filling an important need, besides bringing a good living. A third group held a mixture of both views; these artists felt they were truly "expressing" themselves by creating distinctive styles and that they were helping to develop the aesthetic appreciation of their clients and the public. THE END



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"You can fish, hunt, play golf—everything! And you've got this tremendous health resort, too—the finest in the world . . ." That's why Toots Shor, the famous New York restaurateur, spends his vacation in Arkansas—every year. He likes Hot Springs so much that he always brings other celebrities with him. This year it was Eddie Arcaro, one of the racing world's greatest jockeys. You'll enjoy a Hot Springs vacation too . . . Bath House Row and its therapeutic thermal waters . . . thoroughbred racing at Oaklawn Park . . . a hundred-mile chain of lakes . . . year-round entertainment for every member of the family!

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Your Cosmopolitan Movie Guide

BY MARSHALL SCOTT



Outstanding New Picture

THE LONG, HOT SUMMER—Producer Jerry Wald has gone deep into the William Faulkner country of Mississippi, where the passions flare quickly and the primal emotions are never far from the

surface, and has come back with a strong, driving melodrama. It is Faulkner redrawn freehand by scriptwriters Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr., but the people they have created are authentic

types you might expect to meet in Frenchman's Bend. To begin with, there is Varner (played to a blustering, lusty fare-thee-well by Orson Welles), a redneck who has all but taken over the town. He owns the general store and the big farm, and does a bit of horse trading on the side. He is saddled with a son (Anthony Franciosa) out of whom all the juices have been sucked, and a daughter (Joanne Woodward) who at twenty-three is a schoolteacher and on her way to becoming an old maid. Into his hamlet drifts Ben Quick (Paul Newman), a generation apart from Varner but his counterpart in lusty animality and equally shrewd, strong, and ruthless. Quick is a drifter, a man who has been run out of town after town as an arsonist. But in Frenchman's Bend, he takes hold, quickly takes over the management of the general store from Varner's ineffectual son Jody, and sets his course for Varner's daughter. And in the background old Varner alternately hobbles and encourages him in both his endeavors.

An excellent cast gives an exceptional performance under Martin Ritt's skilled direction. Welles is superb as the Big Daddy-ish Varner; Newman does a fine job as Ben Quick; and Franciosa gives a forceful portrayal of the weakling, Jody. Joanne Woodward is a cool and sensitive Clara, and there are excellent performances by Lee Remick as Jody's wife and Angela Lansbury as the boarding-house keeper who has been the solace of Varner's widowed years. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

The Best in Your Neighborhood

BITTER VICTORY—A grim and ironic World War II adventure in the Sahara pits Richard Burton and Curt Jurgens against one another as leaders of a British task force striving to capture vital documents from a Nazi headquarters. Both have loved the same woman (now Jurgens' wife) and their personal struggle is as desperate as their military one.

(Columbia)

THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI—A great film, easily the best of the year, with director David Lean milking maximum suspense from an excellent script. Alec Guinness' subtle portrait of a rule-bound British colonel is a magnificent piece of acting, and there is expert support from co-stars William Holden, Jack Hawkins, and Sessue Hayakawa.

(Columbia)

THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV—Maria Schell as the sensuous Grushenka (the part coveted by Marilyn Monroe) stands out in this excellently cast dramatization of Dostoyevsky's great novel of nineteenth-century Russia. Yul Brynner is the reckless, impulsive Dmitri, whose trial for the alleged murder of his depraved, sensual father (played by Lee J. Cobb) provides the climax of the film. Richard Basehart, Claire Bloom, William Shatner, and Albert Salmi round out the cast. (M-G-M)

COWBOY—Frank Harris' *My Reminiscences as a Cowboy* has been turned into a superior Western, with Glenn Ford giving conviction to the role of the young Easterer who found more hard work than adventure in the Wild West.

(Columbia)



MERRY ANDREW—Danny Kaye stars as an English schoolmaster and amateur archaeologist who falls in with a one-ring Italian circus beating the bushes of rural England. The plot is designed to exploit the kinetic Kaye's considerable talents.

and both he and the film come off splendidly. Baccaloni, Robert Coote, and Noel Purcell are excellent assistant clowns, and Pier Angeli is demurely beautiful as the love interest.

(M-G-M)

DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS—This screen version of Eugene O'Neill's black, brooding tragedy of land-lust in New England remains faithful to the stark original. Burl Ives, Anthony Perkins, and Sophia Loren carry out the chief roles under Delbert Mann's capable direction.

(Paramount)

THE ENEMY BELOW—This account of an exciting running battle between a German U-boat and an American destroyer escort is one of the most suspenseful films in some time. Robert Mitchum and Curt Jurgens are both excellent as the alternately hunted and hunting skippers.

(Twentieth Century-Fox)

TEACHER'S PET—Here's a newspaper comedy which succeeds in being both authentic and funny enough to satisfy



most reasonable men. Clark Gable is in good form as a rough, tough city editor, Doris Day is a fetching journalism school instructor, and Gig Young is great as a psychology professor who knows just about everything, including why it's impossible for him to get drunk. (Paramount)

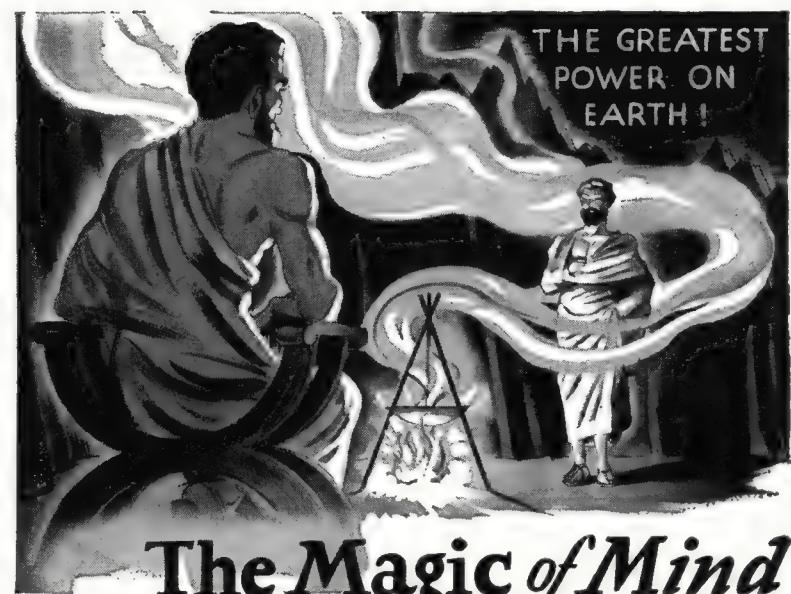
THE HIGH COST OF LOVING—José Ferrer as a man afraid he's about to lose his job and Gena Rowlands as his ever-lovin' wife are the principals in this amusing wide-screen situation comedy.

(M-G-M)

PATHS OF GLORY—In this film, a blistering attack on the Regular Army code, Kirk Douglas plays a World War I French colonel forced to lead his men into a senseless attack and later to defend them in a court-martial indictment for cowardice. Adolphe Menjou and George Macready are excellent in supporting roles.

(United Artists)

SAYONARA—This is a lavish and exceedingly handsome production of James Michener's novel about a Jap-hating American jet ace on leave in Tokyo and his surrender to the charms of a beautiful dancing girl. Marlon Brando is excellent as the pilot who flouts family code, Southern traditions, and military regulations (since repealed) for love. Miiko Taka is the beautiful Nippone, and Red



The Magic of Mind

WERE the great personages of the past victims of a stupendous hoax? Could such eminent men of the ancient world as Socrates, Pericles, and Alexander the Great have been deluded and cast under the spell of witchcraft—or did the oracles whom they consulted actually possess a mysterious faculty of foresight? That the human mind can truly exert an influence over things and conditions was not a credulous belief of the ancients, but a known and demonstrable fact to them. That there exists a wealth of infinite knowledge just beyond the border of our daily thoughts, which can be aroused and commanded at will, was not a fantasy of these sages of antiquity, but a dependable aid to which they turned in time of need.

It is time you realized that the rites, rituals and practices of the ancients were not superstitions, but subterfuges to conceal the marvelous workings of natural law from those who would have misused them. Telepathy, projection of thought, the materializing of ideas into helpful realities, are no longer thought by intelligent persons to be impossible practices, but instead, demon-

strable sciences, by which a greater life of happiness may be had.

One of America's foremost psychologists and university instructors, says of his experiments with thought transference and the powers of mind—"The successes were much too numerous to be merely lucky hits and one can see no way for guessing to have accounted for the results." Have you that open-minded attitude of today which warrants a clear, positive revelation of the facts of mind which intolerance and bigotry have suppressed for years? Advance with the times; learn the truth about your inherited powers.

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The ROSICRUCIANS (AMORC)

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

Buttons scores as the tough G.I. whose marriage to another Japanese girl brings on the drama's explosive climax.

(Warner Bros.)

SEVEN HILLS OF ROME—This Technirama-Technicolor guided tour of Rome includes a five-minute helicopter jaunt which provides a bird's-eye view of the city. Oh, there's a plot—routine but unobtrusive—and a sheaf of songs sung by Mario Lanza. But here it's Rome, not the play, that's the thing. (M-G-M)

THE QUIET AMERICAN—Intelligently written and directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, this adaptation of Graham Greene's novel of Indochina on the eve of its recent war maintains the book's excitement while turning Greene's anti-American bias topsy-turvy. Michael Red-

grave hits just the proper note of tired cynicism as the Englishman, Audie Murphy does well as the American, and Claude Dauphin is excellent in the role of an inspector of the Saigon Sûreté.

(United Artists)

WILD IS THE WIND—Anna Magnani, Anthony Quinn, and Anthony Franciosa are caught up in some stormy emotions on a sheep ranch in Nevada. (Paramount)

WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION—Probably the best mystery melodrama in years, and certainly the most baffling, is this Agatha Christie thriller, which gives Charles Laughton a magnificent opportunity to let out all the stops as the defense attorney, Tyrone Power and Marlene Dietrich co-star. (United Artists)

THE END

THE MODERN MIND

*"The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven."*

These words, written by the poet John Milton in 1667, ring startlingly true in the year 1958, midway through an era which has, with some justice, been called the "psychological century." Never before in history have men and women been so conscious of the power and the problems generated by their own minds. Never before has there been so much wavering and confusion about how to cope with this power, solve these problems.

The basic problem is anxiety—anxiety about what we believe; about the way we live—or fail to live; about the new world of outer space into which Sputnik and the Explorer have catapulted us—and the equally unfamiliar world taking shape before our very eyes, under the growing impact of automation; about the philosophy of life our schools are giving—or failing to give—our children to help them cope with the complex, threatening future.

Millions of Americans are trying to escape this anxiety by silencing its insistent gnawing with tranquilizers or alcohol. But this special issue has an enormously more effective answer. Part of this

answer is the new, dynamic concept of faith which has been produced by a remarkable meeting of the best minds in modern psychiatry and religion. Part of it will be found in the authoritative reports on succeeding pages—discussions of the impact of space travel and automation on our lives; of our schools' failure to teach intellectual self-discipline; of the need for awareness of, and weapons against, destructive forces within our minds. Finally there is a thorough survey of the vast and growing resources available in America to help us take action against our mental and emotional troubles.

It all adds up to a new, stimulating solution to the age-old debate between the optimists and the pessimists, a solution which calls for courage and clear thinking. Our goal is not "peace of mind"—a stagnant, sterile answer to our problems—but rather the ability to live, not merely exist; to face the future with enthusiasm which does not deny or stifle anxiety, but overcomes it. Essentially, it is a new, more realistic happiness, the happiness of the mind which can accept doubt and apprehension without ceasing to enjoy life, because it has the knowledge and the faith to overcome every enemy, whether inside or outside the modern mind. —The Editors

Faddist philosophies, pills, alcohol, compulsive activity—each year more and more Americans resort to such tranquilizers, and each year it becomes more and more apparent that they are not the answer to the anxiety which grips the modern mind. Now the best thinkers in psychiatry and religion are convinced that the answer lies in a new, dynamic approach to an old word: faith

BY T. F. JAMES

all photo research by Black Star

In the course of preparing this special issue we made a list of the names people have called the modern mind. Few of them were complimentary. Clergymen, reformers, politicians, and intellectuals seem to delight in declaring the modern mind "lost," "confused," "baffled," "disenchanted," "groping," "atomized," "chaotic," "bewildered"—the list could be extended for the rest of this page. But essentially, all the critics are saying the same thing, though many of them do not realize it: the modern mind has lost its faith.

How can this be? you may ask. Are we not in the midst of a great religious revival? According to the *Yearbook of American Churches* for 1958, 103,224,954 Americans are members of some religious denomination. This is the greatest number of church members in America's history. But we must remember that this leaves another sixty-eight million Americans—or almost 40 per cent of our population—without any declared religious affiliation.

A Trio of Wrecked Faiths

Today the thoughtful person stands amid the wreckage of creeds that once enlisted the beliefs and hopes of millions. Communism still exists as a formidable system of power in Russia and China, but as a system of ideas capable of attracting free, intelligent men, it is as extinct as the dodo. This was far from the case in the 1930's, and even as late as World War II. During these years innumerable Americans (some estimates go as high as ten million) were enthusiastic admirers of Russia and the communist philosophy. Sigmund Freud's theories were hailed by many not only as an answer to mental illness, but as a complete philosophy of life. Today, the analysts themselves have largely rejected Freud's attempt to reduce the individual to "a problem of instinctual mechanics." More important, perhaps, in terms of numbers of adherents, was a third faith that masqueraded under a variety of names. Basically, it was the conviction that science and the techniques of science were all-sufficient

guarantees of human happiness, and that men and women were constantly evolving toward nobler forms of life. The global bloodbaths of the twentieth century blew this fond optimism to smithereens.

Even a person with an active religious faith cannot remain aloof to the physical and spiritual tumult of the world in which he lives. The events of the twentieth century—the wars, the spread of communism, the development of the H-bomb, the sweeping technological and social changes of recent years, the shift to the suburbs, the growth in power of big and little labor—these phenomena have shak-

en the nerves of many people. The result has been a kind of mental and emotional "tightening up" in many people which has caged and stifled their ability to respond to life.

The Cool Generation

The bored "cool" style affected by members of the younger generation—the determination to "be excited by nothing," as one Ivy League undergraduate put it—is a direct result of this emotional stiffening. This attitude is apparent in the "sick" jokes that poke fun at the emotions of sympathy, pity and love, and in

(continued)

Werner Wolff



"SENTIMENTALIZED CHRISTIANITY" has been a prime target of theologian Reinhold Niebuhr, here lecturing at the Union Theological Seminary. He emphasizes man's need for "hard won" faith, refutes "easy redemptions" such as science and communism.

A man may say he believes in God but his real faith may be success or social prestige, or the woman he loves

Werner Wolff



"GOD IS DEAD," according to French philosopher Jean-Paul Sartre, "and man is alone, abandoned on earth in the midst of his infinite responsibilities." Sartre's despair-filled "existentialist" philosophy, which he expounded in his plays and novels, was vastly popular in the immediate post-war period; it is now a somewhat faded fad.

our delight in every kind of debunking.

According to sociologist David Riesman, this debunking tendency has evolved a definite personality type, which he calls the "inside dopester." The dopester specializes in pointing out the unpleasant side of every human activity, from politics to marriage. Not that there is anything wrong with being an inside dopester occasionally. Everyone enjoys being "in the know" about something important, even if the knowledge is disillusioning. But when "knowing the inside dirt" becomes a fundamental attitude toward life, the consequences can be disastrous.

These aspects of America, 1958, would appear to have no place in a discussion of faith. They look, at first glance, like problems for the sociologist and the psychiatrist. To the average American, faith has always meant belief in God. But for a number of years, important modern thinkers have recognized that faith really involves much more than belief in a supreme being.

The great American psychologist and philosopher William James declared that "the most important thing about a man is his attitude toward the universe." The key word here is *attitude*. If a man genuinely feels that the world around him makes sense, and if he understands and appreciates the role he is playing in it, he will behave much more humanely and fairly toward other people than will a man who feels that the world makes no sense and that he himself is just a bundle of instincts and feelings and reactions over which he has little or no control. These two attitudes are by no means the only tenable ones. One man may be dominated by the belief that our society is "phony"; another may think the most important thing in life is sex; another may think nothing is important. Each will act in accordance with his guiding belief.

A New Concept of Faith

Actually, each of these attitudes is a faith. And for the first time, churchmen are beginning to realize this extremely significant fact. A leading exponent of this approach, which is yielding deep insights, is Paul Tillich, now professor of theology at Harvard University. The German-born Tillich is considered the most influential religious thinker in present-day America—so it was no small matter when he announced in his recent book, *Dynamics of Faith*, a radical new definition of the word "faith." Tillich defined it as "the state of being ultimately concerned." That which lies at the center of a man's personality, his deepest hope, his most serious thought—that is his faith, for that is what concerns him ultimately.

Thus defined, faith is the most important reality in a person's life. More-

over, it becomes clear that a person may profess one faith but live by another. Pollsters found this out when they queried Americans about their belief in God. Although 97 per cent quickly affirmed their belief, more than 70 per cent admitted that their belief did not play an essential role in their lives. For many such Americans, success or social prestige is the most important thing in life; hence it is their real faith. For many people, following a dictator or a political leader is a faith. For many others, faith in a husband or wife is what gives meaning to life. A lawyer's real faith can be the law; a doctor's, medical science; a public servant's faith may be America itself.

Trial by Crisis

The test of a faith is its ability to carry a person through the major crises of his life—loss of a job, illness, the stresses and strains of marriage and parenthood. If his faith is in something as shallow as success, or another person, disaster may ensue. Such a faith is vulnerable, and when it collapses the believer may collapse too, for, as Tillich points out, a person without a center is a disorganized personality.

One woman, the wife of a best-selling author, literally drank herself to death when her husband came home one day and asked her for a divorce. She had abandoned her religion years before, and her husband, who was her intellectual superior in many ways, had taken its place as the center of her world. Howard Rushmore, the noted anticommunist who killed himself and his wife recently, is an example of a man who reacted violently when the woman he loved tried to leave him. These tragic cases demonstrate that a disorganized personality is a sick personality. Interestingly, psychiatrist William Menninger recently recommended the use of the term "disorganized personality" in the description of mental illness.

Tillich argues that only faith in God as the ultimate reality can make men and women strong in the face of every challenge. But whether a person is capable of such belief or not, one thing is evident from Tillich's penetrating analysis of faith: *Everyone must have some kind of faith in order to live.*

Confirmation of this conclusion comes from a rather surprising quarter. Dr. Erich Fromm, whom many consider the most original thinker in the field of psychoanalysis since Freud, declares: "Without faith man becomes sterile, hopeless, and afraid to the very core of his being."

In fact, Fromm goes even further than Tillich, and maintains that faith is a "trait of character," rather than the content of belief. He points out that in the Old Testament, "faith" (*Emunah*) means



FAITH REQUIRES COURAGE, declares Paul Tillich, considered most influential modern theologian. He believes religion "must use the immense material brought forth by depth psychology" to construct a faith for our times which will incorporate "strictly scientific methods, critical philosophy, and a realistic understanding of men and society."

"firmness." It is, in other words, a basic way of reacting to life.

But Fromm is keenly aware that there are certain ideas which can severely damage a person's ability to possess faith. By far the most dangerous of these, in his opinion, is the disheartening conviction that all values are relative and that "truth" is a figment of the imagination. Influenced by the achievements of the "scientific method," by the collapse of so many causes and philosophies, and most of all by the popularization of psychology as the science of "adjustment," an alarming number of Americans have adopted this view.

Already it has had an enormous impact on our folkways. In the past we reserved our greatest admiration for the rugged individualist, who carved out his career on his own terms; today we tend to admire the "organization man," who knows how to "get along" with people and is a thoughtful, cooperative member of a

"team." Adjustment is the order of the day, not only in business, but in the social life of our suburbs. Parents are told how to adjust to their children, husbands to their wives. Neighbors, too, are part of the program. If everyone on the block gardens, you, too, according to the code, must sprout a green thumb. Sociologist Riesman, ever a perceptive observer of the contemporary scene, believes that a definite personality pattern is evolving in suburbia—a pattern that may be described as "other-directedness." The "other-directed" person takes his values from those around him; he has none of his own.

Tranquillity in a Bottle

Is it working, this gigantic merry-go-round pursuit of normality? The answer would seem to be that it is not, if we can judge from the omnipresence of a small round object in American medicine cabinets—the tranquilizing pill. Last year

THE MODERN MIND (continued)

Last year Americans spent \$300,000,000 on tranquilizers being sold under seventy-three trade names by thirty-six companies

Ralph Crane



CATHOLIC PHILOSOPHER Jacques Maritain has been a leader in the struggle to unite progress and Christian thought. A champion of modern art and poetry, he has just published a stirring defense of America, addressed to his native France.

Emil Schulthess



"ART IS NOT TRUTH," Picasso says. "Art is a lie that makes us realize truth." At seventy-six he remains most controversial, influential modern painter. More than 200,000 jammed Museum of Modern Art in New York for his one-man show last summer.

Americans spent 300 million dollars on these drugs, which suppress, in some not-yet-understood way, the centers of emotion in the brain, yet leave the taker relatively unaffected physically. Dr. Leroy E. Burney, Surgeon General of the United States, reports that tranquilizers are being sold under seventy-three different trade names by thirty-six drug companies, and that in 1956 over thirty-five million prescriptions were written for them.

This development has been viewed with alarm by responsible doctors and psychiatrists throughout the land. Taking a pill, they point out, may dispel anxiety temporarily, but it does nothing to combat the basic problem that lies at the root of the anxiety. Let us hasten to say that we are referring to what psychiatrists call "mild" anxiety. Tranquilizers have done enormous good for people suffering from severe anxiety, and have been particularly effective in our mental hospitals.

Tranquilizers are not, of course, the only means by which we attempt to bury our anxiety. Millions of Americans are still gulping tons of barbiturates, sleeping pills and other nerve soothers. Still other millions are consuming liquor in amounts sufficient to put them on the borderline of alcoholism. These people, too, like the tranquilizer takers, are suppressing their anxiety artificially.

The Problem: Loss of Faith

The question almost no one asks, of course, is Why the anxiety? Are we failing to adjust, in spite of advice from all sides? Or is there another reason for our discontent? Dr. Fromm believes there is another reason: in our passionate pursuit of adjustment, our dread of not being normal, we have lost our faith. Here we are using the word "faith" not only in the sense of character trait, but also in Tillich's sense of ultimate concern. A person whose sole goal in life is adjustment cannot have a set of values that concern him ultimately. Without others to tell him what to do, he is lost.

As we have seen from Tillich's analysis, when a person loses his faith, he loses the center of his being. He may develop deep feelings of anxiety if he becomes aware of the loss.

Usually, however, he suppresses the awareness by keeping busy. This has been the standard American solution. Years ago, when Robert and Helen Lynd

(continued)



FEW REALIZE that alcohol is our most "socially acceptable" tranquilizer. Average American drinks nine-tenths of a gallon of

wine, 15.7 gallons of beer and 1.29 gallons of hard liquor yearly. In 1956, liquor consumption was up 15,000,000 gallons over 1955.

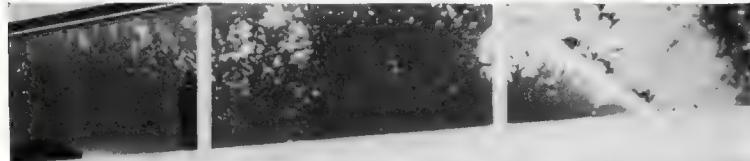
THE MODERN MIND (continued)

Joe Corello



POSITIVE APPROACH to life is part of modern mind's answer to anxiety. Here members of the New York City League of Women Voters tally questionnaires, part of survey to improve state courts. The national organization has over 128,000 members.

Philip Schulke



DISCOVERING HIDDEN TALENT is creative response to anxiety. Here students at Florida Gulf Coast Art Center work on sculptures. Famous Artists Schools in Westport, Connecticut, offers correspondence course, has over six thousand students.

brought out their now-classic study of Middletown, a typical American community, they noted symptoms of such "covert" anxiety—compulsive work, the struggle to conform, the frantic endeavors to keep leisure time crammed with activity. William H. Whyte, surveying the suburbs of today, finds even more emphasis on activity, on never being alone or bored or unbusy. But even the most resolute devotion to activity cannot completely suppress anxiety that stems from loss of faith. Hence the chemical tranquilizers are called in.

If Fromm and Tillich are right, suppressing anxiety this way is doubly tragic. Not only does it fail to get at the root of the anxiety; it separates the sufferer from his true self. Anxiety, in the view of these thinkers, is not a bad thing. It spurs us to attempt to discover a truer, more valid faith in ourselves, in the ones we love, even in God. It is a summons to think clearly about life, to work out for ourselves a truly individual "frame of orientation and devotion," as Fromm calls it. Another psychoanalyst, Carl Jung, says that our need is to develop a "religious attitude toward life."

There is one other good reason why we should meet the challenge of anxiety positively. Taking a pill, or having six cocktails before dinner, is a stagnating, hold-the-line approach. The same criticism applies to the loud cynicism of the inside dopester. It simply does not work in the long run, because, as you will see in the article entitled "The Drive Toward Self-destruction," there are dark forces inside the modern mind that only a positive, life-strengthening approach can control. Anxiety is like smoke; it serves as a warning that there may shortly be a conflagration raging out of control.

Anxiety a Call to Action

Ultimately, anxiety is a call to do something about our lives. It may be an indication that a change of jobs is needed. Or a change of intellectual diet—from television to good reading, perhaps. Or a change in our attitude toward marriage. Or a deepening of our idea of God. Whatever it is, it should be clear now that this change requires faith. The only way to cope with anxiety is to move through it, with faith. Millions of men learned this in World War II. Every serviceman felt anxiety when he was about to go into combat. But he did not suppress it with a pill. He carried it with him, and conquered it by accepting it as part of the grim game of war. Now we are beginning to realize that anxiety is part of the game of life, in all its phases. To find the faith to conquer it requires courage, sometimes of a high order. But it is worth the effort, because the prize is happiness.

THE END



WIDENING INTERESTS, deepening our enthusiasm for art, literature, are creative answers to anxiety. Here two college students contemplate sculpture by Julio González entitled "Woman

Combing Her Hair" at the Museum of Modern Art, New York. Sales of the New York Graphic Society, which deals in prints of modern paintings, have doubled in the past ten years.

Mechanical Brains, Automation and Outer Space

Will machines that play chess, write music, and translate Russian “devalue” our minds? Will automatic factories turn us into drones? Are alien intelligences already observing us from planets beyond our telescopes? Here is what you need to know to cope with the strange new world taking shape around and above us

BY EUGENE D. FLEMING

Probably to emphasize their significance, we have a habit of “age”-ing the times we live in in terms of our technological advances. Thus, we have the Steel Age and the Age of Plastics, the Atomic Age and the Age of Automation, and now, the Space Age. Perhaps it would be better—it would certainly be more realistic—if we simply, and humbly, called our times the Beginning of the Age of Man.

For man, from the cosmic viewpoint forced on our minds by the opening of space, is definitely a newcomer to the scene. For all his achievements, he has been riding in the ocean universe on his pebble earth for an extremely short period of time.

British scientist Arthur C. Clarke likes to illustrate this fact with a striking analogy: “Let the height of the Empire State Building represent the age of the earth. On this scale, a foot is about two million years. Now stand an average-sized book upright on the TV tower. It won’t look very conspicuous from ground level—but its few inches of height correspond roughly to the entire existence of *Homo sapiens*.

“Now place a slightly worn dime on top of the book. The thickness of the coin corresponds to the whole of man’s

civilization, right back to the building of the first cities. And if you want to represent the era of modern science and technology—that is about as thick as a postage stamp.”

Or to use another illustration, devised by the celebrated physicist and astronomer Sir James Jeans: if we represent the age of the earth as seventy years, man is only three days old.

Obviously, the Precocious Infant has a bright and even fantastic future ahead of him (if he doesn’t annihilate himself), and the working prophets of science are already imagining cities under plastic domes on the moon and restlessly mapping routes to the stars.

But for most of us, there is enough going on here and now to keep us busy adjusting to the strange new world scientists are creating on earth.

The Age of Do-It-Itself

Automation, the chief alchemist of our changing world, has been at work for years; yet it is only a word to many people, a word whose profound implications are far from fully appreciated. According to John Diebold, editor of *Automatic Control* and a high priest of the movement, although automation augurs neither mass unemployment nor a utopia in

which robots do all the work, it does promise a society “in which leisure is the center rather than the fringe of life.”

But first, what is it? Automation is much more than automatic labor-saving devices. We’ve had such devices ever since James Watt harnessed the power of the tea kettle and brought rest and atrophy to human muscles. Automation means machines run by machines, supervised by machines, with still other machines keeping score in the front office. It’s a completely new method of production, more revolutionary than Henry Ford’s assembly line, and it promises to substitute the mechanical for the human brain at every level of the productive process except the top. Once the dials are set and the punch cards put in place, automated equipment can process raw materials, correct its own errors, reject or rework parts, and inspect the finished product while keeping production, inventory, and accounting records. In effect, the fully automated plant just about eliminates human beings from the industrial equation, except for maintenance men, a handful of operators, and a few executives who decide when to turn the machines on and off.

Admittedly, this is an oversimplification, but not an extreme one. Consider

this example: At the Ford Motor Company plant in Cleveland, six-cylinder engine blocks are turned out by an electronic brain fed by twenty-seven miles of wire. Under the brain's supervision forty-two automatic machine units push, pull, turn in every direction, hold, and convey rough castings along a 1545-foot line while performing more than five hundred distinct, mechanically inspected operations on them. A block that once took nine hours to finish now shoots through in fifteen minutes. Where it once took thirty-nine men just to drill oil holes in a crankshaft, only nine are needed now.

The astonishing feature of the mechanical wizard, however, is not its ability to produce continuously and rapidly;

it is its ability to regulate its own actions. To put it in robot jargon, it is guided by "feedback." Your brain has the original feedback system. Every time you reach for a cocktail, your nervous system "zeroes in" on the glass, and with the information provided by your senses, constantly corrects your hand's approach, keeping it from falling short of or overshooting the mark.

Who's Got the Pushbutton?

In industry, the data that are supplied by electronic feedback replace the perceptions of the machinist or foreman. "We are now leaving the pushbutton era," says Mr. Diebold, "and entering an era in which buttons push themselves."

One button, however, will always be reserved for the human finger. That will be the panic button in the president's office. But even here, there will be mechanical regulators to prevent the president's digestive juices from clouding his judgment. Giant mechanical "brains," the kingpins of automation, will supply accurate information on every part of the company's operation and will help the president decide whether to speed up or slow down the productive forces, or to hit the button and declare a holiday.

In a matter of minutes or hours, these complex computers can select, compare, compile, and produce from their prodigious electronic memories information that would take a small army of clerks

(continued)

Joe Corella



I.B.M. 705 COMPUTER can make 8,400 additions or subtractions, 1,350 multiplications, 550 divisions, or 29,400 logical decisions per second. One used by the Canadian Pacific calculates the individual paychecks for 70,000 employees in seven hours, and prints the checks in six hours. Other 705's (there are 110 in operation) are used to plot guided missile courses,

to determine the designs of airplanes and bridges, or to keep track of huge inventories, as at U. S. Navy's Ships Parts Control Center, where a 705 "remembers" the nature, number, and location of over 180,000 items valued at \$450,000,000. It never forgets anything: all the facts it ingests (at the rate of 15,000 numbers or letters per second) are stored forever in its "memory bank."

Mechanical Brains, Automation and Outer Space (continued)

days or weeks of work to obtain. In fact, whether he knows it or not, the white-collared man with a pencil is well on his way to joining the rough-shirted man with the hoe. Already engineers refer to computers in terms of their CP—clerk power.

Red Tape—Magnetic Tape

Although displaced clerks may not agree, it is precisely on this level that automation can make its greatest contribution to workaday man (and woman). For it can release human beings from the drudgery of dull, repetitive work. It can change red tape to magnetic tape, and free workers from the deadening domination of machines that command their spiritless attention. And it can enable scientists to leap the formerly unsur-

mountable barrier of brute calculation to test new and daring concepts in weather prediction, rocket design, and nuclear energy.

Large-scale computers like I.B.M.'s 705, which unerringly performs thousands of calculations per second, are now at work on such tasks as compiling an index of the Dead Sea Scrolls, designing aircraft, perfecting air traffic controls, and tracking the orbits of the earth satellites. Within seventy-two hours of Sputnik I's first beep, a computer in Washington, D.C., was accurately predicting its orbit minute by minute, a feat that five thousand mathematicians working around the clock would have been hard-pressed to duplicate.

Because of the computers' adaptability,

some scientists fear that they will "devalue" the human mind. But I.B.M. president Thomas J. Watson, Jr., thinks differently. "These machines are great tools," he declares. "And if you have good tools, you are upgrading man, not downgrading him. The most important thing to remember about a computer is that it can't create. It will never be able to create."

Given the proper instructions by creative man, it can, however, do some pretty mean calculating. Computers have been taught to play an expert game of checkers, have written classical music almost indistinguishable from Beethoven (a 705 could probably knock off a hit rock 'n' roll number in .0000000001 seconds, once it got the beat), have translated Russian into English, and have even evidenced an ability to deduce, from problem-solving experience, "knowledge" which enables them to solve further problems without being told exactly how. If this latter development indicates a trend, perhaps a great many men in gray flannel suits will someday be replaced by machines with gray panel sides.

Startling as these accomplishments may seem, Mr. Diebold predicts that "in another ten years, today's computers will be regarded with much the same nostalgia and curiosity with which we now look back on the model-T car."

A Better Life—Someday

Time was, of course, when the now-cherished model-T was roundly damned as a contraption of the devil, just as automation is now in many quarters. Perhaps we may assume that the sequel will be the same—that, like its once-alarming predecessors, automation will produce a better world for all of us in the long run. But as John Maynard Keynes once said, "In the long run, we are all dead." So let's take a look at the more immediate future.

At first, automation will pose psychological as well as economic problems. It will bring more leisure. The three-day weekend may possibly arrive within the next ten years, and many sociologists feel that our fear of more free time is holding back further technological change. In a society rooted in Calvinist doctrines, many Americans, David Riesman believes, look on increased leisure as "a threat, a problem, a burden, a hazard." But Diebold thinks that a gradual adjustment will take place here, as in other areas, although he concedes that sooner or later we will have to face the question, "Are we capable of developing a culture that does not depend upon work to give meaning to our lives?"

While the National Association of Manufacturers calls for readjustments in education "to put greater emphasis on

Joe Corvello



ADVANCING AUTOMATION. This milling machine at Republic Aviation produces complex forgings used in supersonic F-105 Thunderchief. Designed by Bendix Aircraft, it "thinks" via aluminum-coated plastic tape containing coded directions supplied by I.B.M. computer, can handle a wide variety of designing and diecutting operations. Run by one man, machine cuts tooling costs by two-thirds, saves weeks of production time. Workers in automatic factories have less physical fatigue, but far more nervous tension.

the electrical, mathematical and mechanical sciences," it also feels it would be disastrous if our schools turned out only "highly specialized cavemen, woefully deficient in the arts and letters." In short, shall we become a nation of highly cultured sophisticates, or apathetic, contented drones? It is to automation's credit that at least the choice is ours to make.

The Old World Passes

Of course, the productive industries will require fewer workers. But new industries will spring up: there are now over one thousand companies engaged wholly or partly in the manufacture of automation equipment. We will produce more goods for a wider market, and with less toil. Skills of the head will replace those of the hand, and unskilled and semiskilled workers will all but disappear. The United States of 1970, say the seers, will no more resemble our present society than Thomas Jefferson's.

Whatever the changes, one thing is certain: human beings will never let themselves get lost in the shuffle of machines. They will always hold the center of the earthly stage—unless, of course,

other beings of superior intelligence come along to displace them. Like, for instance, visitors from outer space.

Arthur C. Clarke tells us: "There must be very few astronomers now who are conceited enough to suppose that only the earth is the abode of life, or even that it is the only home of intelligence."

Astronomers know that there is no human life on any other planet in our solar system. But our sun is only one of countless billions upon billions of stars clustered in myriads of galaxies throughout the universe. Although there is no way of knowing exactly how many of these stars have planets, astronomers believe that the process by which our sun acquired its planets was not a rarity in cosmic history, and that most stars probably have cold bodies like the earth circling them. Even if only one in a hundred had, there would be some billion planetary systems in our galaxy alone.

Are the Neighbors Alive?

At this rate, the laws of probability lead us to assume that there must be at least one planet capable of supporting life within ten light-years from the earth

(a light-year is the distance which light, traveling at 186,300 miles per second, can traverse in a year's time). This distance seems trivial when you consider that our galaxy—of which our sun is a rather unimpressive fringe member—stretches 100,000 light-years from end to end, and that the remotest galaxy detected to date is more than a billion light-years away (6,000,000,000,000,000,000 miles).

The Diminution of Man

Such cosmic perspectives are always a bit difficult to accept, mainly because they reduce mankind's place in the scheme of things to infinitesimal proportions. The vastness of the universe first began pricking man's ego back in the sixteenth century, when Copernicus declared that the earth, contrary to accepted interpretations of the Bible, was not the center of the universe. He told the world for the first time that the earth spun around the sun, and that the sun was only one of innumerable stars. Nobody wanted to listen, not then or a hundred years later, when Galileo published a paper confirming the theory which was condemned as heretical and suppressed.

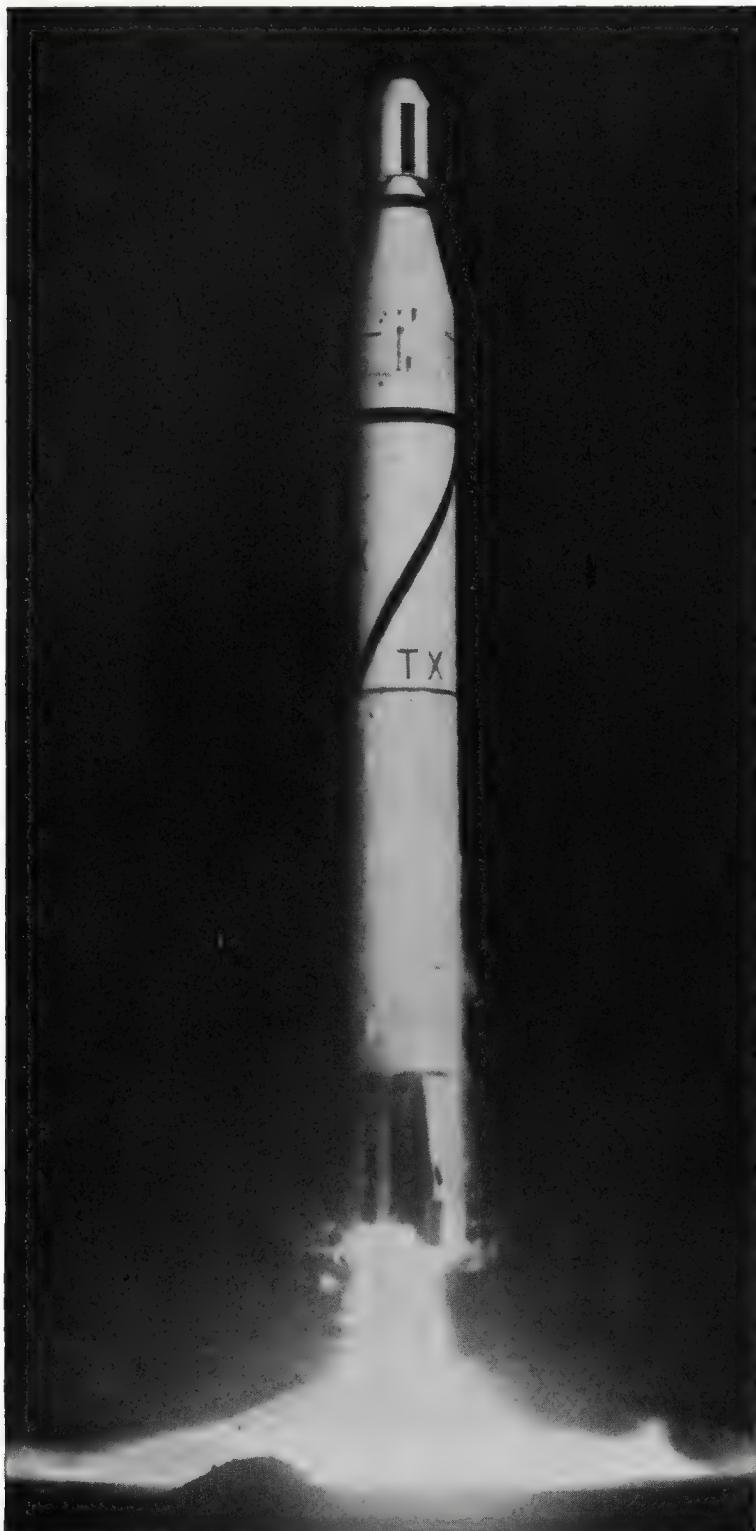


LABOR UNIONS are working to alert their members to automation and other modern problems. Here members of International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers listen to lecture by

Donn Coffee, resident instructor of Bayberry Educational Program at Southampton, Long Island. Nearly 800 men, in groups of thirty, have taken seven-day "thinking" course at this former estate.

Mechanical Brains, Automation and Outer Space (continued)

I.N.P.



AIR FORCE THOR, intermediate range missile, blasts off at Cape Canaveral missile center. Scientists expect to send men into space by 1968, by the turn of the century to have atom-powered rocket ships capable of traveling at 1,000,000 m.p.h.

He was not the first to feel man's wrath at being minimized. In ancient Greece a progressive philosopher named Anaxagoras was arrested and banished from Athens for teaching that the sun was a mass of blazing metal larger than the Peloponnesus. And look how long it took to circulate the notion that the earth is round. People thought it was a disc floating on the surface of the World-Ocean, and they assumed that during the night the sun rested on this ocean behind mountains. They continued to believe this even after Aristotle, in the fourth century B.C., proved (he thought) that the earth was a sphere. So strong was the objection and so difficult the adjustment to this new idea that many books published almost two thousand years later contain pictures ridiculing it. The last doubts about the shape of the earth didn't disappear until after the voyages of Columbus and Magellan.

And now, here we are, a scant five hundred years later, waiting for another Columbus to take a different kind of ship into the unknown. The scientists say it won't be long before such a trip is feasible. In fact, most of them believe that everything theoretically possible will eventually become feasible.

According to I. M. Levitt, Director of the Fels Planetarium, by 1968 man should be able to travel by rocket into space and back. By 1978, he will begin building a "huge, spinning, doughnut-shaped space station" one thousand miles above the earth as a "stepping stone to other bodies in our solar system." And after twenty more years of scientific development, he will reach the cold and lifeless body of the moon and begin colonizing, erecting, in the space of fifty years, "entire cities built under plastic domes which will glitter in the sunlight."

Off to Alpha Centauri

Next step: the planets Mars and Mercury. And then, the stars. At this point the scientists begin to peek surreptitiously into the pages of science fiction. The closest Mars ever comes to the earth is thirty-five million miles. Even so, we could complete the trip in weeks or even days if we could squeeze more energy out of the atom. The nearest star (Alpha Centauri), however, is twenty-five million million miles away. Still, unbelievable as it seems, it is theoretically within our reach.

Arthur C. Clarke says that "a not-very-efficient atomic propulsion system, such as might be developed around the turn of the century, would enable us to attain speeds in the one million m.p.h. category." Further out in the realm of theoretical possibility is total conversion of matter into energy, which would yield a speed of one hundred million m.p.h.; that

would put us within thirty years of the nearest star.

The final jump in speed is to 670 million m.p.h., and there we hit a barrier—the velocity of light, the speed limit of the universe. Nothing can exceed this speed, according to Einstein's Theory of Relativity. Happily, however, this brings us within four or five years' travel of the nearest star, and within ten to twenty years' travel of possibly inhabited planetary systems in our crowded corner of the galaxy.

Out Beyond Time

Twenty years may seem like a long time to travel; still, we have Professor Einstein's word that time is relative to the motion of a body, and this means that time slows down as speed increases. Dr. Levitt explains it thus: "It is conceivable

that a crew could start for a star, travel an equivalent of one hundred earth years and come back to earth to find all their friends and relatives had died during those hundred years, but they would have aged only three years." The crew on the space ship would not experience the passage of any more than three years because their clocks and all their physical processes would slow down to that rate. This would entail traveling at about 99.9 per cent of the speed of light, but as we saw, this is theoretically possible.

If our theory that we can reach the stars is true, then the converse must also be true: the inhabitants of those star systems can reach us. But no space travelers have been knocking on our doors. Does this mean that (1) there are no such beings, or (2) the theory is all wet?

Some scientists believe interstellar

space travel is impossible because of the distances involved, and that therefore, although there may be other intelligent races in the universe, we'll never get to know them. Other scientists, and Mr. Clarke is one of them, think it likely that intelligent beings exist in other worlds, but that they are not at precisely the same level of development as we are. In fact, he feels that, because the history of the human race is so short, other races are probably millions of years beyond us in development. Therefore it is possible, he reasons, that visitors from space have landed on or observed our planet "dozens—hundreds—of times during the long, empty ages while man was still a dream of the distant future." He concludes: "It may be that our first meeting with alien intelligence is already far nearer to us in time than Columbus' landing in the New World."

"How Little We Yet Have Seen"

This, and the other informed speculations of scientists, should be enough to prompt us all to join with President Eisenhower's Special Assistant for Science and Technology, Dr. James Killian, in praying, "Infinite Spirit: Give us, we pray, the will and the capacity to grow, the sensitivity and receptivity to see in new ways, and the humility to understand how little we yet have grown and how little we yet have seen." **THE END**

Robert Goodman



THERMAL ROOM of Aero Medical Laboratories at Wright Patterson Air Force Base tests human beings' ability to withstand heat of unfiltered sunlight in outer space. Above, wires measure Lt. Larry Colman's reactions to 190-degree heat. At plus twenty minutes he began to lose ability to solve problems. He lasted



ten more minutes, then staggered out (right). Laboratory also has Stress and Fatigue, Maximum Sound Intensity, and Weightlessness Chambers. Out of such tests has come a space suit known as MC-2, which protects wearer from extreme heat and extreme cold, supplies him with oxygen, and allows complete mobility.

How Progressive Education Failed Us

Our universities are forced to teach third grade English to incoming freshmen, and engineering colleges must give "bonehead math" courses because our grade schools and high schools have substituted "group dynamics" and "life adjustment" for self-discipline and knowledge

BY BERNARD DAVID

Today's educators are very much concerned with the emotional health and happiness of the more than thirty-three million children in our nation's elementary and secondary schools. They go to great lengths to prepare their charges for an adequate "life adjustment." They worry about satisfying their "needs," about teaching them to cope with such "real" problems as budgeting pocket money or decorating a room. In fact, their critics say, the schoolmen are so preoccupied with equipping children with formulas for mastering the humdrums of existence that they are neglecting only one thing: the children's minds.

John Keats, a writer who explored the various aspects of modern education while gathering material for a book on the subject, maintains that most of our public education is "bad in theory, bad in practice and abysmal in results." Others, including many dissenting educators, hold that our educational systems are producing "shallow citizens with flabby minds, tragically ill-fitted to meet the stern challenges of leadership in the struggle for tomorrow."

The Curriculum Slowdown

A good example of what Mr. Keats and other critics are complaining about can be found in the alleged "softening" of the elementary school program in New York City. In 1922, the first grade curriculum included the study of numbers through 100, addition, subtraction, and fractions. Children were also expected to perform "exercises in silent reading." This year, the curriculum outline for the

same grade limits the study of numbers to 10, and notes that "most children" can't get to 100 until the third grade. Instead of delving deeply into fractions and subtraction, teachers are directed to set up exercises in "concepts and comparison." Among the recommended exercises, which teachers are supposed to relate to the academic work, are making applesauce, planning vacations, and visiting the school boiler room.

"We keep pushing things back more and more," says a veteran fifth grade teacher. "My children formerly had mastered grammar and decimals by the time they'd finished the fifth grade. Now they are terribly retarded in grammar and are still on 'concepts' in math."

The excuse for this deliberate curriculum slowdown is the "life adjustment" theory, the latter-day result of the educational doctrines of American philosopher John Dewey. Professional educators have been insisting for so long that children learn the three R's better than ever under this system that most parents think the whole purpose of progressive education is simply to teach the older learnings more efficiently. This is not so. The ends as well as the means of progressive education are radically different from traditional ones.

According to Mr. Dewey's philosophy, for example, there is no such thing as an absolute truth. Beauty, like other so-called "absolutes," is relative, and there is little point in wasting time studying about the great artists of the past, if knowledge of them is not specifically applicable to a present-day need. In line with this theory, a course in interior dec-

oration is thought to be of more value.

Another tenet of the progressive philosophy is that there is no such thing as a *mind* in the traditional sense. Man is believed to be just a biological organism. Mind, like sight, is not something that exists; it is an activity which occurs when there is an interaction between the organism and the environment. Just as sight cannot take place without something to look at, so "mind" cannot manifest itself except in relation to external reality.

Learning Up-to-date Habits

Since there is no mind, as such, it cannot learn or know as a spectator. Knowledge results from the active interaction of the human organism with the environment. Learning, therefore, is acquiring specific habits, and thought, too, is a habit. Consequently, you learn only from experience, by which habits are formed. For this reason, everything a child learns must be up to date and "meaningful" for getting along in the world, since habits, like the instincts of insects, are not transferable.

What follows from this philosophy is that instead of learning the basic concepts of English as a disciplined method of expression, the children are taught how to write a letter, how to make a speech, how to carry on a conversation. Or, to learn arithmetic, they play "banker" or "buy and sell." Undoubtedly, this is all very enjoyable, but the fact remains that a great many colleges have to give at least 25 per cent of their freshmen a course in remedial English, starting with third grade grammar and spelling. About



SOFTENED CURRICULUMS of our public high schools place more emphasis on activities such as the school band, and practical courses such as home economics, than they do on traditional subjects. Today, two out of three high school students do

not take chemistry, three out of four avoid physics, and seven out of eight get no trigonometry or solid geometry. Last year there were fourteen states which did not require students to take a single science or mathematics course for a high school diploma.

How Progressive Education Failed Us (continued)

60 per cent of the students entering the Oregon State College of Engineering in Portland have to take a course in "bone-head math," which covers fractions and elementary algebra. Comments Dr. Richard Walton, chairman of the physics department: "And people ask me to turn out Einsteins—what a sorry situation."

Meanwhile, having abandoned the traditional methods of imparting our cultural heritage as too formalized to be meaningful, believers in the new education boast that they teach children, not subjects. How they go about it is revealed in a typical example of their dogma which describes a thirty-week program of work for seventh grade pupils. There are sections on how to entertain, courtesy in the family, and even pets. Science is taken care of in a study of the doorbell, the telephone, and the gas and water service. Another section deals with family jobs; relationships with parents, brothers and sisters; and the care of clothing and rooms. Most terrifying of all for the responsible parent are the suggested topics under "How can my home be made democratic?" There is no reference to reading, writing, or arithmetic as such.

In his perceptive book, *Quackery in the Public Schools*, businessman and former college professor Albert Lynd argues that "the simplest and yet most serious indictment of the new education is that it stakes everything on the wisdom or the limitations of the teacher, while encouraging him to throw out most of the accumulated wisdom of the race" contained

in the discredited "subject matter" of un-doctored mathematics, literature, or history. "In deprecating 'subject matter,'" Lynd says, "the educationist is removing from the curriculum that which even the worst teachers can only partially spoil; when a poor teacher teaches without it, everything may be spoiled."

Teachers Who Just Fade Away

Worse yet, there are even some teachers who don't believe it is the function of the teacher to teach. An illustration of this type of wisdom appeared recently in a magazine for high school teachers under the heading of "group dynamics." It was written by two instructors at a State Teachers College in Indiana. According to this enlightened method, the teacher is "a resource person who sparks sharing or supplies material at a psychological time." In a modern democratic society, say the authors of the piece, "the emotionally healthy learner seeks more and should seek more for the acceptance of his peers than for the acceptance of the teacher." Students think up most assignments, are encouraged to do as little or as much reading as their individual needs require. The goal of the method is to develop that "we" feeling and to strengthen "such commonalities as the learner must have in order to be an accepted member of his society." The teacher shouldn't attempt to express any opinion or idea for fear of upsetting the delicate balance of group dynamics. The ideal is the fading out of the teacher.

Even more disturbing than the pap

manufactured at teacher factories under the guise of technique, is the great emphasis on "democracy" or, as it comes out in practice, conformity.

George Hofe, New Jersey businessman and director of the Carteret School, organized the National Council for the Gifted when he became concerned with the "dangerous Yankee penchant for perpetuating educational mediocrity." It stems from a false concept of democracy, he says, which leads parents to desire a lowest common denominator level of learning. This way, no child suffers inferiority feelings and the superior child is never allowed to think of himself as such while he becomes more frustrated and bored with each passing hour. John Keats charges that "our schools pamper the jackasses, stuff the geniuses under the rug." Because of this says Paul Witty, professor of education at Northwestern University, talented, high I.Q. youngsters lose interest in their studies and get into academic trouble. He claims 60 per cent of the brightest students in the nation never go to college at all.

But there is dissatisfaction among a growing number of parents and educators, many of whom were jarred from complacency by the Soviet Sputniks. "The Russians have done us a marvelous turn," comments Mrs. Fern Horne, a Pittsburgh school guidance counselor. "It's even getting smart to be smart." In some places, novel techniques are being tried to improve real learning in the classroom. Local schools in San Bernardino, California, and San Angelo, Texas, have started

Monkmeyer



HILLSDALE HIGH, in San Mateo, California, is an example of America's spare-no-expense philosophy for school facilities. But of high school graduates in the top 30 per cent of their class, only half go on to college. About one in five students

in the top quarter does not even stay in high school long enough to graduate. While high school enrollment has jumped 21.6 per cent since 1947, we have trained only 4 per cent more mathematics teachers, 15.1 per cent more science teachers.

grouping students according to their aptitude. Thus, a youngster might be in a fast math class, a slow English class and a completely mixed gym class.

Also, despite the general shortage of top-notch teachers (understandable since the "real income" or purchasing power of teachers dropped 5 per cent between 1940 and 1954 while nearly everyone else's rose from 10 to 80 per cent) a number of programs for talented children are getting under way. Cleveland schools are pushing a plan for identifying bright children as early as the first grade and sending them to classes where the academic pace is accelerated.

Most of the aroused citizens are, of course, crying for more emphasis on science. But educators such as Marc Raiff, Associate Professor of History at Clark University, think that the failings of American education are more fundamental. "Perhaps the most serious failure of the American educational system," he says, "has been its tendency to produce intellectual passivity. It has not helped to develop critical, inquisitive minds."

Hard Work Breeds Active Minds

He feels that our high schools should accustom students to systematic, constant, hard work, do away with the mish-mash of unrelated courses and offer students the direction without which they feel confused and insecure. "Teachers in Europe," he says, "have repeatedly testified to the fact that, far from discouraging students, a stiff program stimulates and encourages them."

Leading nuclear scientist Rear Admiral H. G. Rickover likewise thinks much can be learned from Europe's experience in education. Europe's most important educational achievement, he believes, is that despite pressure to do so, she refused to lower the quality of secondary and university education.

"European schools," he says, "are neither social clubs nor finishing schools," and he regards the American emphasis on non-academic school activities such as manners and social graces as holdovers from the times "when the school was our best instrument for Americanizing millions of foreigners as rapidly as possible." He traces the anti-intellectualism that colors so much of our thinking about education to our pioneer past, when the greatest need was for hardy men rather than educated ones.

He deplores the leeway we give to children to pick and choose from a large number of subjects. In tough Russian ten-year schools, roughly equivalent to our grade and high schools, each and every student gets 1,353 hours of science instruction, while many of our high schools teach no science at all because so few students elect to study it. Where they do, the maximum time offered, with few exceptions, is 756 hours.

"In the final analysis," Rickover says, "trained manpower can only come out of a thoroughly reorganized educational system with totally different aims and considerably higher scholastic standards."

Consideration should also be given to developing a sense of responsibility in the

students themselves. One method of doing this was originated in Calgary, Canada, where able students who refuse to work are simply thrown out of school (after a probationary period during which the teacher makes absolutely sure there are no emotional or mental blocks). Of those expelled, more than half have returned and most are doing well.

Loafing Is Costly

Calgary's new policy has already jumped the border to North Attleboro, Massachusetts, where letters to parents announced that "intellectual loafers and bench warmers" would be dropped. Calgary's school superintendent, Robert Warren, explains it this way: "In 1955, Calgary spent \$344.29 on each high school pupil. The public cannot afford to provide such service to pupils who take an indifferent attitude toward their responsibilities."

This may be a bit extreme, but some corrective measures are needed for an educational system that has been operating too long under the theories of high priests like John Dewey's reigning disciple, William Kilpatrick, who, in the words of his biographer, thought "the teacher should not make a practice of substituting his purpose and wishes for the child's. It is the child who should originate tasks and purpose."

Eminently sounder is the lesson implied in the teaching of Ralph Waldo Emerson: "Our chief want in life," he said, "is somebody who shall make us do what we can."

THE END



PARKING LOT of Ann Arbor, Michigan, High School is evidence of why Europeans find our students more "socially mature." But they are no match for Europe's students intellectually. Forty per cent of Russian high school pupils study English; only ten

out of 25,000 United States high schools offer Russian. Half of our high schools offer no foreign language at all, while the number of college graduates who are qualified to teach a foreign language has dropped at least 30 per cent since 1950.

The Drive Toward Self-destruction

Not many understand the reasons why 16,000 Americans take their own lives each year. Even fewer realize that suicide is only the extreme example of a mental compulsion that is destroying thousands of other lives in slower, more "socially acceptable" ways

BY ALICE MULCAHEY

*"When Reason's Day
Sets rayless—joyless—quenched in
cold decay,
Better to die, and sleep
The never waking sleep, than linger on
And dare to live, when the soul's life
is gone."*

*"Goodbye kid, you couldn't help it. Tell
that brother of yours, when he gets
where*

*I am going, I hope I am a foreman
down there.*

*I might be able to do something for
him."*

Both of these documents are suicide notes. The first, a quotation from Sophocles, was copied by Secretary of Defense James Forrestal moments before he plunged to his death from the sixteenth floor of Bethesda Naval Hospital on May 22, 1949. The second, for our purposes, might as well remain anonymous; its writer was merely another of the 16,000 to 20,000 Americans who die by their own hand each year. Experts estimate that at least as many unrecorded suicides also occur each year, hushed up by families who dread the social stigma. The experts also estimate that another 100,000 men and women attempt suicide each year, but do not succeed. As you read these words, someone somewhere in the United States is planning to take his own life; we average one successful, known suicide every twenty-four minutes.

In the United States suicide takes twice as many lives as murder. Male suicides are three times as numerous as women suicides, although women make three times as many attempts. Many women are impelled by unrequited love to attempt suicide, but these are the least likely to go through with it. In a four-year study of Detroit police records, it was found that of 313 lovelorn females who tried suicide, only twelve succeeded.

Contrary to popular belief, most suicides occur not in the cold, depressing days of winter, but in the late spring and early summer. Mondays and Tuesdays are more lethal than lonely weekends, and inclement weather rarely exerts the depressing influence attributed to it.

The Why of Suicide

We could collect a mountain of fascinating data on suicide. But more important than statistics is the central question, Why? Is there any single reason why so many Americans yield to this dreadful compulsion? The men whose business it is to probe into the recesses of the modern mind think there is an explanation, one which sheds light on almost every case of suicide, and offers a possible solution to a number of other enigmas of human behavior as well. There is, they say, an unconscious impulse toward self-destruction in the mind of every individual which operates with varying intensity throughout the person's life. The man or woman who dies by his own hand is yielding to this impulse in its most naked form.

This seems ridiculous and farfetched at first, for we know that the most basic of all human drives is the opposite of the destructive impulse—the will to live. Doctors say that in many cases this will to live is the factor which determines whether a sick person will survive or die. We do, beyond all doubt, possess this instinct to retain life. Yet the fact that men and women do destroy themselves is irrefutable proof that it can be overwhelmed by this other force within the mind.

There is equally shocking evidence that millions of other people are killing themselves by slower, less obvious methods. Still others are committing spiritual rather than physical suicide, constantly seeking out ways to humiliate, punish, and generally diminish themselves.

Some of the outstanding psychoanalytical theorists have become convinced that the control and utilization of this destructive impulse is the most important single problem of modern man. "No one evolves so completely as to be entirely free of self-destructive tendencies," Karl Menninger declares in his book, *Man Against Himself*, a monumental study of the death wish and the will to live. Dr. Arnold Hutschnecker has written a book, *The Will to Live*, in which he dramatizes with case history after case history his central thesis: "Man dies when he wants to die." So impressed was Dr. Edmund Bergler by facts he uncovered during his researches in this area that he erected an entire theory of human behavior around man's appetite for punishment.



SUICIDE ATTEMPT atop Empire State Building is frustrated by alert guard. Sixteen persons have flung themselves off eighty-sixth-floor observation tower since skyscraper was erected. When

four leaped in six-month period, building added a screen, which has prevented further deaths. But guards still watch out for would-be suicides. In the U.S. suicide takes twice as many lives as murder.

Self-destruction (continued)

"I have done, or wish to do, unforgivable things," the guilt-ridden person says. "I am not worthy of happiness. I must pay for it with suffering"

Whence does this catastrophic drive spring, and how does it manifest itself, besides in the culminating tragedy of suicide?

In many cases, a man's drive toward self-destruction has its roots in a childhood hatred or envy of a parent (which in the unconscious is a wish to kill) or hatred of a brother or sister. This desire to destroy the hated person is too horrifying to be admitted, and so the idea is banished from conscious thought. However, guilt at feeling this desire causes the individual to punish himself (in effect turning the destruction he would vent on the world inward, upon himself) to atone for the sin he has committed.

The element of self-punishment in suicide is clearly evidenced in the methods which are chosen. Usually the person

bent on destroying himself does not pick the quickest, most painless method. Thirty years ago, in an article on suicide which he wrote for *McClure's Magazine*, George Kennan reported: "When I clipped from a newspaper my first case of self-cremation with kerosene and a match, I regarded it as a rather remarkable and unusual method of taking life. But I soon discovered that it is comparatively common."

Self-prescribed Penalties

Kennan's numbing list of horrifying ways in which people have chosen to depart this world included exploding dynamite in their mouths, swallowing poisonous spiders, and crucifying themselves.

When he does not choose suicide, a person driven by guilt will choose other,

less totally destructive ways of punishing himself. This is where the destructive impulse does most of its damage, because here it is rarely recognized. But there are signs by which an informed person can detect the presence of this drive. The dominant characteristic of this sort of person is an inability to experience any sort of happiness or pleasure. This does not mean that the person consciously avoids happiness. But his unconscious thoughts are telling him: *I have done (or wish to do) unforgivable things. I am not worthy of happiness. I must pay for it with suffering.*

This is particularly evident in matters pertaining to sex. Again and again psychiatrists have found that women who are frigid (or men who are impotent) have deep guilt feelings over a trans-

Carroll Seghers II



DAREDEVIL DRIVING has its roots in self-destructive impulse. In 38 per cent of the fatal accidents during 1956, drivers were violating speed limits. Alcohol is also a factor. Studies of

fatalities during Christmas and Labor Day holidays showed that about 50 per cent of drivers had been drinking. Twenty-two of every one hundred pedestrians killed in 1956 had been drinking.

gression (real or imagined) in their youth which now forbids them to enjoy mature love. Often, their sense of unworthiness is so deep that they are compelled to destroy their marriage completely. They cannot accept a mate's affection and loyalty. For the most extreme cases, psychiatrists have coined the word *anhedonia*—Latin for "anti-pleasure." Everyone has seen at least one woman in this condition: perpetually tired, complaining, bored, often a compendium of minor ailments. Nearly always she plays the martyr who sacrifices herself for everyone else in her family. Dr. Edmund Bergler calls her an "injustice collector."

Or, if the person does not flee happiness, the destructive impulse, still operating according to the unconscious I-must-suffer-before-I-can-enjoy formula, will seek some means of making its victim earn his happiness. One of the most popular and least suspected techniques is the daredevil routine. By daring death or serious injury, the person justifies his right to possess whatever happiness he enjoys. Many psychiatrists believe that this is the best explanation for our appalling annual traffic toll. Certainly the fact that 51 per cent of all traffic accidents are directly connected with speeding is significant in this light.

The Compulsion to Pay

Many other forms of living dangerously, such as auto-racing and mountain-climbing, attract persons eager to take excessive risks. The late James Dean is a perfect example of the grim process at work. Skyrocketed to fame and wealth at twenty-four, Dean felt unworthy of his premature eminence, and expiated it by racing his sports car at reckless speeds. The Marquis de Portago, who frankly admitted his fondness for daring death in his racing car, is another example.

Another, more generally recognizable, destructive trait within a personality is the inferiority complex. Often, this emotional pattern can ruin a person's entire life. Dr. Irving Bieber tells of one victim, a very handsome man who kept insisting that he was unattractive. The reason he gave was his height: it was 5 feet, 10 inches. Dr. Bieber also tells of a very beautiful model who was so convinced her feet were ugly that she would not go swimming at a public beach and refused to consider marriage. "Neither her feet nor any other part of her anatomy could be considered unattractive by a reasonable observer," reports Dr. Bieber. Many brilliant, talented, attractive people belittle their accomplishments, because to accept them would be to accept gifts which they do not feel they deserve.

Physical illness is another area in which the self-destructive tendencies of



MARQUIS DE PORTAGO, who was killed May 12, 1957, when his racing car crashed into a tree in the Mille Miglia, admitted he preferred auto racing to any other sport because "death was closer every moment." Many daredevils have hidden death wish.

a personality frequently show themselves. Karl Menninger tells of a girl who had gone to eye specialists all over the United States seeking help for a serious inflammation of both eyes. No one had been able to help her, either with drugs or by use of exercises. During psychotherapy she revealed that when she was young she had spied on her brother as he lay naked in bed. She had never been able to forgive herself for this transgression. The punishing illness and the source of the guilty feeling are not, of course, always so directly connected.

Committing a crime is rarely recognized as a self-destructive act, but when we realize the prevalence of the destructive impulse, we can quickly see how criminal activity can be a virtual search

for punishment. Karl Menninger gives a classic example of the workings of this mechanism in his story of the New York postal clerk who toiled faithfully and honestly at his job for twenty-nine years and ten months. Two months before he was to retire he stole a one-dollar bill from an envelope, forfeiting his government pension and receiving a year and a day in jail. Our prisons are full of many less obvious cases.

The Sinner Seeks His Wages

Usually, the punishment that the guilt-ridden person chooses seems to him less severe than the one his unconscious believes he actually deserves: death. One striking proof of this was discussed recently by a group of Harvard Medical

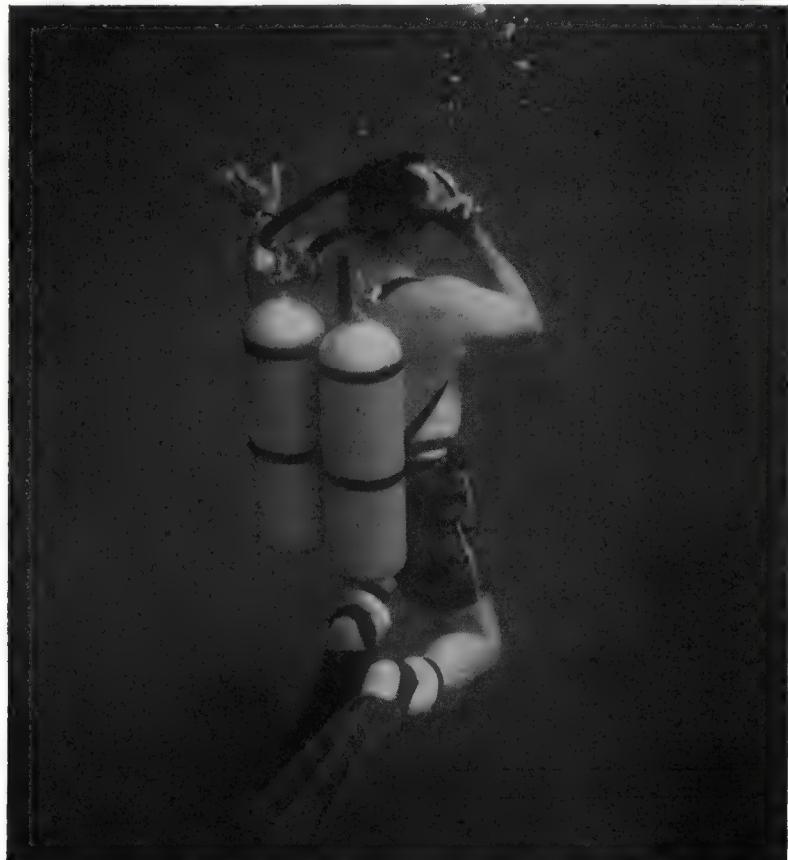
*"Superalcoholics" drink witch
hazel, anti-freeze, Sterno, because their
unconscious needs demand "more complete
obliteration, a nearer tread toward
the brink between life and death"*

School psychiatrists who have discovered a group whom they call "superalcoholics." These drinkers are not content with the liquors which ordinarily produce anaesthesia for the five million other Americans who suffer from this destructive compulsion. They differ from other alcoholics because of their "unusual willingness" to drink poisonous alcohols such as witch hazel, anti-freeze and Sterno.

Although all of these unfortunate peo-

ple were aware of the poisonous nature of the substances they were drinking, they denied any intent to do themselves damage. They said they drank these poisonous beverages because of the greater effects they produced. The psychiatrists did not agree with them. "All the drinkers fit the classification of 'essential alcoholics,'" the doctors declared, "with marked dependency and unconscious guilt, self-debasement and need for punishment. Ethyl alcohol . . . (the type

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LAST PICTURE of Hope Root, Miami attorney, as he descended into depths off Florida in attempt to break world's record for aqua-lung diving. Root's last signal came from 385 feet; he never came up. Experts called "suicidal" his insistence upon wearing the weights strapped to his waist instead of holding them in his hands for easy release.

found in beverages) became too tame; their unconscious need demanded severer measures, more complete obliteration and a nearer tread toward the fearful and tantalizing brink between life and death."

Significant, too, is the fact that alcoholics rarely attempt suicide. The reason, of course, is that the alcoholic addiction itself is satisfying the mind's demand for oblivion.

By now you are probably wondering whether there is anything we can do to help the victims of this appalling drive toward self-destruction. Psychotherapy can be extremely helpful, especially for those whose problems center around inferiority feelings and sex inadequacy. But for many others, a preventive approach is probably more important and more practical. The recognition of these forces within us is the first step towards control and utilization of them. This involves a twofold effort. On the one hand, we should try to be a little easier on ourselves. Theodor Reik believes Americans suffer from destructive impulses more than any other people in the world because our standards of personal conduct are so idealistic. We need to acquire a capacity for self-forgiveness.

The longing for absolution often impels people to confess their sins to the person they have wronged. This practice is prevalent in marital infidelity, but it is a disastrous error. In a sense it is almost cowardice, because the burden of forgiveness is thrown on the other person. It is far more just for the person who made the mistake in the first place to cope with his own guilt.

But it does help to tell someone who is not involved. A Catholic can use the confessional; a Protestant may talk it over with his pastor. Others may find a close friend helpful. Talking it over almost always helps the guilty person to realize that his sin is not the most despicable ever committed, that perhaps it is not beyond forgiveness, even by himself.

Love Others, Love Yourself

As important as self-forgiveness are the steps we can take to strengthen our will to live, thus enhancing the creative tendencies of our personality. The best and the strongest antidote to negativity toward ourselves is love for others. The man or woman who cares about another person cares about life itself. But we should not stop here. Throughout our lives we should continue to widen and deepen our enthusiasm for other people, for good art and literature and music, for all the things in life that make happiness a positive reality. This outward orientation, coupled with the realization that no human being is perfect, is modern man's weapon against the forces of self-destruction within him.

THE END



DOPE ADDICTION is another self-destructive pattern. Experts estimate that America has between 60,000 and 100,000 addicts. Police say 50 per cent of crimes in cities, 25 per cent of all

crimes, are committed by addicts trying to get money for dope, which costs some users \$100 a day. Here, woman goes through a twenty-four-hour withdrawal ordeal in attempt to break habit.



ON HER "FREE" DAY, Sunday, Elinor Pierce (ball in hand) finds the time to take part in a fast game of "pie" (combination of tennis, volley ball) with Mary Jo, David,

and Sonny, as Gary roller skates with the twins, Sally and Susan. Minutes later, Mother patched up Gary's bruised knee, then cooked evening meal for her famished athletes.

A Mother of Nine Keeps Up with the Times

Raising a large family like this one would be a herculean task for most women, but not for this housewife, who is also a full-time schoolteacher and a part-time college student, and loves every breath-taking minute of it

PHOTO ESSAY BY ROBERT J. SMITH, BLACK STAR, TEXT BY JIM SCOTT

In 1953, two years after a divorce which left her with four children, Elinor Guidinger, of Covina, California, met Clay Pierce, also a divorcee who was the father, mother and breadwinner for six children.

Clay operated a gas station across the street from Elinor's home and was very fond of children. It was this interest that was instrumental in the blossoming of their relationship. Since his own children were staying in Altadena, California, and he was able to see them only on weekends, his weekday evenings were lonely ones. After getting acquainted with Elinor's children, he began taking them to the movies in the evenings. Eventually,

Elinor agreed to go along. The evenings at the movies became part of a whole series of outings, including hikes, swimming trips, and jaunts into the neighboring country. In the course of these activities, Clay, Elinor and her crew of four became thoroughly acquainted.

Gathering of the Flock

One Sunday, Clay brought his six children in from Altadena to meet the family in Covina. Clay, Elinor, and their assorted ten children spent the day together. When it was time for Clay's children to make the trip back to Altadena, there were protests from the youngsters in both families. After a whirlwind court-

ship, Clay and Elinor (with constant prodding by their respective children) decided to marry. "We had the same problems," said Clay, "so we decided to merge them."

The merger has been a happy one. They made a down payment on an old two-story house nestled in an acre of orange trees on the outskirts of Covina ("We paid \$12,500. Our property is now worth three times that, but we love it too much to sell"), and began a new life which might lack in luxury but not in adventure.

The Pierces maintain a tight budget and everybody pitches in. Elinor draws \$5,900 as a third-grade teacher at Ben

Lomond School. Clay earns a little over \$4,000 as a gas station attendant. Their seventy-six orange trees help pay the taxes. Each of the children baby-sits to help meet expenses, netting about twenty-five to thirty dollars weekly. In addition to their outside work, the children make their own beds and prepare their own school luncheons, and each fills several jobs in the operation of the household. Strict economies are practiced in the Pierce home. Meat is served only at dinner. And, to make it go farther, it comes in the form of a casserole or a stew. Ice cream is a holiday dish. "We've made the children feel," Elinor says, "that this is *their* home as much as Clay's and mine. And that the responsibilities are partly theirs, too."

There is no perceptible difference between the children's attitudes toward their own brothers and sisters and their feelings for their stepbrothers and step-

(continued)

A SURPRISE BIRTHDAY PARTY for forty-four-year-old Clay was planned by children, finds them dressed in their Sunday best. Ready for ice cream and cake are



WEEKEND BARBECUE is always a big occasion which requires plenty of hot dogs, hamburgers, and giant-size bottles of soda. Clay, the family chef, gets very little time to relax at the grill after the tribe begins to dig in.

(clockwise) Elinor; Gary, ten; Susan, twelve; Mary Jo, fourteen; Norma, sixteen; Clay; John, fifteen; Carol, seventeen; Sonny fourteen; David, eleven; and Sally, twelve.





AFTER SCHOOL Elinor walks her third-grade class across the intersection in front of the school. Very popular with

Mother of Nine (continued)

A rollicking household that rations

AS COLLEGE STUDENT two nights a week, Elinor must dash home from Ben Lomond, prepare dinner for the family, leave instructions for the children, and set

out for evening classes at L.A. State College, where she is working on her master's degree in education. This frantic schedule never seems to dull her sense of humor.





all the students at Ben Lomond, she's been praised by the principal as "a remarkable teacher."

phone time, shower hours, but not affection

sisters. They enjoy being together and working together. The six children Clay brought to the union were Judy (now married), Carol (seventeen), and Norma (sixteen), who shoulder many of the household responsibilities; Sonny (fourteen), a clever cartoonist and writer; and the effervescent twins, Susan and Sally (twelve). Elinor's children are John (fifteen), known as the "financial wizard" of the family; Mary Jo (fourteen), a future "social butterfly"; David (eleven), a brilliant student and athlete; and Gary (ten), the "baby," who keeps the whole household hopping.

A Crowded Day

The family's day begins when Elinor rises at 6:10 A.M. and awakens the older children. After starting breakfast, she showers while John sets the table and Sonny makes the toast. The older children leave on the 7:10 bus. Gary cleans the table while Sally washes the dishes and David dries them. Clay leaves for work at 7:30 in their 1950 Pontiac sedan and Elinor, after doing the family washing (she does it twice a day), drives to work with a fellow teacher about the same time.

In the evening Elinor prepares dinner while the older girls clean the house and do the ironing, and John hops on his bicycle to do the family shopping.

Popular with their schoolmates, the
(continued)

AFTER A LATE CLASS (10:30 P.M.) Elinor walks through almost deserted parking lot to friend's car. When she gets home, she will make sure children are in bed and prepare a late meal for herself.





Mother of Nine (continued)



NORMA'S FIRST FORMAL DANCE causes considerable excitement in the family. Elinor, who has just made minor alterations on the dress, watches as Carol touches up Norma's hairdo and the twins swoon with admiration.

TWO CIVIL WAR PISTOLS brought to school by one of the boys furnish Elinor with springboard for a lecture in American history. The flower corsage she is wearing is a daily gift from a little girl very devoted to her teacher.

Pierce children often bring as many as six friends home for meals; guests are crowded into an already overflowing dining room. The house is frequently full of teenagers. "I'll never forget last Christmas Day," sighs Elinor. "There must have been at least twelve other kids in the house. They were playing Presley records, arguing and dancing. The din they made sounded like a young war. I looked at Clay and I'm sure we both thought, 'How did we ever get into such a predicament?'"

"One Complements the Other"

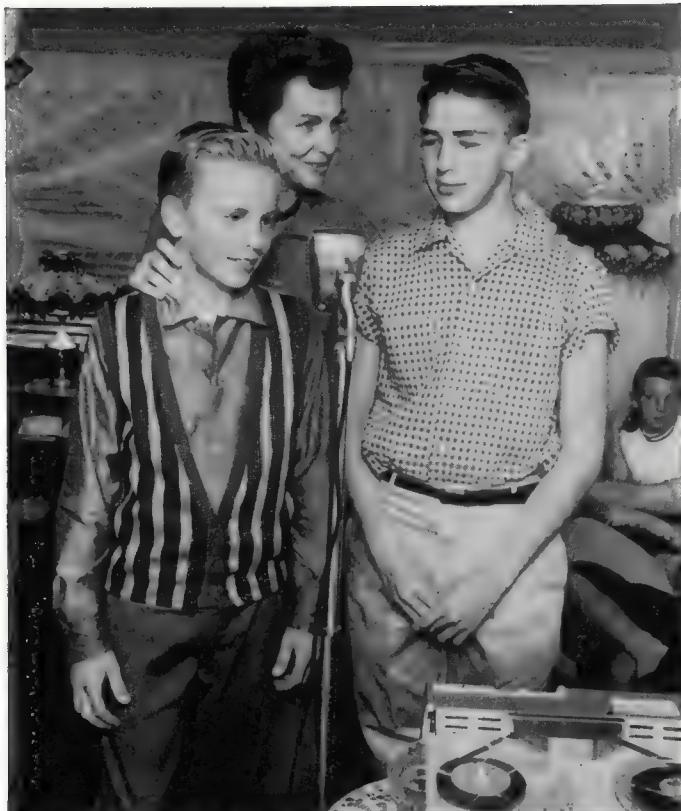
Elinor claims being a mother of such a large brood aids her as a teacher. Fred Ashton, the principal of Ben Lomond School, declares that Elinor's is the best-

MARY JO playfully removes David from a chair while Gary and Susan vacuum and dust. The older boys handle outside chores, including care of orchard of seventy-six orange trees.

(continued)



Mother of Nine (continued)



ALWAYS VERY CLOSE to her own mother and father, Elinor here introduces David and Sonny to them by means of a recording which she plans to send to relatives all over the country.

run class he's ever seen. "She has a way of winning over the youngsters at once, and brings out the best in them." Elinor's overwhelming popularity with her school charges can perhaps be attributed to her feelings about discipline and criticism. "I've found discipline works best," said Elinor, "if it is administered with humor. A humorous approach takes the sting out of criticism, too." The children in her classes seem to subscribe to this philosophy. They are so fond of her that they often stop by her home on weekends.

At L.A. State College, where Elinor is working for her Master of Arts in education, she is also immensely popular and respected by her fellow students. After a late class, she returns home to see that children and pets are in bed. (A recent count of the pet population showed eleven cats, two dogs, four chickens, three rabbits, a turtle, and several goldfish.)

With nine children, their friends, and over twenty-five pets racing through the house during the day, the treasured moments for Elinor and Clay are the evenings when the children and pets are in bed and they are able to enjoy their infrequent moments alone. They usually sit and watch TV or go out for a quiet dinner. But they feel it is a pleasant respite, not a retreat, because the kids are so much a part of their life. "People are always congratulating me for undertaking the care of such a large family," said Elinor. "Actually, the praise should go to the children. They've already given more to Clay and me than we could ever give to them."



THE TWINS and Mary Jo ask their mother about the possibility of attending a dance. The girls talk everything over with Elinor and have great confidence in her understanding and advice.

ELINOR AND CLAY relax after their long and arduous day (Clay returns home at 9:30 P.M.). Television is their favorite evening pastime, but now and then they go out for a short walk or enjoy a late dinner for two in a quiet little restaurant. **THE END**



Where to Take Your Troubles

Your church? Family doctor? Psychiatrist? Best friend? At least seventeen million Americans—one in every ten—have a mental or emotional problem. Where you seek help is of paramount importance

BY ELIZABETH HONOR

In a Southern California city, an attractive young couple named Wells, married nine years, arrived at a friend's party. Both greeted everyone enthusiastically. During the evening, three women told Diana Wells how much they envied her "perfect" marriage. At the same time, an engaged young man told Tom Wells he hoped *his* marriage would work out as well. To the casual eye, the Wells' marriage was wonderful. There was only one thing wrong, and neither their friends, their maid, nor their two children had yet noticed it: Tom and Diana Wells had not spoken to each other for twelve days.

Both were intelligent enough to realize they needed outside help. And both were strong enough to be willing to accept it, though Diana was pessimistic. Where could they get the right kind of help?

In the past few months, Tom had been taking his problems to the neighborhood bar. Diana had struck up a sympathetic relationship with her druggist's wife, a woman of decided antagonism toward men. Their choice of confidants was not unusual—one study of sixty-two families in trouble revealed that the couples took their troubles to neighbors, friends, bartenders. Not a single one of the sixty-two families sought the right kind of help—professional counseling. Yet hundreds of services throughout the nation are available to people of all incomes.

Housewives, businessmen, career girls, children—everybody feels the stresses of modern life. The world changes constantly, families move from one community to another, children are faced with bewildering complexities. Some years ago a high school graduate made the now-famous statement that school had pre-

pared him for the life of a Roman emperor, but had not equipped him for Main Street, U.S.A.; today he might add that it had left him similarly ill-equipped for Madison Avenue or a suburban development. But whatever the trouble—a "modern malady" like "suburban nerves," which afflicts some wives, neurosis, worry over a disturbed child, or emotional instability—help is available. One good reason why the public should be informed about the sources of help is that one out of every ten persons in the United States is emotionally or mentally maladjusted and needs treatment for some personality disorder. In fact, statistics show that 50 per cent of those who go to a doctor complaining of a physical ailment really have an emotional disorder. Worry, anxiety, fear, and layer upon layer of unresolved problems are the root of many physical symptoms.

Help for a Failing Marriage

Diana and Tom Wells got professional help, even though at first Diana felt ashamed to seek it. It hurt her sense of independence to think she couldn't solve her own problems. Tom suggested a marriage counselor. "That's corny!" was her reaction. "And they're probably all quacks. Besides, we're probably too rich for anything except a psychiatrist, and that would cost us a fortune."

But through a friend (not the bartender) Tom heard of the American Association of Marriage Counselors, 104 East Fortieth Street, New York City. From them he obtained a list of qualified marriage counselors in his California city. The counselors' basic qualifications: years of special training, with an advanced degree, and a Ph.D. in psychology

(although a qualified marriage counselor may have a degree in medicine, sociology, social work, or other related field).

On interviewing them, the Wells' counselor was able to determine that they did not need a psychiatrist. Diana, an exceptionally energetic person, needed lots of activity and resented Tom's "not helping" her do things—things that she needed to do herself to use up her energy. Now Diana no longer resents Tom's not helping her with her extra activities. And Tom understands her needs. Simple? Yet, if they had not sought help, the situation, trivial and silly as it now appears to the Wellses, might have led to a tragic divorce.

What did it cost? The Wellses visited the counselor four times, each time for an hour, and spent twenty dollars on each consultation. Ten to twenty dollars an hour for treatment by a private marriage counselor is average for New York and the East Coast.

Had either of the Wellses, Tom, say, had a serious emotional disturbance which was at the root of their unhappy relationship, the counselor would have suggested a psychiatrist—a medical doctor who has had special training in emotional and personality disorders. Or he might have sent Tom to a psychoanalytic psychiatrist—a psychiatrist with added training in the techniques of psychoanalysis. There are about ten thousand psychiatrists in the U.S., about sixteen hundred of whom are psychoanalysts.

Psychiatrists are not really as rich as they are rumored to be—their fee may range from ten to fifty dollars an hour, depending on the city, their training, and the patient's income. Fifteen dollars is considered a low-average fee.



A "DIPLOMA MILL" will sell bogus diplomas like the ones shown here to psycho-quacks for as little as fourteen dollars.

State laws are cracking down on these phony practitioners, but 5 per cent of our national health bill still goes to the quacks.

About sixteen thousand people are now undergoing some kind of analytic treatment. But in some communities you may have to wait for help. Distribution is uneven. In California, for example, there is only one psychiatrist to every 13,400 persons. Connecticut is better off, with one to 8,900 persons. In Pennsylvania there's only one to 18,700; New York is exceptionally lucky with one psychiatrist to every 7,600 persons.

The old-fashioned misconception that family agencies are for "charity cases" is well on the skids. No matter what your income, the 275 family service agencies affiliated with the Family Service Association of America will give you help with a variety of personal and family

problems. The fee will be based on your income and ability to pay. If your income warrants no fee, you won't have to pay. But if you are in the same bracket as residents of one higher-income community in Westchester, you may pay fifteen to twenty dollars an hour.

Family Problems Dealt With

The local family service agency is too often an untapped source of help. It can, for instance, after determining a client's problem, help him work out a marital conflict or overcome difficulties in handling his children. F.S.A. counselors also have a wide knowledge of other community resources and often work cooperatively with medical specialists, nursery

schools, and other agencies. They can steer the client to the right child guidance clinic, a very important service in these times, when one out of every ten children can expect to be hospitalized for severe mental illness sometime during his life. Family conflicts, in-law troubles, emotional upsets—all these the agency is prepared to cope with. Sometimes the client must be placed on a waiting list, but as Dr. Victor Balaban of the National Association for Mental Health says, "It is better to be on a list than on *no* list."

That first call for help is the hardest for most people. But curiously enough, simply phoning for an appointment is often such a dynamic step that it helps

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Where to Take Your Troubles (continued)

In Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—A "business hours" hospital, where a patient can have a complete therapeutic program and still live at home

In Washington, D.C.—The clergy teams up with psychiatry

Leo Choplis



NEWEST NEWS YET: the Hudson River Day Care Center, where the patient comes for psychiatric treatment during the day.

Patients, above, are in group therapy. By understanding their fellow patients' problems, they gain more insight into their own.

solve a person's problem. Just knowing that the wheels are turning sometimes lessens his tension and leaves him better able to cope with his dilemma.

In more sophisticated cities, there are more people who are aware of the importance of mental health. One private clinic for middle income people opened three years ago in New York City and found itself swamped with calls the first day. Within twenty-four hours it was booked for a solid year.

An increased alertness on the part of

doctors and clergymen to signs of emotional problems in their patients and parishioners has meant a big boost in a troubled person's chances of getting back on the right track. "A third of all first admissions to mental hospitals could be avoided with adequate care on the outside," says Dr. Charles E. Goshen, director of an educational project designed to increase the skill of the family doctor in preventive counseling and in caring for patients discharged from mental hospitals.

Typical of how clergymen and psychia-

trists are joining hands to help the troubled is the pastoral psychology workshop for clergymen at St. John's University, in Minnesota. Last summer forty clergymen, most of them Roman Catholics, and six psychiatrists lived and worked together. They attended seminars and informal discussions. The aim: to increase the clergymen's skill in assisting individuals with their problems, and to qualify them to make referrals in the prevention of mental illness.

"This does not mean," says the N.A.M.H.,

which urges such projects, "that each minister, rabbi, or priest attempts to do the work of an amateur psychologist." It does mean that the clergy is becoming better equipped for marriage counseling and is learning what resources are available for the person who needs help. For, as one religious leader put it, "Religious leaders are faced with the question of meeting man's needs in a world filled with anxiety."

In the Corporate Interest

For healthily selfish reasons, big corporations are beginning to help troubled employees, whether they are V.P.'s, other executives, or laborers. That goes for both personality and marital problems. Out ahead in the field are such corporations as American Cyanamid Company, Eastman Kodak of Rochester, and du Pont of Delaware. These businesses are simply putting money in their pockets by providing counseling and psychiatric services, since man-hours worth three million dollars are lost each year through the hospitalization of emotionally disturbed workers. This year one out of every twenty people will suffer an emotional disturbance that will interfere with his well-being and general health. Much of this can be prevented.

At the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company in New York, for example, a "personal adviser" will help solve an employee's personal or business problem in strictest confidence. The employee's revelations will not be reflected in his service record, even if they relate to his job. The Metropolitan's counseling service, which has been in existence for eight years, handles about three hundred people a year and charges no fee. If the troubled person needs outside special help, it is suggested.

Typical of this trend was the greeting one corporation executive gave to a subordinate one morning: "My God, Bob, what's wrong with you lately?" The trouble with Bob's work lately was Bob's home life. As he explained to the organization's consultant, the problem seemed too ridiculous to mention. "My wife pulls my daughter's pony-tail," he told the consultant. But the problem was not ridiculous. As it turned out, the wife was expressing hostility toward her husband by pulling the child's hair, seemingly in fun but hard enough to hurt, so as to alarm her husband. The solution wasn't easy—so deep was the wife's hostility, it took psychoanalysis to get at its roots.

Typical of other cases: An executive could no longer work because his thirteen-year-old son was so belligerent that the executive feared for the safety of the boy's mother and small sister. Psychiatric aid was called for.

In still another case, an exasperated husband explained to the consultant,

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CATHOLIC CHAPLAIN, Rev. Wilbur F. Wheeler, talks with a patient at St. Elizabeth's State Hospital, Washington, D.C., where pastors and doctors work together.



IN CONTACT with staff psychiatrists constantly, Father Wheeler here discusses aspects of pastoral training program with Protestant chaplain, Ernest E. Bruder.



"THE MENTALLY ILL are extremely anxious individuals," declares Rev. Bruder, here shown counseling a disturbed patient who is suffering from extreme anxiety.

Where to Take Your Troubles (continued)

"Damn it, my wife has insisted I paint the kitchen four times this year." At the crux of the problem was a wife so jealous of her husband's "good living at the office," as she later expressed it, that she wished to make him do housework. These are typical problems that can lead to misery or disaster, but which can be handled effectively by the Family Service Association, a marriage counselor, or a psychiatrist.

Many a company in New York now takes its employees' problems to a firm of psychologists, so the employees will work more effectively. "Many surveys have shown," says Dr. William C. Menninger, "that from 60 to 80 per cent of all dismissals in industry are due to social incompetence and only about 20 to

40 per cent to technical incompetence." Often the employee doesn't realize that he needs help—it's the employer who will sometimes call the consultant and say, "I'm sending over Mr. Mack. I think he's got a problem." Oddly enough, in some firms, the "stigma" of having a problem has been transformed into a badge of honor. One snobbish wife recently complained, "There must be something wrong with my George—how come *he* doesn't need a psychiatrist too?"

It's vital to get help as soon as possible. That means before the pressure builds to the point where Bill heads for the liquor bottle, the open road, or his neighbor's wife. And *before* he finds himself one of the seriously disturbed. Some psychologists believe that our culture

fosters neuroticism. And it is true that approximately 20 to 30 per cent of Americans suffer from problems serious enough to keep them broke, jobless, or in marital hot water. They may be intelligent, good-looking, talented—but somehow they miss out. Help is needed when, for example, a person feels so resentful when criticized that he "can't take it"; when he feels no one appreciates him; when he's tired all the time even when he gets enough sleep; when he has frequent aches and pains which have no physical cause. One man finds it impossible to decide which brand of cigarettes to smoke, or whether to turn on the radio or the television set; he is in such turmoil that he cannot make even a minor decision. Another finds he is unable to get pleasure or satisfaction out of any accomplishment or activity.

Such disturbances, if they are persistent, can mean trouble. One incident of adultery, for example, may not be indicative of a real problem. But a pattern of continued adultery may call not for a divorce court, but for a psychologist.

Sources of Aid

You can't get an analysis over the telephone. Not yet. But you can get the nearest thing to it by calling that mammoth organization, the National Association for Mental Health, which has more than 750 affiliates across the country, and explaining your problem; the Association will then advise you where to look for the most effective help. Or you can write for information to N.A.M.H.'s New York office at 10 Columbus Circle, New York City.

With a sharp eye out for advances in mental health, the N.A.M.H. is also pushing for more and better psychiatric clinics for the emotionally disturbed. There are now about 1,300 clinics—but the N.A.M.H. estimates that 3,304 clinics are needed. To help troubled children, they have helped establish the American Association of Psychiatric Clinics for Children, with one hundred member-clinics throughout the country.

Also getting a push from the N.A.M.H. is the newest idea yet—the "day" and the "night" hospitals. The night hospital works this way: The patient, perhaps a businessman who works during the day, arrives at the hospital about 6 P.M. every weekday. After dinner, he receives therapy and possibly gets some recreation. He goes to bed about 10 P.M., gets up at seven the next morning, has breakfast, and returns to his office. A pioneer project, the "night" hospital is still a goal for the future, but in Canada the plan has proved that it can keep people out of mental institutions and retain them in the community as productive citizens.

A. J. Bearden



TROUBLED YOUNG WOMAN brings her problem to the Social Service staff of Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, Maryland. Social Service works closely with the Baltimore City Health Department and steps in to help those who cannot afford to pay.



MARITAL DIFFICULTIES, and premarital problems are handled by the members of the American Association of Marriage

Counselors. Above: Lawrence Q. Crawley, M.D., Abraham Stone, M.D., Luther E. Woodward, Ph.D., Sophia J. Kleeman, M.D.

For the housewife with children, the advantages of getting help at a day hospital are obvious. At the New York State Hudson River Day Hospital—operated, like all New York State hospitals today, for people of all incomes, on a sliding fee scale—the housewife is a daytime patient five days a week. She either drives to the hospital or takes a bus, after sending her children to school. Usually she has been referred to the hospital by her family doctor, a local psychiatrist, or a local agency. During the day in the hospital, she sees her therapist. She lunches in the cafeteria and takes part in recreational activities, all without special charge. At the end of the "day" she leaves, and returns home before dinner. She is not labeled a "mental patient," nor is she hospitalized at cost to her emotions, and cost to the state of a hospital bed. The program is an experimental one which is being followed with great interest.

Ailments Have Aliases

What are the convenient "pegs" on which a couple will hang its problems? Complaints like "She spends too much money" and "We don't get along sexually" may not express a husband's real

reasons for being irritated at his wife. No matter how intelligent he may be, he usually fails to realize that such annoyances may be only symptoms of more basic problems. Some marital troubles date back to a honeymoon that was disastrous; yet both husband and wife are unaware of it. In fact, the honeymoon is now recognized as such an important period that one of the newest Miami Beach hotels has hired a marriage counselor to whom honeymooning guests can go for advice. But unfortunately, many wretched young honeymooners are too embarrassed to ask for help.

Psycho-Quacks Abound

But whatever your trouble, be careful where you take it. Charlatans hang out shingles and zestfully go about milking the public. An estimated twenty-five thousand phony "counselors," "analysts," "therapists," and "family advisors" get away with close to \$600,000,000 every year. Most have a string of nonsensical letters after their name and offer a direct path to happiness. In most states, anyone with a spare couch can go into business as a psychologist. In a Long Beach, California, investigation, it was dis-

covered that the patient of one such psycho-quack had killed himself. Another charlatan so severely damaged three patients that they wound up in a state hospital. Another billed a patient \$480 for one day's treatment.

Choose Counselors with Care

So far, fourteen states have passed laws to prevent phonies from calling themselves "psychologists." But all the other titles are still in the grab-bag. The services mentioned in this article will steer you to qualified help. But if you must pick a psychologist out of the telephone book, it's wise to make sure he's a Ph.D. and also a diplomate under the American Board of Examiners in Professional Psychology. Be just as conservative about a psychiatrist; it is safest to choose one who is a member of the American Psychiatric Association. Time is important. Don't waste it, or your money, or your health on a psycho-quack.

Don't try to be an amateur diagnostician, either. When you need help, go and get it. "Living with unresolved conflicts," the late Dr. Karen Horney once said, "involves primarily a devastating

Where to Take Your Troubles (continued)

Paul Berg—St. Louis Post-Dispatch



JOHNNY HIDES behind a curtain when his mother tries to read to him. A disturbed and withdrawn child, he attends the League School for Seriously Disturbed Children in Brooklyn, New York, where schizophrenic children get help. In some cases similar to Johnny's, results have been dramatic.

Joe Corallo



A TROUBLED CHILD brought to the Mental Health Consultation Center of Bergen County, New Jersey, is given a Thematic Apperception Test. The way the child relates to sets of animal pictures shown him helps the doctor determine the nature of the therapy the child will need and respond to.

For the one in ten children
who's disturbed: a
fighting chance, with the
help of science and love

waste of human energies, occasioned not only by the conflicts themselves, but by all the devious attempts to remove them." The result, to the troubled person, is that ". . . he can never put his energies wholeheartedly into anything . . . he will either scatter his energies or actively frustrate his efforts."

It is likely that no one has ever been completely "mentally healthy," in the sense of being completely happy. The normal person is bound to feel some kind of inadequacy in himself. Perfection is an unrealistic aim, either for himself or for anybody else. But when he does have a real emotional problem, he should not hesitate to seek help. THE END

Paul Berg—St. Louis Post-Dispatch



BIGGER BOY, Martin, at the League School threatens smaller boy who has just punched him. For Martin this is a big step forward in return to mental health—he has never before reacted when other children struck him; this is the first time he has made contact with another child and fought back.



GUN IN HAND, boy attacks therapist at the Mental Health Consultation Center of Bergen County. This is part of "play therapy" in which child is finding release for his long bottled-

up anger. The play situation the child creates and the role he chooses to act out within this situation gives the therapist the keys that will help solve the youngster's emotional problems.

The modern mind, like the ancient mind, is a mixture of optimism and pessimism, with the conflicting temperaments sometimes opposed and sometimes working together. Even the extreme examples of modern thought bear this out. Consider the case of Jack Kerouac.

This aging young man is the self-admitted foremost spokesman of the inexplicably named Beat Generation. This group of rebels is to the fifties what the Lost Generation was to the twenties—but with a difference. The Lost Generation sought meaning in booze and promiscuity and, sometimes, Freud. The Beat Generation is looking for meaning through booze, promiscuity, drugs, knives, guns, motorcycles, black leather jackets, and filthy fingernails. Kerouac says that to be beat is to be two things—"beatific," or saintly, and just plain "beat," or plumb tuckered out. His novel, *On the Road*, could as easily have been entitled "On the Stuff," or possibly "Gone to Pot" ("pot" is Kerouac's crowd's word for marijuana).

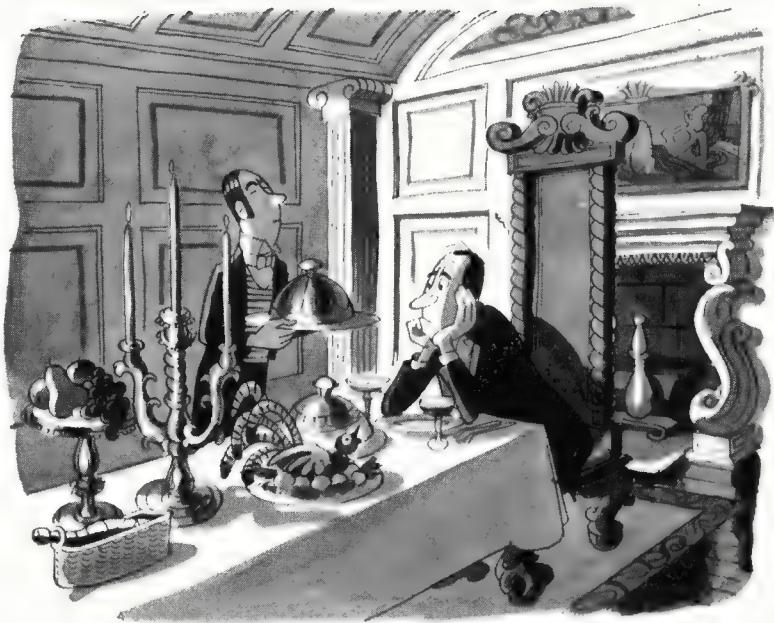
Twentieth Century Hipness

The book evoked some attention in the more excitable circles, and Kerouac eventually found himself being interviewed by Mike Wallace, the TV and newspaper reporter. He went into the interview willingly; a characteristic of the beatster is his compulsion to sound off at evangelical heat and at Senate-floor length on any subject at hand, preferably one in which he is not solidly grounded. (Learning, the beatster feels, only impedes true feeling.) His mystique, said Kerouac to the startled Wallace, was nothing more than "twentieth century hipness," which, translated into the prosaic language that the rest of us use, means some sort of cosmic awareness. He said that "beat" was weird, which Wallace did not dispute; he said it gave him "visions of God."

At this point, spurred to further revelation (or braggadocio), he added that he had taken dope ("a lot"), but appended rather wistfully that he had never got into the habit because he was allergic to it. His words, nonsensical at best, confused, hysterical, self-pitying and yet pretentious, made one wish either to give him a good shake or to remind oneself that this is probably just a phase like the one the members of the Lost Generation went through. The older rebels did eventually grow to maturity, when they found out that their lostness was more like laziness. Most of them became writers with affirmative values to communicate—all except their principal spokesman, F. Scott Fitzgerald, who eventually succeeded in completing the task of gradual self-destruction which he had begun at Princeton.

Like most masters of the visionary harangue, Kerouac has attracted a fol-

Drawings by Ralph Stein



"Things look bad. I only made a million last year."

Pessimism

Man's outlook on the future divides the

lowing. Eli Waldron, the writer, reports that in Greenwich Village cafes these nights one may see scores of young men and women sitting drinking beer with cardboard suitcases on the floor beside them, packed to go on the road at a moment's notice. The disturbing thing about this kind of behavior is that it is an irrational magnification of the modern temper. Kerouac said to Wallace, "We are empty phantoms, sitting here . . . worrying about civilization. . . . And yet, all is well."

The Eternal Division

In that queer testament is contained the temperamental history of the human race. For reasons of emotion and/or circumstance, men and women have always divided themselves into camps of pessimists and optimists—those on one side expecting the worst, those on the other hoping for the best.

This dichotomy has released a flood of

humor into our folklore, and any survey of the state of optimism vs. pessimism must almost of necessity begin with the one about the two men who were examining the barrel of beer.

"Why, it's half empty," one said.

"No," said the other, "it's half full."

A knee-slapper of more recent vintage is the story about the father who had twin sons of opposite humors. A wise man counseled the father to teach the boys a lesson. On Christmas morning, the pessimist looked under the tree and found a bicycle, ice skates, a hi-fi set and records; the optimist found only a box of sweepings from a street where horses recently had passed.

"What'd you get?" the optimist inquired eagerly.

"Aw," said the pessimist, "I got a bike—but it's not an English bike and all the kids will laugh at me. I got skates, but the weather's been warm and there's no ice. I got a hi-fi set, but you know how



"Things are looking great. I might get a job next week."

vs. Optimism

world in two. Which side are you on?

those things break down. What did you get?"

"I got a pony!" the optimist cried. "But he ran away!"

Not all people fit so easily into one of the two categories. There are those who believe that Diogenes was an optimist; others say he was decidedly a pessimist. He lived during the fourth century B. C. and was known in his day as "The Cynic" because of his simple, direct approach to life. He lived in a tub. His only possession was a bowl, which he threw away when he saw a boy drinking from his cupped hands. This apparently was a sign of optimism; he evidently felt he could get along nicely without any properties. But sometimes at night, the legends say, he went about with a lantern peering into people's faces, looking for an honest man. We may infer from this that he did not expect ever to find one—a clear indication of pessimism.

The conviction that human life will

somehow prevail is undoubtedly more optimistic than pessimistic, and considering man's struggle for survival against the weather, against human nature, and against the combination of the two, it is safe to state that optimism has been the prevalent mood since long before Diogenes. It was not until about two thousand years after the sage's death, however, that another individual formulated a system of philosophy based upon the hope and the belief that everything usually turns out all right.

The Happy Philosopher

Gottfried Leibnitz, a mathematician and philosopher who lived between 1646 and 1716, was the exponent of this creed. He argued that God, being all-wise, knew all possible worlds, and being all-powerful, created the one He wished to create, and being all-good, naturally chose the best. Therefore, said Leibnitz, this world must be the best of all possible worlds.

A group of Leibnitz' followers, led by Alexander Pope, perverted his ideas. They maintained that evil was only a way of looking at life—that anything evil actually could, if viewed properly, be regarded as working for the ultimate good.

This philosophy infuriated the French writer François de Voltaire, who promptly wrote *Candide*, an enduring attack on blind optimism. Both its principal character, Candide, and his mentor, Dr. Pangloss, go through unimaginable tortures but still contend that all is for the best. Voltaire was not a pessimist, but he believed, according to his translator John Butt, "that if *all is for the best* be explained in an absolute sense, without offering hope for the future, it is only an insult added to the miseries we endure."

Two hundred years after Voltaire, an American novelist, Nathanael West, wrote a twentieth-century parallel to *Candide* called *A Cool Million*. Dreadful things happen to its hero, Lemuel Pitkin, but he remains charged with American optimism. Written at the peak of the Depression, it was a frank statement of West's conviction that "life is one hell of a mess." Perhaps the reason it gained very little popular acceptance was that many Americans, faced with poverty and the virtual collapse of their economic system, were secretly convinced that West was right—but, because optimism was necessary for the preservation of their sanity, could not permit themselves to embrace his views openly.

Molasses for the Millions

They flocked, instead, to the likes of Walter B. Pitkin, whose *Life Begins at Forty* was the first of a school of treacly books espousing optimism. Ignoring the fact that in 1932, when he published it, the country was in the worst crisis it had ever experienced, Dr. Pitkin proclaimed happily that the future would be the Age of Super Power and Less Work. At forty, as anyone who is approaching that age or has passed it knows, a man is just beginning to come apart at the seams. But the doctor was optimistic enough to thumb his nose at reality, and because people felt more comfortable reading a dreamer than they did reading a realist, they bought his book by the hundreds of thousands. "Pessimism," said the English writer Arnold Bennett, "when you get used to it, is just as agreeable as optimism." The trouble with that statement is that few people care to put it to the test.

The history of Bennett's native land is full of the most astonishing examples of extreme optimism. Dame Edith Sitwell, in her book *English Eccentrics*, attributes this optimism to "that peculiar and satisfactory knowledge of infallibility that is the hallmark and birthright of the British nation"—a knowledge which Sir Winston Churchill expressed incessantly during World War II by holding up his two fingers in the V-for-Victory sign.

(continued)

63

People are not merely optimists and pessimists; the two extremes lead many of them into extraordinary eccentricity

Dame Edith then goes on to list some lulus. She writes of "a shady old person" named Thomas Parr, who was 140 years of age when he was painted by Rubens. The old man married for the first time when he was eighty. "Marriage after that became a habit with him," Dame Edith says, "though there was an occasion when, no doubt owing to an oversight, he was made to do public penance, at the age of 105, for omitting this ceremony." Later, at 120, he was married again, and his wife gave birth to a child; "he was, at that time, employed in threshing and other husbandry work" (an unintentional pun on Dame Edith's part, no doubt). The old boy gasped his last at 152 and was buried in Westminster Abbey—"in spite of the unsuitable sprightliness of his later years," Miss Sitwell comments.

An even stranger eccentric in the Dame's exotic gallery of optimists was Squire John Mytton, who was born in 1796, evidently with an unshakable conviction that the elements could not do him in or, for that matter, harm him. That is understatement. The squire thought *nothing* could harm him. His conviction that all would be well made him the Kerouac of his day. He often went out hunting ducks without a stitch on. Once he "galloped at full speed over a rabbit-warren to find out if his horse would fall. . . . Rolling over and over, after a time both horse and squire rose to their feet unhurt." Another time, driving in his gig at his usual breakneck speed, he was irritated by a passenger who asked him to go slower. The squire asked if the man had ever been hurt much by being upset in a carriage. "No, thank God," the man said, "for I never was upset in one." The squire, "much upset by this omission on the part of Providence," promptly ran his carriage into a bank. It overturned. Neither he nor the man was hurt, which must have spurred him to further gestures in behalf of optimism.

An Optimist's Hiccup Cure

The most spectacular of these occurred shortly before his death, one night when he had the hiccups (the squire drank eight bottles of port wine each and every day of his adult life). "Damn this hiccup," he said, "but I'll frighten it away." He grabbed a candle and set fire to the

hem of his nightshirt. Two friends who happened, fortunately, to be present leaped upon him, threw him to the ground, and rolled about with him until they had torn the nightshirt off. "Appallingly burnt," writes Miss Sitwell, "he reeled into bed." Next morning, "he greeted his friends with a loud 'viewhalloo' to show how he could bear pain."

Our own gallery of optimistic eccen-



"Shucks, half empty." "No, half full!"

trics, or eccentric optimists, rivals and possibly overshadows that of the English. Consider Sylvester Graham, who in the mid-nineteenth century became the mortal enemy of meat-eaters. Graham went on the road to rant about vegetarianism, declaring that no one who ate meat could enter the Kingdom of Heaven. Later he became enthusiastic about whole wheat flour. In Boston he preached against the professional bakers for weakening their product with pure white flour. The bakers caught him in the street and beat and stoned him, but he persevered and was gratified to find that people all over the country were becoming Grahamites. Graham gave them a substitute for white-flour bread, and although there are no longer any Grahamites, many of us still eat it. It is called the Graham cracker.

Graham was the first in a long line of food faddists who represent an extreme manifestation of American optimism. That his theories have persisted is proved by the flourishing business the health-food stores do today; people are still eating wheat germ, blackstrap molasses, and other nutritious substances in the firm belief that these grains and goos will make them healthier and stronger and

keep them kicking to riper, older ages.

Some Americans are optimistic in the way that shady old Thomas Parr was. The American Medical Association reports the curious case of Peter V. Ortiz, of Anaheim, California, who in 1957 walked into a bank and opened a savings account—to have a little money set aside for his old age, he said. Ortiz was 106. And in Washington last year a man named Bert Rhoads startled the guards around the Washington Monument by walking up the 898 steps and down again for the sole purpose of celebrating his eighty-fifth birthday.

America's Lonely Pessimist

Such spirit is in direct contradiction to the doctrines of Ambrose Bierce, a sour American writer who was born in 1842 and lived to become the acknowledged king of pessimists in this country. Bierce held that practically nothing in the world was worth while. A couplet he wrote applied to his own personality: "He damned his fellows for his own unorth/ And, bad himself, thought nothing good on earth." Bierce had a sharp wit, but even remarks like "A bore is a person who talks when you want him to listen" could not endear him to the public. Pessimists depress, and our young, energetic country never has been able to stomach depression.

Perhaps the only extreme pessimist who ever gained popular favor here was Henry L. Mencken, the sage of Baltimore, whose view of the human race was even more jaundiced than Bierce's. Mencken hated politicians, preachers, teachers, reformers, businessmen, do-gooders—practically all occupational classifications except newspapermen and bartenders. "Christian endeavor is notoriously hard on female pulchritude," Mencken said; and, "Injustice is relatively easy to bear—what stings is justice."

Mencken's widespread popularity may have been due principally to his wit. Americans love laughter—itself a hallmark of optimism—and find it hard to believe that anyone who can make them laugh can actually be a pessimist, even when the proof is there in cold print.

Americans like to sing optimistic songs, too; the most popular tune during the blackest days of the Depression was "Happy Days Are Here Again." The days

weren't here, but it was reassuring to believe that they someday would be. Today the trend toward optimism in vulgar music is even more noticeable; only an incurable optimist could write or sing "I'm Gonna Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter," the second line of which is "and make believe it came from you." True, some apparently pessimistic songs have achieved big sales, but usually their pessimism is only on the surface. One of the saddest and most despairing of ballads, "I'll Never Smile Again," written by Ruth Lowe after the death of her husband, turns out upon closer examination to be optimistic. The second line is "until I smile at you"—meaning, presumably, that the lovers will be reunited in some subsequent life.

To step up to a somewhat higher cultural plane, our literature, especially the contemporary phase, is primarily the work of optimists. Ernest Hemingway's *The Old Man and the Sea*, with its avowal of man's indomitable courage and tenacity, did not become a best-seller simply because it was couched in Hemingway's first-rate prose. The enormous success of Norman Vincent Peale is primarily due to his reiteration of man's ability to keep his head high with the aid of religion, psychiatry, and self-help. "Readers like to know that everything is going to be okay," says a publisher. Perhaps the only two pessimistic books in recent months have been Ayn Rand's *Atlas Shrugged*, which seems to be saying that greed and ruthlessness are not only inevitable in human character but probably desirable—and which is being read more for its shock value than for its thesis—and Vance Packard's *The Hidden Persuaders*, which says we are all helpless victims of men who are making us buy things we neither want nor need.

The Winning Spirit

Our sports world presents an unbroken chain of individuals who have refused to lose hope in the face of adversity. Ben Hogan, after an automobile accident in which he temporarily lost the use of his legs, returned to competition and won the National Open. Babe Didrikson refused to permit cancer to keep her off the links. She won several tournaments after her two operations, and was still battling when she finally succumbed. Sugar Ray Robinson, after being whipped on his comeback trail by the club fighter Tiger Jones, went on to win his title, lose it, and win it back. Pessimists in sports are rare. The most notable in recent years was Frank Leahy of Notre Dame, who, even when his football players were in the middle of an unprecedented winning streak, would express serious doubts about their ability to win the next game.

In our society there are many more

Hogans than Leahys. Optimists are everywhere. There are even groups of civic-minded citizens all over the country who call themselves "The Optimists." (The females of this species are known as "The Soroptimists.") Things have come to the point where pessimists are regarded as queer fish. In a suburb just outside New York lives a writer who has left off voting because he honestly believes that each of the two parties is as bad as the other. He argues this dubious theory brilliantly. His neighbors talk about him behind his back; they think he is tetchy; they ask themselves what could have caused him to behave in such a manner. In this time ("this strange goose-weather," Dame Edith calls it), conformity has such a hold on the population that to be a nonconformist is to be thought peculiar. A pessimist cannot exist comfortably with his neighbors because optimism is the nation's temper.

Presidential Cheerfulness

Our happy leaders set the tone, beginning with the jaunty Roosevelt, through the beaming Truman, right down to the solemn but nevertheless confident and businesslike Eisenhower. But the time casts up its leaders—and in our time, optimism is necessary for the preservation of our equilibrium. The mess we are in makes the future a horrifying question mark. With the major powers making bigger and better bombs and more efficient vehicles in which to transport them, we must resign ourselves to the possibility of total destruction. Yet this is inconceivable to the American optimist. "We have gone through all sorts of disasters before," he says, "and somehow we'll get through this one—even if the bombs do fall." He points out that our leaders seem to be making acrobatic efforts to preserve the peace.

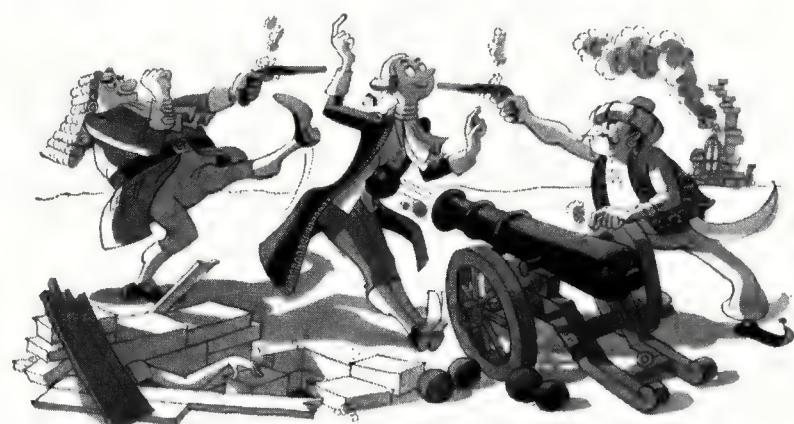
There is more construction under way

in this country now than at any previous time. Office buildings, hotels, factories and housing developments are bristling all over the map. The bombs may fall tomorrow, but the building goes on as usual today. "Of course I've bought a house in the city," an artist friend of this writer's said recently, "and I'm sinking every cent I own into remodeling it. I've got to have a place for my family to live. If there is a catastrophe, it's going to get us no matter where we are—so we might as well be where we like to be." Also, there is something reassuring in the public statements of the missile men now working for the government. Although Dr. Wernher von Braun and his colleagues are currently producing weapons, they have their eyes on the planets and the stars. Dr. von Braun has said that man will reach the moon within his lifetime. Other scientists say it will take longer—but all are convinced that we may well be visiting Mars and Mercury early in the next century. Although presently engaged in making instruments of death, these optimists are certain that life will go on. One atomic scientist, J. H. Rush, recently wrote an article discussing the developments we may expect in the next ten thousand years.

Temper Realism with Hope

Thus the modern mind has become a healthily schizoid organism in which reality, or pessimism, must give way to hope, or optimism. It is the only way we can live sensibly in this mixed-up, sputnik-badgered, missile-molested time. We should heed the words of the English philosopher Havelock Ellis, who said. "He who would walk sanely amid the opposing perils of life always needs a little optimism; he also needs a little pessimism." Even the Kerouacs, rushing out into the world and looking for God-knocks-what, agree.

THE END



"Reason proves that this is the best of all possible worlds," said Dr. Pangloss.

Sex Cultism in America

Is the truth about the American sex scene even more shocking than Kinsey told us it was? Is the startling rise in sex crimes a sign of a decaying nation? Here are some surprising conclusions by experts who refuse to be impressed by the prophets of gloom and doom

BY FREDERICK CHRISTIAN

She was beautifully built, blonde-haired, blue-eyed—and practically naked. She was a chorus girl in a new Broadway musical, and she was ambitious. She came up to the writer with just the proper mixture of timidity and push and said, "You ought to know about these things—how do I get to pose for a calendar the way Marilyn Monroe did?"

Unfortunately, the writer was not able to advise her. Nor was he able, during the next few days, to get her question out of his head. On the surface, it was funny and demanded a flippant, insinuating answer; actually it was not so funny—for in that question, voiced ingenuously, was a whole ethos, one which seems to hold large segments of our population in its grip. The girl was dying to get ahead, and she obviously believed that mere talent was not enough. She felt that if she could do as Miss Monroe had done it would get her attention and/or notoriety and lead to the Lord alone knew what—a career on the stage and in films and television, perhaps marriage to some rich and famous personage and even, if her luck held, divorce from same.

The girl's question reflected the attitude toward sex and sexuality that characterizes many American minds these days. Primarily because of our strong Puritan traditions, we never have been regarded as a "sexual" nation, in the

sense that Italy and France are—but during the past thirty or forty years our new preoccupation with sex and sexuality has been noted time and again by visitors from abroad. Last year, when we exchanged some motion pictures with Russia, the press there commented sharply upon the high sexual content of our films (sharply, and rather hypocritically, considering Russia's own state-decreed policy of free love).

"The Rising Tide of Sex"

Criticism of this attitude is not limited to foreigners. The eminent sociologist Pitirim A. Sorokin, of Harvard, in a heated book called *The American Sex Revolution*, published in 1956, wrote as follows: ". . . Whatever aspect of our culture is considered, each is packed with sex obsession. Its vast totality bombards us continuously, from cradle to grave, from all points of our living space, at almost every step of our activity, feeling and thinking. If we escape from being stirred by obscene literature, we may be aroused by the crooners, or by the new psychology and sociology, or by the teachings of the Freudianized pseudo-religions, or by radio-television entertainment. We are completely surrounded by the rising tide of sex which is flooding every compartment of our culture, every section of our social life."

Dr. Robert Elliot Fitch, Dean of the Pacific School of Religion in Berkeley, California, and author of the book *The Decline and Fall of Sex*, is more optimistic about the ultimate passing of the sexual revolution, although he agrees up to a point with Sorokin. He said recently, "There seems to be a great emphasis on sex in many areas of our popular culture—in popular fiction, in the theatre, in the movies, in certain aspects of advertising and in the interests and activities of many very young people." To confirm Dr. Fitch's views, one need only look about and listen. Sexual themes dominate popular songs; the rock-and-rollers openly announce their desire to "make it" with their love-objects. A billboard advertisement for an automobile shows a girl standing beside a convertible; the legend reads: "Hot to Handle." Jokes on television are more sexually oriented than ever before. Young girls, like the one mentioned in the opening of this article, seem driven by some inner compulsion to take off their clothes in public or to be photographed so that all the public may appreciate their charms.

One day last year, at a party given in a New York restaurant, one of the guests was Miss Jayne Mansfield, the queen of the new crop of strippers. Miss Mansfield was told that a certain movie star, a rival of hers, was currently being fea-

tured in a series of nude photographs in a magazine. "How'd you let her get away with that, Jayne?" she was asked.

"They asked me first!" she cried, indignantly.

It used to be that the Mansfields and Monroes appealed primarily to boys in their late teens, but the pinup has become so prevalent that younger children are striving to emulate their seniors. The thirteen-year-old son of a New York journalist has one entire wall of his room covered with pinups. "If one picture doesn't fit, the boy just cuts off the head and feet," his father reports with mixed alarm and pride.

The child imitates the parent, consciously or unconsciously, say the followers of Dr. Freud. Kids are behaving this way because their parents are exposed to sex at every turn. *Peyton Place* did not achieve best-seller status because of Grace Metalious' stylistic grace. Some publishers say flatly that a book without sex almost never has the chance for success of one in which sex leaps out from the page. Three years ago, when a member of the staff of this magazine published his third novel, a story about two people who were in love but were disinclined to put their relationship on a physical level, his publisher wrote, "This is a fine novel, but I do wish, for the sake of sales, that Charles and Louise's mutual esteem had overcome them to the point of sexual intercourse."

Curiously enough, the sale of pornography is not on the rise—on the contrary, it has fallen lower than ever before. Two booksellers recently interviewed assured the writer that the demand has declined radically during the past five years. "People don't want the frank, unashamed kind of vicarious experience that pornography offers," one said. "It's as though they're afraid to face whatever desires may be hiding inside them."

Our Heritage of Prudery

Our sexual attitudes differ from those of European countries as the boy differs from the man. We are a young country—one might even say an adolescent country—and our approach to sex is that of the mooning adolescent, who has had the law laid down to him by his elders (the Puritans were this country's parents, figuratively speaking). An older culture accepts sex more readily—so readily, in fact, that Americans often are shocked by what they witness abroad. "Boy, oh boy, those Swedish girls!" an airline public relations man exclaimed over lunch one day recently. "All you ever have to do is wink or crook a finger!" And then his youthful morality caught up with him, and he added, "It's kind of shocking."

Similarly, in Rome one day last summer, the wife of an American movie producer, walking along the street, was pinched admiringly by a handsome, roguish Italian. Pinching is not only com-

mon in Italy, it is virtually obligatory. The woman did not know that; she ran frantically to the nearest policeman, who listened sympathetically, explained the difference between the mores of Italy and the United States—and gave her a gentle pinch of his own as she walked away.

There's Safety in Dreams

Despite the abandon of the twenties, when our sexual revolution began (the spearhead was composed of the writings of the members of the Lost Generation, who brought a new frankness into our literature), this country never has completely abandoned itself to an acceptance of sex—as, say, France has. There, a man has not only a wife, but a mistress; it is as common as the Italian squeeze. Here, even wealthy men who can easily afford it think twice before keeping a girl on the side. It simply is not done openly—and it is not too inaccurate to say it simply is not done, period. A man who plays around, as the expression has it, is open to censure from friends and business associates. He can only dream—and the advertisements, movies, books, magazines and newspapers provide him with both the population and the furniture for his dreams. And he cannot in conscience discuss his dreams, except with his psychiatrist or clergyman.

Dr. Fitch outlines the American attitude toward sex with a preliminary statement in which he says, in bewilderment, that a discussion of it invariably brings him up against a curious taboo: "To do it is life; to tell it is literature; but to talk about doing it or telling it is criticism. The doing is honest; the first telling is frank and courageous; but all of a sudden the talking about the doing or the telling is bad manners, is prurience. We may live surrounded on all sides by raw sex, but we may not, like Marina, attempt

exhibition of sex on one hand, and the furtive attitude about it on the other—is indirectly responsible for the high incidence of sex crimes in this country. In 1955 there were 1,165 rapes in New York City; in 1956 there were 1,267. Throughout the country, cases of forcible rape increased 12 per cent in 1956 over 1955.

This does not mean that our preoccupation with sex is making us a nation of perverts. Sex criminals are still very rare, despite the fact that better newspaper reporting makes them seem more prevalent—and according to Dr. Fitch, the current sexual preoccupation is actually only the dying gasp of the revolution which began forty years ago. In some respects, he believes, our attitude toward sex stems from boredom. "I think there is great profundity in Schopenhauer's words to the effect that when people are bored, they will seek opiates . . . in liquor, card-playing, travel, etc.," he says. "Many people who are bored use sex, or interest in sex, in that manner. But most of us are not bored—we're much too young a nation to regard our life as empty and to need outside stimuli."

A Promising Future

"Many of the tensions created by a competitive society have been removed—certainly they are no longer as acute and affecting as they were in the twenties. People are more secure, socially and economically, these days. There is a marked return to interest in the enduring things—in home, family and real moral values."

Dr. Fitch is decidedly optimistic about the prospects of our growing out of the current phase. He says, "The sexual revolution has had a good side and a bad. On the bad side, it sometimes led people into preoccupation with the diseased, the sensational, and the perverted aspects of sex. On the good side, it gave us a free-

*1958 morality: A man
would rather commit adultery
than mention the word
in the presence of a lady*

to preach divinity from a brothel. We are required to make a neat distinction which leaves lechery to literature and to life, but which keeps a clean conscience for criticism. We follow the etiquette of that double standard of morality which defines a gentleman as a man who would rather commit adultery than mention it in the presence of a lady."

Many psychiatrists and sociologists believe that our curious duality—the blatant

dom of speech and increased our knowledge. The principal mistake many people made was to treat sex as purely a physical phenomenon and to separate it from love, honor, duty, loyalty and sacrifice. When sex loses all those things, it loses its sex appeal. We cannot separate the character of sex from morality. We cannot have real sexual freedom without self-discipline, restraint and direction."

THE END

Your Pet Gives You Away

A "powder room" and "cocktail bar" for your cat, an expensive horoscope for your dog—how you spend money on your pet is only one tip-off about you. Introverts buy birds; the more adventurous choose snakes and mountain lions

BY LYN TORNABENE

Not too long ago a birdseed company circulated a promotional flyer extolling the virtues of parakeets as perfect "second pets." Those two words tell the story of a current American phenomenon, pet-ism. Faced with a nationfull of consumer homes already overflowing with leaping, loping, crawling, swimming, and flying creatures, the pet industries can do nothing to bolster the market but ask us to go round again.

Statistics on pets are endless, staggering, and, occasionally, frightening. Take these for instance: Nearly 100 million Americans are spending \$3 billion a year on pets. In 1957 pet food sales in food stores totaled over \$300 million; pet supply volume in drugstores hit \$13 million; pet biologicals accounted for \$16 million. In the past thirty years dogs have increased their kind by 200 per cent, while their human masters' population has grown by only 50 per cent.

Pet-indulgences unheard of just a few years ago are now considered commonplace. We take for granted the ready market for mink stoles, diamond necklaces, negligees, and tranquilizers—for dogs. We discuss calmly the growing popularity of split-level and ranch-style houses—for birds. We don't raise an eyebrow at a newspaper item about a bird that files an income-tax return, a dog that is listed among the tenants of the R.C.A. Building, a cat that makes a killing on the

stock market. A hotel for birds opens, a luxury liner offers a menu for pets traveling first-class, a woman leaves a half million dollars to a cat, a psychiatrist won't go anywhere without her parrot, a man produces a dog perfume called Kennel No. 9—are we shocked? We're not even amused.

Americans are currently afflicted with the worst case of anthropomorphism in history. And if you're wondering what that means, it means that we not only feel we have to have pets, we insist that they like what we like, go where we go, and eat what we eat. The more we see in them images of ourselves, it seems, the happier we are.

A Chance to Be Top Dog

The dog, more than any other animal, has come to symbolize certain personality traits that we have or would like to have. When we picture the rugged sportsman, pipe in mouth, strolling about his country estate in tweed jacket and baggy flannels, do we not also picture a springer or setter romping by his side? The universal agreement that poodles are chic has given rise to equally universal jokes about dogs named "Phydeaux" instead of "Fido." (In reality, though, we are more likely to call our dogs Linda, Arthur, Agnes, or George, these days.)

Actually, dogs have been companions of man since the Stone Age. An estimated

twenty-five million Americans own them now. Owning a dog speaks well for a person. Politicians own dogs. Celebrities own dogs. Nice, grass-roots American types own dogs. Children own dogs, and rich ladies on Park Avenue own dogs.

Dog owners spend over \$325 million a year on commercial dog food, which is now so appetizing that one salesman walks into buyers' offices munching dog biscuits. Special foods are currently available for the dog who needs to reduce, who doesn't get enough exercise, or who is pregnant. Then there are those delicious confections known as "Lollipups"—we assume they're for dogs who get tired of licking hands.

Dog owners are also spending over \$25 million yearly on clothing and grooming aids for their pets. Why? Has anyone ever proved that dogs need sweaters in cold weather? Did any veterinarian ever claim that a female dog gets a lift from having its hair done?

One pet shop owner says that a dog looks at a gift to see if he can eat it, drink it, or have relations with it. Obviously, a dog can do none of these things with a rhinestone collar. "When a lady gives her dog a mink stole to show it how much it is loved," he says, "who's feeling insecure?"

An apparently well-balanced writer told me recently that she would never want to own another dachshund. Why? I

(continued)



A JEWEL-BEDECKED little dog with a high-strung temperament poses at New York Coliseum's Pet Show with

his mistress, also plentifully ornamented. For the well-to-do dog, there is the Dog Bath Club—dues ten dollars a year.

Three hundred million dollars goes to feed pets—and millions more for fancy clothes

Archie Lieberman



PET LION, "Tex," gets daily grooming from Bobbyetta Porter in the pine-paneled den built especially for him. Bars separate den from the living room. Tex is gentle, but he is trained never to get up when the family is playing with him.

Nolan Patterson



AT SNOOTY CAT MOTEL in San Fernando Valley, cats relax in luxurious private bungalows (with landscaping and runways) for only \$1.25 a day. Some catteries have maternity wards, playgrounds, and "finishing school" training.

70

inquired. Because the last one she had was so neurotic it almost gave her a nervous breakdown.

"Why do you prefer your springer to any other kind of dog?" I asked a clear-thinking friend.

"Because he's sloppy like I am," was the answer. "I like a dog that trips over its feet occasionally. A terribly poised dog would make me feel inferior."

For Feline Fascinators

Eartha Kitt has a cat, which probably doesn't surprise anyone. We expect Eartha Kitt to have a Persian.

But Eartha is not alone. There are over twenty million other cat owners in this country today. This fact will either delight or repel you, depending on whether you love or hate cats. People, for some unknown reason, rarely take a middle ground.

All through history the perplexing felines have been alternately protected and persecuted.

Around 3,000 B.C. the Egyptians worshiped cats as gods, and built huge temples to them. Centuries later, descendants of these sacred felines which had migrated to Europe were regarded as witches and wildly pursued and killed.

Not infrequently an item appears in some paper about a menacing cat-killer. Bent on vengeance, cat-lovers rise up to "get" the cat-killer—in one neighborhood, they marched out with shotguns. Not only are cat-lovers ready to take up arms to protect their pets; they are also willing to lay down their bankrolls. Cats are mentioned in the wills of rich old ladies more often than any other animal.

Why all the emotion about a creature reputed to be completely indifferent to people? There are many theories. One is that aelurophobes (they hate cats) associate cats with poverty. A typical example is the young man who associates all cats with the mangy scavengers who tipped over garbage cans in the poor neighborhood where he lived as a child. Another reason for aelurophobia is the association of cats with rodents. Many people are repelled by the gusto with which the house cat savors his small gray victims.

Aelurophiles, on the other hand, admire in the animal exactly what some people loathe in them. Cat columnist Henrietta Hitchcock wrote in a New York daily: "All of us cat lovers believe . . . that fondness for cats indicates better character traits than fondness for dogs. The

(continued)



"BIRDBRAIN" Joe the crow perches on his mistress's arm and picks at her shiny gold locket. Sixteen-year-old Carla Dieter found her pet, but people buy birds by the

millions. The most popular: parakeets. Not all talk, but those who do may know five hundred words. Second in popularity is the mynah bird, who almost invariably talks.

A prize dog may bring home ten thousand a year in stud fees. But most pets are just pets

Arthur Schatz



A CHAMPION TUMBLER. this pigeon tumbled into his gold cup at the Pet Show, which drew 82,000 people. A mynah bird costs from \$45 to \$300 (for a practiced orator); pigeons cost about \$3.49, are usually bought by the dozen.

Roland Patterson



THIS FAWN'S favorite food is cigarettes, but she filches everything she can off the breakfast table. She has the run of the house except during visits of a friend who's allergic to deer. The family's chief worry: the hunting season.

dog will cringe, accept punishment, do tricks, slavishly try to please. The cat will jolly well do none of these things."

There is a certain segment of the population that has always looked for the unusual in pets. According to Earl Schneider, owner of a Greenwich Village pet shop, these are the rebellious souls, the individualists, among us.

It is the bright young progressives, he claims, who make the world safe for skunks, white mice, kinkajous, marmosets, and ants. Snakes? Those, says Schneider, are for bright young aggressives.

"The child who keeps a pet snake," he maintains, "does so to annoy his mother. Women instinctively hate snakes. As soon as an aggressive child learns this, he is apt to want one."

Schneider, who does a bit of homely analyzing of his customers on quiet days, did not want to do the Freudian bit on the subject of people and reptiles, but he did point out that lizards, because they have legs, are less repulsive than snakes to most people.

To Match the Beast in You

How many stories do you read in a year about families that have peculiar pets in incredible numbers? Auto racer Boris Said and his opera-singer wife, Charlene, are just such a couple.

Off and on during the past few years they have owned a mountain lion, a cheetah, a kinkajou, a monkey, an ocelot, skunks, weasels, and parrots. Why? A friend of theirs explains it this way:

"The Saids love adventure and excitement. They are extroverted, hospitable, tolerant, and unusual. What would you expect them to have? Goldfish?"

Obviously, tastes vary, but there can be little doubt of one thing: Americans are possessed with a compulsion to have something alive—besides themselves—around the house. The proof of this need (to share, perhaps?) could hardly be more tangible: twenty million tropical fish, nineteen million pet birds, multi-millions of turtles, monkeys, hamsters, butterflies, worms, ants, and what-have-you's lodged in human habitations from Maine to California.

The reason we share our homes with them is perhaps explained in this personal ad which appeared in the *Times* of London and then was publicized stateside:

"Today is Daisy the pekinese's sixth birthday. She wishes to send her love to all mankind."

THE END



DANNY THE CHIMP has table manners. Eighteen months old, he is being raised exactly like a human child. But he needs more care than a child, because chimps reared in

captivity are more likely to get flu and other ailments. Tony Gentry, a government animal experimentalist, observes Danny to learn how family-reared chimp's mind develops.

Jon's Been to the Fair



World's Fair hostess Michele Van Campenhaut is a twenty-six-year-old beauty with a doctor of laws degree.

BY JON WHITCOMB

On April 17, the capital city of Belgium will throw open its flower-boxed windows to the biggest party ever seen in Europe, the 1958 Brussels World's Fair. Covering more than five hundred acres of land, located just across the street from King Baudouin's royal palace, the exhibition will run until October 19 and is expected to attract forty million visitors during the course of the summer.

I flew to Brussels recently as the guest of Sabena, Belgium's national airline, for a preview of this enterprise in hospitality. Since Brussels has a population of around a million and a half, I was curious to see how guests who would outnumber local citizens by about thirty to one might expect to be entertained. I needn't have worried. Brussels is prepared to play the game of Company's Coming in the grand manner of Perle Mesta, and the party they are all set to throw is just what Perle might whip up if she had the facilities of General Motors, a charge account at Fort Knox, and unlimited access to the treasures of forty-five countries, from Andorra, Argentina, and Austria to the U.S.S.R., Venezuela, and Yugoslavia. Not only has Brussels replanted all of its window boxes and regilded the fronts of its historic buildings; it has quietly rebuilt its traffic pattern with thirty miles of new city speedways, complete with cloverleaf exits.

Sabena, which stands for *Société Anonyme Belge d'Exploitation de la Navi-*

gation Aérienne, expects to do a big business this year flying Americans in its fleet of DC-7C's direct from New York to the fair. It also has a covey of Sikorsky passenger helicopters which are now shuttling between several European cities, and you can board a Brussels-bound whirlybird in Paris at the Eiffel Tower.

My flight to Brussels left Idlewild at 4 p.m. and landed at Melsbroek Airport the next day about noon, local time, after a brief stop at Manchester, England. Belgian hospitality had started soon after takeoff, with the serving of an elaborate filet mignon flanked by champagne.

Fair Guides for Fair's Guests

After I had passed through customs, a pretty, dark-eyed girl in the uniform of an exposition hostess came up and introduced herself, and we rode together into the city. She said she was one of several hundred girls who had undergone several months' training in performing approximately the same services for visitors to the fair that airline stewardesses offer passengers. Posted at Belgium's frontiers, airports, railway stations, and on cross-Channel steamers, these hand-picked young ladies in uniform will be answering questions and solving problems in a dozen languages. They will also stand ready to introduce tourists to Belgians of like interests—if you're a musician, sportsman, or scientist, you will have an opportunity to commune with a local musician, sportsman, or scientist.

As we talked, our car rolled swiftly through a medieval city, swooping under cross streets and soaring past Gothic and Renaissance museums and cathedrals that stood their ground beside the brand-new concrete highway.

At first sight, the fairground resembled a forest of girders. It was hard to distinguish outlines of individual structures, but the Atomium loomed up in silver through a light haze, dominating everything around it. Corresponding roughly to the Trylon and Perisphere of the New York World's Fair of 1939, this odd tower symbolizes the Age of the Atom, and will be left standing for at least ten years. (When the fair ends in October, all the other buildings will be demolished and the area will revert to its original status as a park. Only Russia plans to dismantle its pavilion and set it up again at home.) The Atomium is 320 feet high and represents the arrangement of atoms in a crystal of magnetic iron magnified 160 billion times. The Atomium has nine air-conditioned spheres fifty-five feet in diameter (each representing an atom) which are held in space at varying heights by connecting tubes; there are elevators in the vertical tubes and escalators or stairways in the slanting ones. The lower spheres house displays showing peaceful uses of the atom, and the topmost ball is a restaurant.

In 1939, visitors to the New York fair cruised the grounds in chairs pushed by attendants. In Brussels you'll get around

on a chair-lift very much like the ski-lifts at mountain resorts. This aerial tramway has two-passenger seats and floats people around the exhibition at a speed of twelve miles an hour.

Of the forty-five participating nations, Russia, France, and the United States have erected the largest pavilions. Flanked by the Russian and Vatican buildings, the American structure, designed by architect Edward Stone, is a circular cage with a flat roof, sections of which were fabricated in the United States of transparent plastic and flown to Brussels in nine plane-loads. Both the Russian and American buildings have attached theatres to advertise their respective cultures by way of movies, stage shows, and concerts.

Russia Spends Sixty Million

The Soviet Union's huge pavilion is a rectangular block of metal and glass squatting over a huge statue of Lenin. Interfering trees on this site were chopped down, although all the other countries complied with a Belgian requirement that park trees were to be left standing. Willows pierce the terraces and roofs of many pavilions. The Russian exhibit is budgeted at near \$60,000,000, with a \$10,000,000 allowance for propaganda. These sums cover the cost of erecting their pavilion and bringing their ballet troupes, the Bolshoi Art Theatre, and the Moscow Circus to Brussels. A printing plant is being installed to publish a weekly newspaper. Its title: "Sputnik."

In comparison with the Soviet outlay, the United States budget is small. Our House of Representatives proposed in 1956 to spend \$15,000,000 on the American entry. A \$6,000,000 pavilion was designed and built, which left a modest margin for exhibits and the cost of transporting American artists and entertainers. Almost at once, unforeseen trouble appeared in the form of a tax which was unexpectedly imposed by the Belgian Government. On the American pavilion, this charge amounted to \$435,000. Then Congress changed its mind about the proposed appropriation, on which all the planning had been based, and set a new figure of \$12,345,000. Debate began in Washington on the advisability of displaying our Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, the stage musical "Carousel," or Danny Kaye. "We are a new country!" cried a legislator from Brooklyn. "We have no culture to export!" This interesting view of American progress may have delighted our Russian competitors, but such nibbling away at the original ante left Howard Cullman, the United States Commissioner General of the fair—nominated for the job by President Eisenhower—in an uneasy spot. For example, to send the cast of a Broadway musical like "Carousel" to Europe costs \$125,000. Unless some of the cuts are replaced

before the fair opens, Cullman will have a beautiful, empty building with nothing much to display in it. However, there is still a chance that last-minute aid will arrive to help Cullman put on an American show, and by the time you read this, the matter will probably have been settled one way or the other.

Facing the Soviet and U. S. pavilions across a pedestrian viaduct, the French entry looked during construction like a gigantic metal insect, with a number of enormous steel trusses converging on a central pedestal. One of them sticks out at an angle, forming a counterbalance for the weight of the suspended ceiling. The twenty-nine thousand square yards inside show what France has brewed, sewed, and hewed in the way of fashions, paintings, wines, and equipment for heavy industry.

Like all fairs, this one has a whoopee section, a Luna Park with stomach-whirling rides and roller coasters. One coaster, called The Alpine Monorail, is built of metal. Another, the Big Dipper, is of wood. You can park your small-fry in another section called Children's Park, which has a clinic, baby-sitters, a puppet theatre, and a racetrack where miniature cars can be driven around an autodrome at ten miles an hour. Fairs, like museums, can be hard on the feet, and this one provides a Day Hotel where party-poopers may refresh themselves with naps, bathe, write letters home, cash checks, locate lost handbags, and get a haircut or a permanent wave.

The fair will also offer many cultural wonders. For example, consider this list of special festivals: Chamber Music, Jazz, Electronic Music, Puppet Theatre, Amateur Theatre, University Drama, Phonograph Records, Youth Orchestras, Cinema, Experimental Films Competition, Best Film Ever Made, Fireworks Competition—Typical National Displays.

The first World's Fair took place in

1851 in London, where six million people flocked to the famous Crystal Palace. Since then, twenty-nine other fairs have been held in places like Paris (six times), Chicago, and St. Louis. Ten of them have been staged in Belgium, at Antwerp (three), Liège (two), Ghent, and Brussels (this is its fifth). Brussels' last World's Fair was held in 1935, before the Age of Motels. Now that Europe is motorized, this fair is featuring the world's biggest motel, called Motelexpo. With twenty-five hundred rooms and about five thousand beds, Motelexpo will offer motorists hot and cold water, bidets, armchairs, tables, and luggage racks for about nine dollars a night. Two miles from the fairgrounds, a campsite and trailer park has been built to take care of seventeen thousand people.

Attacking the problem of *where to sleep* is an organization called Logexpo, which will book you into a hotel in Brussels proper, a room at Motelexpo, or out-of-town inns as far away as Ostende, Ghent, or Bruges. It has offices at the airport, both railway stations, and the fair, and will locate accommodations of any type with the aid of an electronic brain and a punched-card system.

"Here We Will Have Culture"

I think you'll enjoy the Brussels Fair, and only one thing bothers me. I asked one of the fair's publicity executives whether they planned to have anything on hand like Little Egypt, or Sally Rand with her famous feather fans.

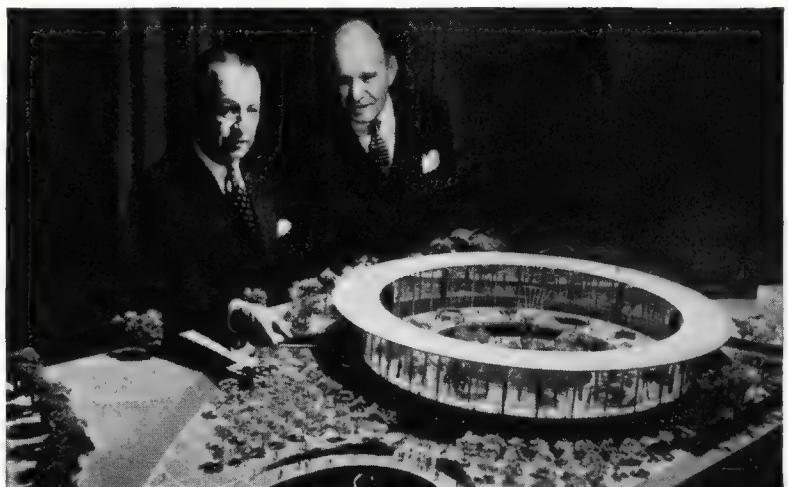
He looked puzzled. "What would we want with strip tease?" he inquired, his face serious. "Here we will have the vision of twenty years ahead. Culture for the world of the future. The dream of progress . . . of peace. The best of everything, from all over the world."

Then he paused.

"Er—tell me," he said, "about this Sally Rand."

THE END

Les Frères Haine



Howard Cullman, United States Commissioner General of the fair, and architect Edward Stone look over the \$6,000,000 pavilion which will house U.S. exhibits.



Cosmopolitan's Special Fiction Section

THE SMALL ILLUSIONS

"Keep your secrets," she begged her husband. "At least let me think
I am the first and the last and the most loved woman in your life"

BY ANNE SAYRE ILLUSTRATED BY MAC CONNER

It was half past one in the morning when Wood Maclean unlocked the front door and let himself into the house, and everything inside seemed exactly as he had left it. The lights were out, the stale air was faintly tainted with the smell of the ashtrays he had not emptied, the hands of the hall clock which he had not remembered to wind for three weeks stood at thirteen minutes to seven. Then he saw a pair of gloves and a handbag resting on the telephone table, and he understood that while he had been gone, Honor had come home.

He closed the door behind him softly and stood irresolute, pricked with a little guilt because Honor had been having a difficult time far away in Boston with an ailing father and then had had to come home alone from the airport, into a house which he and the twice-weekly cleaning woman had been cooperatively neglecting for three weeks. He was also a little irritated because Honor, who was orderly and straightforward about most things, had not written or telephoned or sent a telegram. "She might have let me know," he thought. Then he looked down at the floor of the entrance hall and saw one of those printed slips by which Western Union makes desperate and final announcement of a waiting message, and he felt outwitted and a little sad. If it had been there when Honor had come home, she had left it lying—as a reproach? he wondered, or in the indifference of exhaustion? He bent down and picked up the slip, which informed him

that a message received at eight in the morning and duly telephoned still awaited him at the office. This made him feel a little worse, for on Sundays he never got out of bed before eleven if he could help it, but this Sunday he had been up and around at six, gone by seven. He had had a very pleasant day with Charlie and Jessie McIlvaine on their boat, along with a girl named Kathleen who was an old school friend of Jessie's from the East, and who had just completed the routine of a Nevada divorce. During the day he and Kathleen had become very friendly. While Jessie and Charlie were lying down in the cabin after lunch, napping off their Martinis, she had told Wood at length, and interestingly, about her marriage and divorce, and this had ended with her crying, just a little, pleasantly, against his neck. It had been one of those dreamy, carefree, inconsequential episodes; but now that he realized that the telephone had been ringing hopelessly through the empty rooms and that Honor had been flying from Boston in the expectation of being welcomed, it turned sour and a little nasty.

He frowned, not liking the picture, and put the Western Union slip in his pocket. He wondered what he should do—waken Honor, who had presumably gone to bed and who was presumably asleep, and show that he was glad she had come home, or considerably allow her to go on sleeping? He decided that the question, under the circumstances, involved delicate points of psychology

which deserved a drink for reflection. He went very quietly into the kitchen, wrestled a tray out of the refrigerator, jockeyed the ice cubes into a glass, and added an inch of Scotch. The refrigerator was almost empty except for beer; it had a desolate, undomesticated, bachelor look upon which he quickly closed the door. At such moments, which were rare, he had an uneasy awareness that the content and continuity of his marriage lay less in his hands than in Honor's, were insured by her presence and her energy; whenever she went away the house became untenanted, lapsed into a routine of neglect, ceased to accommodate him comfortably. It was as if, despite Honor and two small children and seven years of marriage, his abandoned bachelor condition lurked just around the corner.

"Wood? I heard the refrigerator door." Honor was standing in the doorway, blinking at the light with a cross, childish, appealing look, and her voice was blurry with fatigue or sleep. He saw that she must have tried to stay awake, waiting for him, because she was still partly dressed, and had not removed her powder or chipped lipstick.

He said, "Welcome home, honey," and put down his glass. When he put his arms around her, she turned up her face to be kissed, passive as a child, and leaned against him limply. "You should be in bed," he said. "What's the idea of waiting up?"

"I didn't. I was lying down, but I never

"Hello, honey," he said. "Welcome home." She stood there looking like a tired child.

THE SMALL ILLUSIONS

(continued)

can sleep after a plane trip. It makes me nervous inside my bones. Is it late?"

"Pretty late." He pulled out one of the chairs at the breakfast bar and put her in it carefully. "How about a good stiff drink, honey? It'll knock you out." With his back to her, manipulating the ice tray, he asked carefully, "Was it a good trip? I'm sorry I didn't meet you, but I didn't get your wire. I've been out all day, and I had an idea anyway you wouldn't be back for a while, maybe not until the end of the week or even later."

"It doesn't matter," she said listlessly. "I thought you might be at the ranch with the children, so I sent a wire there too. Are Marcy and Chuck all right?"

"Terrific." He handed her the drink, at which she looked doubtfully. "I talked to Mother yesterday on the phone, and she said everyone's having a wonderful time."

"Your mother said? Weren't you out there?"

"Honey, I've been busy. It's been a rough three weeks." He hunted through his pockets and found a pack of cigarettes left limp and damp by the sea air. "It's a long drive to the ranch—better than a hundred miles each way. I made it a couple of Sundays ago—the Sunday after you left, I think it was."

"I talked to your mother and she didn't say you hadn't been there."

"Didn't think it was important." He smiled down at her gently. "Look, baby, Mother and Dad are taking wonderful care of the kids and they love it and the kids love it and I just haven't been needed. Simple? How come you came back so soon?"

"Oh, I wanted to get home. I was coming Wednesday but I just happened to get a cancellation so I decided to take it. I'd had about all I could take."

"Poor baby," Wood said. "I suppose it's been hell?"

"Pretty much hell. Wilfrid pulled through, but they say the next time will be the last."

He saw her eyes had filled with tears and he thought about her father in Boston, engaged in the long process of dying, but he couldn't make it seem concrete or important in their life. He had never believed, really, that Honor belonged to her family or her family to her. They had met in Switzerland, and when Wood stopped to consider it, they had met as strays, divested of everything except their luggage, at once over-individualized and pressed into a pattern. But the pattern had been that of the American girl enjoying a rich post-college year and the American male who was taking his time about finding himself after the war. The only surroundings to which they had

seemed related belonged to the European landscape. He had not known, for instance, that Honor adored her father, and when he had met her father at last, after they were married and back from Europe, Wood had been surprised and baffled. But now Honor wept in the kitchen in the middle of the night, and he could think of nothing to say except, "Don't think about it, baby." He leaned forward and stroked her hair. "What you need," Wood said, "is sleep. How about a yellow pill?"

Honor sat up straighter and wiped the tears from her eyes with her fingers. "I guess so," she said, touchingly fragile. "I could use another drink."

"You'll be drunk." But he reached for the bottle and put more Scotch in her glass. "Not that it matters. How is Amy taking it?"

"Oh, splendidly," Honor said. "Rising to the occasion. She'll do all right." He was also used to the way she always spoke of her mother with an edge to her voice, sometimes of derision and sometimes of bitterness, although he understood neither. "Now you tell me," she said. "What's been happening while I was away? Miss me?"

"I missed you." He thought, *This is it*, but some kind intention made him want to postpone it for a while, until she was stronger. "The morale was shot, as usual. It falls apart when you're away. Mrs. Brennan doesn't do any cleaning—I think she only comes to watch television and drink our gin—and I get restless. I've been just about the usual amount restless—no less, no more."

"I see." Honor did not look at him. "I'll have to have it out with Mrs. Brennan. The place is a mess. I was thinking of going for the children tomorrow, but now I think I'd better clean the house first and bring them back Wednesday or Thursday, if your mother doesn't mind."

"She won't mind." He looked over Honor's head at a pretty display of copper dessert molds hanging on the wall. "I don't see how we can get the kids before Saturday, however. The car's laid up, and it won't be ready before Friday."

"Oh, Lord," Honor sighed. "What now? Not the fuel pump again?"

"No." He hesitated. "A little accident." Her head went up and her eyes flew open. "Keep calm," he said, in a quick, easy voice. "I wasn't even in the car when it happened. I'll tell you about it tomorrow."

"No," Honor said. "Now. What happened?"

"Nothing." He chose his words carefully. "The car was in a parking lot, and some crazy kid turned in off the boulevard without looking. Result, one smashed fender, one ruined tire, one door caved in. Nothing the insurance won't

cover, except for the ten dollar taxi fare I had to pay getting home."

"Ten dollars? Where *were* you?" Honor paused. "When did it happen?"

"Last Saturday." He reached out and touched her hand, which quivered like something frightened. "I was out at that place we used to go sometimes, the one with the steak dinners and the lousy orchestra."

"The Rendezvous," Honor said. "What on earth were you doing there?" Then she stopped and looked away and added, "Don't tell me. You were restless."

"I was killing time." He held her hand firmly. "They've changed the name. It's the Plantation now—new decorations, very spiffy, but the orchestra is still lousy." He saw her face moving with an old, familiar despair and he said, "Look, honey, I don't hide things and there's nothing to hide. I didn't want to bring it up now because you're worn out and upset and probably in worse shape than you realize, and I don't want you to start imagining things. There was a girl, and there was nothing to it, and you know I tell the truth, so you can get a good night's sleep anyway."

"Yes," Honor said, and closed her eyes. She looked like a tired child.

And he saw that her eyes had dark, bruised-looking marks under them, as if she had recently wept a great deal. "I knew," she said, "when I asked you what had happened while I was away, that sooner or later you'd get around to telling me."

He took his hand away, offended. "Just what the hell do you think *has* been happening?"

"I don't think." She stretched her arms out flat on the breakfast bar and laid her head between them, like someone at a saloon table weary and full of grief. "I simply don't think. I called you three times this week and you were never here. Last night it was two o'clock here in California when I called—Amy kept figuring out the time for me in case I hadn't noticed. You haven't seen the children in three weeks and the car got smashed at the Rendezvous. So that's that and I'm not thinking, and I'd much rather not go into it all. But sooner or later you'll tell me all about it."

"Look," Wood said, "I don't like sitting around alone. But don't get the idea that I run around being unfaithful, because if I did, you'd be the first to know."

"I know I would." She had just barely begun to cry. "Of course I haven't been having a wild time myself."

"I know that." He controlled a little irritation. "There wasn't anything I could do to help, was there?" She shook her head. "I can give you an evening-by-evening rundown. I don't hide things."

"That's the point." Honor sat up straight, wiping her eyes. "You never do hide one damned thing, do you?"

"That's absolutely right. The girl I was out with Saturday—"

"If you tell me who it was, I'll probably kill you." Honor took a cigarette from the pack and regarded it with distaste. "What do you do with cigarettes, pickle them in brine?"

"I want to tell you, just to keep you straight. It's so simple—"

"Always," Honor said, "it has been so simple." She used three matches to light the cigarette. "The funny thing is, I wouldn't care so much what you did, if you didn't tell me all about it. But you always do. In the beginning you told me all about Dolly. I don't think I'd known you for fifteen minutes when you started confessing about Dolly."

Amazed, he said, "Dolly? Why bring her up? I haven't seen her in years."

"There I was," Honor said, "a nice girl, and you were a nice-looking man, and right off the bat, you told me about Dolly." She took the cigarette out of her mouth and threw it across the room into the sink. "It was a marvelous beginning. All that snow at Zermatt and all that nice, healthy, romantic scenery and you tell me about Dolly and how you'd been forgetting her all over Europe. The girl in Paris, the English girl, that dumb little Swede who'd followed you all the way to Zermatt and who used to stand around on the slopes looking pathetic."

"All right," Wood said. "It was eight years ago. And strange as it may seem, Dolly was pretty important to me then, and I had this crazy idea you were going to be important to me too. Important enough so that I wanted to be honest right from the start."

She said, "You're always honest. I wouldn't be surprised if you brought this girl around and introduced me just so she could know you don't hide things from your wife, and that makes it perfectly all right for you to spend three weeks with her."

"I haven't spent three weeks with anybody." He looked down at her face, stiff with some inscrutable rage, and said evenly, "And if I had, what good would it do to lie?"

Honor got up and poured a little Scotch into her glass and carefully diluted it at the sink with a great deal of water and then poured the whole thing down the drain. "I'd feel comfortable," she said. "I wouldn't have to worry whether this Miss So-and-So is somebody I know or whether she's prettier than I am and I wouldn't have to lie awake nights feeling like death." She looked blankly at the glass in her hand and then threw it into the sink where it broke into a spray of tiny glass

splinters. "All this honesty," she said, "makes me sick."

A fragment of glass had flown up and minutely nicked her cheek, and a frail trickle of blood began to creep towards her chin like a tiny red tear. The sight of it made Wood feel sad and tender; he reached out and put his arms around her, and then wiped the blood away. "Don't," he said, "don't, honey. You're tired and worried about Wilfrid and you're mad and hurt because I didn't meet you—"

"Wilfrid," Honor said. "Papa." She began to shake with intensity. "That's another thing: he lies there, sick, scared—nobody wants to be told they are dying. And Amy comes in and makes him face facts; she's so truthful she keeps reading his sentence over to him, and he's so helpless." Abruptly she moved away from Wood. "You and Amy are just alike."

He reached out and caught her shoulders again. "I'll bet I'm the only American male who's ever been compared to his mother-in-law."

She didn't laugh. "I wasn't being flattering. If somebody's going to die, why can't she lie about it a little?"

He looked into her sad, angry face and said gently, "What good would it do? Amy's sensible, honey. Pep talks won't keep Wilfrid's heart going. He may feel more tranquil, knowing—"

"Would you feel more tranquil knowing the next attack is supposed to be the last, lying there waiting for the first little signs, wondering if that ache in your chest is imagination or indigestion or the end?" She pulled herself firmly all the way out of his grasp. "You know what Papa and I talk about? We plan a trip to California for him. He's been all over the world but he's never been to California, so we laugh about that."

"Only you're not really deceiving him."

"I don't know. For a little while, maybe." She had moved the whole length of the kitchen and was looking at him hostilely. "I don't make him face facts. I wish I didn't have to face facts all the time, so why should he?"

Wood shrugged. "I wonder," he said casually, "how many husbands are honest with their wives? One hundred per cent honest, I mean? One in a million."

"Oh, lucky me." Honor laughed. "Nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand other women are ignorant and blissful, but not Honor Maclean."

"You forgot the nine hundred and ninety-nine," he said. "Maybe they're blissful too. Or maybe they're the smart ones who know they're being lied to and hate their husbands for it. You know where you stand."

"I wonder where you got that idea." He saw with surprise that they had come to active quarreling; anger had brought life

back into Honor's face and she was less fragile, less appealing. "What's the comfort in that? I know I was your fourth try at consolation after Dolly, of course—that used to be fun to think about when I was falling in love."

"I married you."

"Oh, yes," she said. "Dolly and Christine and Yvonne and Ingrid, and what perfectly wonderful girls they all were. *And* your wartime sweetie, Mavis. You explained everything so well about everybody that I used to wonder how I could possibly measure up to all those wonderful girls. You know what I finally decided? That I was the first woman you'd ever known with long hair."

"And," Wood said, "I never married anybody else, if that matters."

"It matters." She nodded tiredly. "I wanted you to marry me. I didn't really care about your exciting past. I just didn't want to hear about it and have to compare myself all the time. I wanted to have the illusion that I was first and last and best—fake but comforting. I'd like to have the illusion that when I go away from home you sit here and watch television. Alone."

He said firmly, "Honey, you're mixed up. And anyway, you're certainly last and best."

She jumped as if she had been slapped. "I could kill you for that. It's too late for you to try telling sweet little lies."

"I think you're out of your head," he said. Tears started to creep down her cheeks and the scratch yielded another drop of blood. "Drunk, or maybe dizzy with fatigue."

"No." Honor shook her head. "I'll tell you something. When I was little, I asked Amy once if she'd been glad when I was born. Do you know what she said? She said she was glad after a while, but at first she'd been awfully disappointed because I wasn't a boy. She was going to call me Philip and send me to Harvard."

"Honey," he said, "I know you're upset, but this business of raking up what Amy did years ago—"

"Neurotic," Honor said. "I agree."

"I didn't mean that."

"You and Amy are so much alike it staggers me." She was crying unconsciously, tears running down neglected. "You have no idea of consequences."

"Meaning?" he said.

Oh—" she shrugged. "Amy tells you what she thinks of your dress. She says too bad you chose blue or don't you think high waistlines are difficult for tall women? I had a beau for a while who was a Catholic, and Amy told him honestly what she thought of his religion. Very thoroughly, all about papal infallibility and things. He didn't say a word; he just went away and never came

THE SMALL ILLUSIONS

(continued)

back. And Amy said it was better to be frank because it avoided misunderstandings. I had a crush on him and he never spoke to me again, but the truth had been spoken." She laughed abruptly. "No little misconceptions, no illusions. If you try to palm off a ring as a diamond, Amy's sure to tell everyone it's only a zircon."

"Okay," Wood said. "So that's Amy. Not lovable, maybe, but she's got integrity."

"Oh, yes," Honor said, drearily. "She never fails to point out that the silver teapot is only plated and not a real heirloom but only something she bought second-hand."

"All right," he said, "I'm like Amy. And I don't like people who go thrashing through life in a morass of soft little lies."

"Because people love to know the truth?"

"No, they don't." He saw that this was an exact, distressing truth, and he felt a deep, abused indignation. "There's damned little honesty in the world and if what you want is appreciation, then you tell lies."

"If you want to be kind," Honor said swiftly, "just kind, you leave people some merciful illusions."

The kitchen filled with silence, despair-colored under the fluorescent light, punctuated with the tearful drip of the faucet. "Under your code," Wood said, "if I take a girl out dancing, I ought to let her think I'm single."

But instead you tell her you aren't." Honor smiled thinly. "Fun for her, sitting around nursing a guilty conscience because she's out with another woman's husband."

"There was nothing to have a guilty conscience about," Wood said, irritably. "Nothing happened. And when I say that, you can believe it because I don't lie."

"I believe you," She shrugged. "Of course, if she's the other kind of woman, then she had more fun thinking what a dumb fool the wife must be."

He had the feeling of having played a trump card and having lost, and he felt stung. "So I'm a heel," he said. "What you're saying is no girls."

"Best of all, no girls. Next best, just don't rub them in. One small illusion is all I ask. I wasn't the baby Amy wanted and I haven't been the important, final woman in your life, and between you and Amy, I've been handed so much truth I can't even pretend in peace."

He thought that this was a terrible argument to be having in the middle of the night in a cheerful kitchen, and he put into his voice all the pathos he could find,

hating himself for it. "We've been married for seven years," Wood said, "and I don't call Marcy and Chuck anything we've pretended about."

"I know." Honor looked wistful. "Do you know, before I had them, I went around for months being absolutely neutral so that whether they turned out to be boys or girls, I wouldn't care?"

He remembered that when Chuck had been born he had felt a hideous suspense when the nurse brought the news to him, because he had been afraid it was another girl. And now the argument, ranging crazily as if they were drunk—but he knew that they weren't—suddenly bored him. He put down the empty glass he had been cherishing and said, with dignified finality, "I'm going to bed. If you want my advice, you do the same."

"Oh," Honor said, as if she had not heard, "I get so tired of it." She was shivering visibly as if with cold or pain. "I had an English professor once who said that everybody misinterpreted that line in Shakespeare about more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in your philosophy, because philosophy used to be a word with a second meaning, and in this case it meant something superficial, like sophistry. And he said it was just the same with that old saw about honesty being the best policy, because that didn't mean *policy* as we think of it, but something different, like politicking, or maybe being cheap or sly or Machiavellian. And it's true."

Wood paused by the door. "Sorry," he said. "I don't get it. I'm not up to lectures in literature at this time of night."

Honor shrugged. "It's just true. All this honesty is fraudulent. It means you never have to worry about kindness, or take responsibility for the consequences. All you have to do is tell the truth and you're safe—the burden's always on someone else's mind." She looked at him lucidly. "No guilty conscience. My God," she said, in a soft, shocked voice, "Amy ought to have felt *awful*, being disappointed because she had a girl. Making me call her by her first name so that she didn't have to face the dishonesty of being called 'Mother.' And then telling me all about it frankly, laying the burden on me." She laughed in a private way. "If you take girls out, as long as you tell me all about it you're in the clear. You didn't deceive me, and if I'm hurt, that's my fault."

"Listen," Wood said, almost hating her, "listen—"

"Politicians," Honor said, derisively. "You *wash* in honesty. You don't have to be responsible because you don't lead

anyone on. If you don't lead a woman into thinking she's the love of your life, then you don't have to carry the obligations of that kind of love. If she feels cheated—well, you didn't lie, so it's her fault."

He went stiff with rage. "I didn't know you felt so damned cheated."

"Oh, come," Honor said. "Do you want me to start telling *your* kind of truth?"

There was a terrible silence, and Wood was aware of the desire to run. Honor had an excited, almost exalted look, almost desperate, and he stood waiting for her to say the words which would be final, unforgivable, unforgettable. "When Marcy and Chuck grow up," she said, "I hope they're terrible liars."

The wish went through him like a knife. He said, "You don't mean it," but the hollowness inside him came out in his voice.

"I hope they tell people soft, kind things," she said. "I hope when Chuck gets married he tells the girl she's the sun and the moon and the end of the world, and I hope he's a good liar so she'll believe him, and maybe in the end he'll start believing it himself. And when I come to die I hope nobody keeps holding out death to me like a piece of truth. Oh, God," she cried, lifting up a blind, wet face, "it's all so dirty!"

She ran across the kitchen, pushing him away from the door, and he could hear her running through the house weeping desperately, with an inexpressible pain. He tried to think, *poor girl*, and to believe she had cracked with hysteria, but he was filled with a cold, leaden weight, something new, something unexperienced—the fear of loss, a numbness and a paralysis of fear. The terrible truth spoken out at last seemed to lie all around him, like knives or sharp dangerous fragments of shining glass: Honor's truth, for the first time exposed and cutting into him where it hurt. Kindness and the soft, protecting, loving little lies were at last all blown away so that now it was he who felt the pain.

Wood closed his eyes and fought down the sickness of fear, and then he moved his leaden feet and began to hunt her through the house so that he could take her in his arms and hear her voice talking of love until the sensation of loss and the frightening pain were driven away. He called out, "Honor—Honor!" and ran from room to room, unable to wait now another moment before she took back her truth and hid it, and before he told her at last, and for the first time, the words of love and kindness which would heal and preserve and, after all the years, safely commit his need to her. THE END



The Man She Married

In three days she would be married—too little time to change her mind, but just enough to fall in love with another man

BY MEL HEIMER ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN GEORGI

The confusion of Cory Durant became utter at four minutes past two on a balmy spring morning in New York City.

That was the exact time when a 1949 taxicab stopped for a red traffic light at Fourteenth Street and Fifth Avenue and, inside, a man named Bill Fiske tilted the confused Miss Durant's pretty head back against the leather seat and kissed her.

"My dear," he said softly, tenderly.

"Golly," she said.

The cab driver, a man named Matthew Walsh, took out a cigarette and lighted it. It looked like a long night.

The traffic light changed in a little while and the taxicab proceeded down Fifth Avenue to the arch at Washington Square, where to Mr. Walsh's surprise they paid the fare and got out. Arms around each other's waists, the way you can't stand to see other couples in the street but find yourself surprisingly able to enjoy, they walked into the park. About every fifty feet Bill Fiske stopped and kissed Cory Durant again. She remained completely, ultimately confused.

Mr. Fiske was a handsome soul—ruggedly handsome—and he was kind, gentle and witty. Miss Durant should have been in mild ecstasy at least. Instead she was in chaos.

Cory Durant was going to be married in three days. Not, however, to Mr. Fiske.

Go back twenty-one years. The scene was Merion, on Philadelphia's Main Line, and the child being born was Coralee Reed Durant. Her father was Reed Durant, who had not invented the motorcycle but had manufactured them for a number of years at an astonishing profit. He was a child of nature who, even with eleven million dollars in the bank, had

grown up reluctantly. When Coralee was born he was in Philadelphia General Hospital with three rib fractures, the result of riding a motorcycle in interesting if over-venturesome fashion.

Frieda Bennett Durant, on the other hand, was in Merion Surgical, having Coralee.

One newborn child in five thousand is impressive. Cory Durant wasn't the one. Frieda looked at her, red and thin, with a few strands of straight brown hair, and her own smooth, unlined forehead became slightly wrinkled.

"We'll give her everything," she said determinedly to nobody in the lush private room. "She'll be all right." Then she rang for the nurse, handed her warm and damp handiwork back to her and fell into a troubled sleep.

A year and a half later Reed Durant zipped when he should have zagged, and this time he was killed. Frieda was deeply sad but she was, all in all, mostly annoyed. It was such an irresponsible way to die.

From the day of Cory's birth, Frieda devoted her life to a single purpose—the satisfactory marriage of her daughter.

For a long time the task appeared Gargantuan. Cory Durant had a mind like a steel trap, an extraordinary sensitivity to beauty, a gamin's charm—and no looks.

She was a strange-looking little girl and a hopeless adolescent. The stringy brown hair got stringier. The brown eyes grew larger. A fitted dress did nothing for her, at fourteen, and middy blouse, which could test Ava Gardner sternly, reduced her to a shambles.

For eighteen years Frieda suffered. When, at sixteen, Cory was left alone in

the house on Saturday night with a book, it was as if all the men in the world had advanced on Frieda and struck her full in the face with wet fishes.

Then—well, just how do such things happen? Cory Durant became a doll. A real wolf-whistle doll.

The stringy hair softened and lengthened, with a little roll at the end. Either the brown eyes grew suddenly smaller or her face mushroomed out to even up the scheme of things. The legs that had been skinny became slim and long. Here a curve, there a curve...

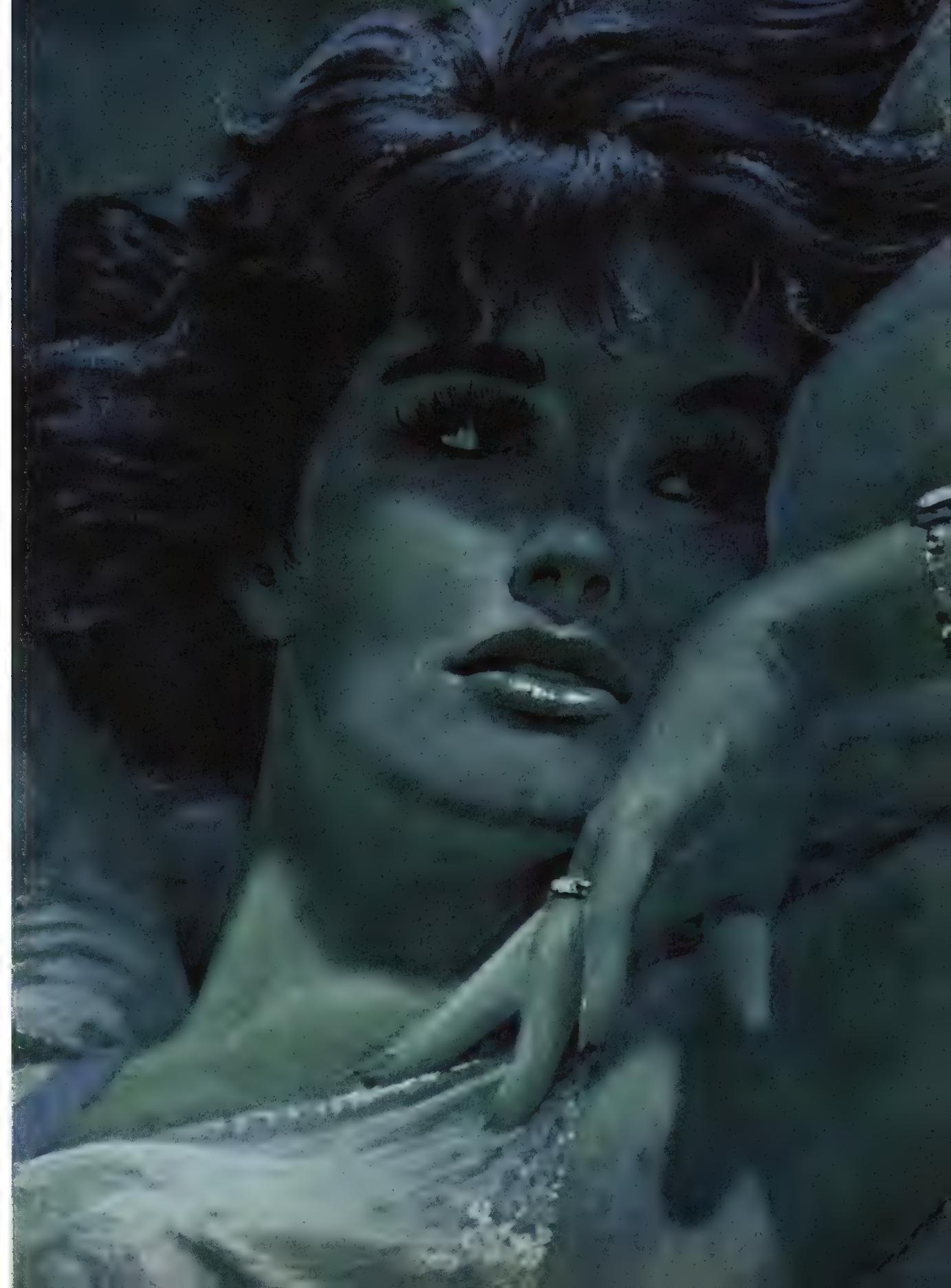
Mothers who take a long-range view of these things realize that plain-looking girl progenies often undergo these metamorphoses. Frieda Bennett Durant was no long-range viewer but she did have eyes—and when, one spring morning, she rubbed her eyes delicately and looked for a second time at her daughter Coralee, she realized what she had here.

"There is no time to be lost," she said to herself, possibly subconsciously. Frieda began to talk it up.

She let it be known among the mothers of Merion's eligible young men that her daughter had taken on a new aspect. Actually one or two hints were enough. After a couple of Merion's finest beardless youths had dated Cory, the word got out. A long and firm path was beaten to the Durant door by the damnedest collection of saddle and dirty white shoes you ever saw. The result of all this was to give Cory Durant a complex, although not quite a psychosis.

When she was homely nobody took her out. When she became, overnight, the pride of Philadelphia there was a

She lay awake all night thinking of her wedding day.



raging, snarling pack of Romeos virtually waiting for her to drop a handkerchief. It could make an intelligent girl cynical.

"But why do you love me?" she asked one of her newly acquired admirers on their third date. All he had to do to advance his cause tremendously was employ the I-love-you-for-your-mind-and-soul gambit.

"You are the most beautiful girl I've ever seen," he said wistfully.

"Ennh," she said. "Let's go to a movie."

This made for an uneasy and boring love life, and it might have gone on endlessly except for Frieda Bennett Durant's cold, merciless war against Cory's spinsterhood, and Kate Phipps' birthday party.

"Good heavens," Frieda would say twelve times a day with a kind of tense casualness, "do you realize you've reached twenty now and you're not married? Don't you like that McLearn boy just a little?"

"He watches wrestling on television," Cory would say coldly, settling that issue.

But you couldn't discourage Frieda when the stakes were so high. She hammered away. About the time of Kate Phipps' party, Cory had had just about all a perturbed young girl could stand. If only a *reasonable* male came along, she was ready to listen.

"Cory darling," said Kate Phipps, leading over a late-twentyish character, brown hair, blue eyes, suspicion of a twinkle, good teeth and general air of ease and relaxation. "this is Chris Sauciers. He's a doctor. Tell him about your operation or go get him a drink or sit in a corner and neck with him." And she was gone.

"I'm not thirsty and I hate to be premature," Chris Sauciers said, grinning. "so maybe you'd better tell me about your operation."

They got along masterfully. Cory didn't exactly get a message from Chris Sauciers—"I get no message" she used to say mournfully about her other swains—but he was intelligent and kind and an enormous change from the comedy relief she had been dating for two years.

In two weeks they were engaged and in three Chris had returned to his practice in Bermuda. He wrote her regularly and returned in three months for another short visit. They gave themselves three months more until the marriage date, and three days before that Cory went to New York. She had a handful of reasons, the most important on paper being she wanted to meet Chris in Manhattan and bring him back to Merion with her. A half year had made him close and dear. She was happy. She also wanted to pick up a few items for her trousseau and to

get away from Frieda. Those were the reasons for Cory's coming to New York. They vanished into nothingness when Cory met Bill Fiske.

She looked up Evie Challis, an old schoolmate, in New York and Evie persuaded her to go out on an innocent double date with her. Cory's half was a young actor named Bill Fiske. He looked like Jean Gabin and he talked about life, love and the pursuit of happiness as if he had a first mortgage on them. By midnight he and she had somehow been separated from the main task force and by four minutes past two he had kissed her in Matthew Walsh's taxicab on Fifth Avenue.

Do not misunderstand Coralee Reed Durant. She was a grown-up twenty-one, intelligent and almost emotionally mature. This was no my-God-isn't-he-beautiful feeling she had about Bill Fiske. She had listened to him for four hours and what he had to say was for her. He told her the plural of "mongoose" and where she could get silver nail polish and how it felt to awaken in the morning and see the blue sky and feel like the Count of Monte Cristo, that the world is yours. Somewhere in with it all had been a Millay sonnet (*Only until this cigarette is ended . . .*) and endless matching of personal likes and dislikes and all the rest of the items that bring a man and woman together.

"I'm going to be married," Cory told Bill at twenty-five past two.

"You're premature," he said. "I haven't asked you yet."

"Not to you," she said.

"Don't be silly," he said. He looked at her.

"I hope you don't think I make a practice of kissing any old girl in taxicabs," he said and he seemed serious. "I know I'm male and it's spring and the breeze is playing 'Hearts and Flowers' through the trees—but look: I have never met anyone like you. I am astonished, delighted and, I suspect, close to being in love." He kissed the top of her head. "Don't give me that I'm-going-to-be-married business."

For a couple of minutes, as they strolled past the sleepy romantic couples on the park bench, Cory was silent. Then she stopped and faced Bill and put her arms around his waist.

Whatever it is you feel," she said. "I feel, too. But, you see, I have been brought up very conventionally in a set where one simply does not leave one's husband-to-be at the altar." She laid her head on his chest. "I like to think I am a clear, free thinker and that I always do what is right for me," she said softly. "but the truth is, it isn't quite that way. I am a product of the

Main Line in Philadelphia and, silly as it is, it's left its mark on me." She looked up at him. "I just met you a few hours ago and now I think you are superb, wonderful and exactly my dish of tea. But when you leave me tonight and I am back in my hotel room with a little more than two days left before my husband-to-be arrives from Bermuda, I will lapse into Main Line clarity and tell myself that it's a sad state of affairs but things like this just don't happen, and I should marry Chris. And I will."

"No," he said.

"Yes."

"I can't believe it," he said. "Come on, we'll get a cab and I'll take you home." He held her close for a second. "I don't want to talk you into anything. I want you to think about me, and if whatever it is we have isn't strong enough to make you change your mind—well, that's the way it should be."

She was staying at the Roosevelt. He took her to the door of her room, kissed her once and was gone.

It was the longest night Coralee Durant ever spent, that wan night in the little hotel room. She tried to think and she couldn't, and the minutes dragged into hours. It was strange—when you looked at it one way, her relations with Chris Sauciers had been almost whirlwind, with the engagement two weeks after they'd met and so on. And yet when she tried to separate things and get them into the right perspective, it seemed that life with Chris appeared as a warm, comfortable, contented and unexciting prospect.

"With Chris," she said to her little bed clock, its hands glowing in the dark that was beginning to lift slowly. "I'll be safe. He loves me. I know, and I am dearly, dearly fond of him. With Bill—if he does want to marry me—life might be wonderful and thrilling . . . and what else? With a man like that, you don't know." She went on and on, pushing the thoughts here and there like building blocks and trying to fit them together and not succeeding at all. The little bed clock said nothing. At quarter to seven, Cory drifted into sleep, totally exhausted and her mind made up to marry Chris.

"I can't help the way I've been brought up," she mumbled. "You just don't do something like that. You just don't break off a . . ." and she was sleeping the numb, blank sleep of the worn out.

She saw Bill once more.

Chris came on schedule, thin, tan, amiable, happy. She looked sharply at him when she saw him again and she listened to his voice, and she had to admit that if she never had met Bill Fiske this man could have kept her happy for the rest of her natural life.

They caught a matinee of one of the hit musicals and booked parlor-car passage on an 8 P.M. train to Philadelphia. "I have some last-minute chores," she told Chris at 5:30. "I'll meet you at Penn Station." At six, she was sitting with Bill at a small table in the Pent House Club, thirty floors up in a building along Central Park South.

"I don't want to talk about it, Bill," she said. "I just wanted to see you once more. Please bear with me."

"This is a good way to lose a girl's respect," he said, "but I must admit I'd do just about anything you'd want me to do."

"I honestly don't know if what I'm doing is right or wrong," she said, "but I'm doing it and that's all there is to it." He patted her hand.

"Tell me a funny story," she said. He launched into a tale of four drunks lost in the catacombs of Radio City and while he talked she wrote out her Bermuda address. Before he had finished she pushed the slip of paper to him, got up and pulled her spring coat around her.

"Write me, please," she said. He caught her wrist as she turned to go and for a moment they looked at each other. Then slowly he let her wrist fall.

"So the fourth drunk said, 'Well, nobody's going to put those mummy sheets around me,'" he said. She leaned down and kissed him on the forehead and then turned and left.

The wedding went off with reasonable smoothness. Chris was, in Frieda's phrase, perfectly splendid. When Cory wanted to be alone he left her alone and when she was caught desperately with a gabbling relative, he was at her side, lightly answering questions that Cory couldn't answer, like "Oh my dear, aren't you so terribly *thrilled* at being married?"

At the airport—they were flying to New York and then transferring to a plane for Bermuda—Frieda drew her aside. There was just the suspicion of a tear in one of Frieda's clear blue eyes.

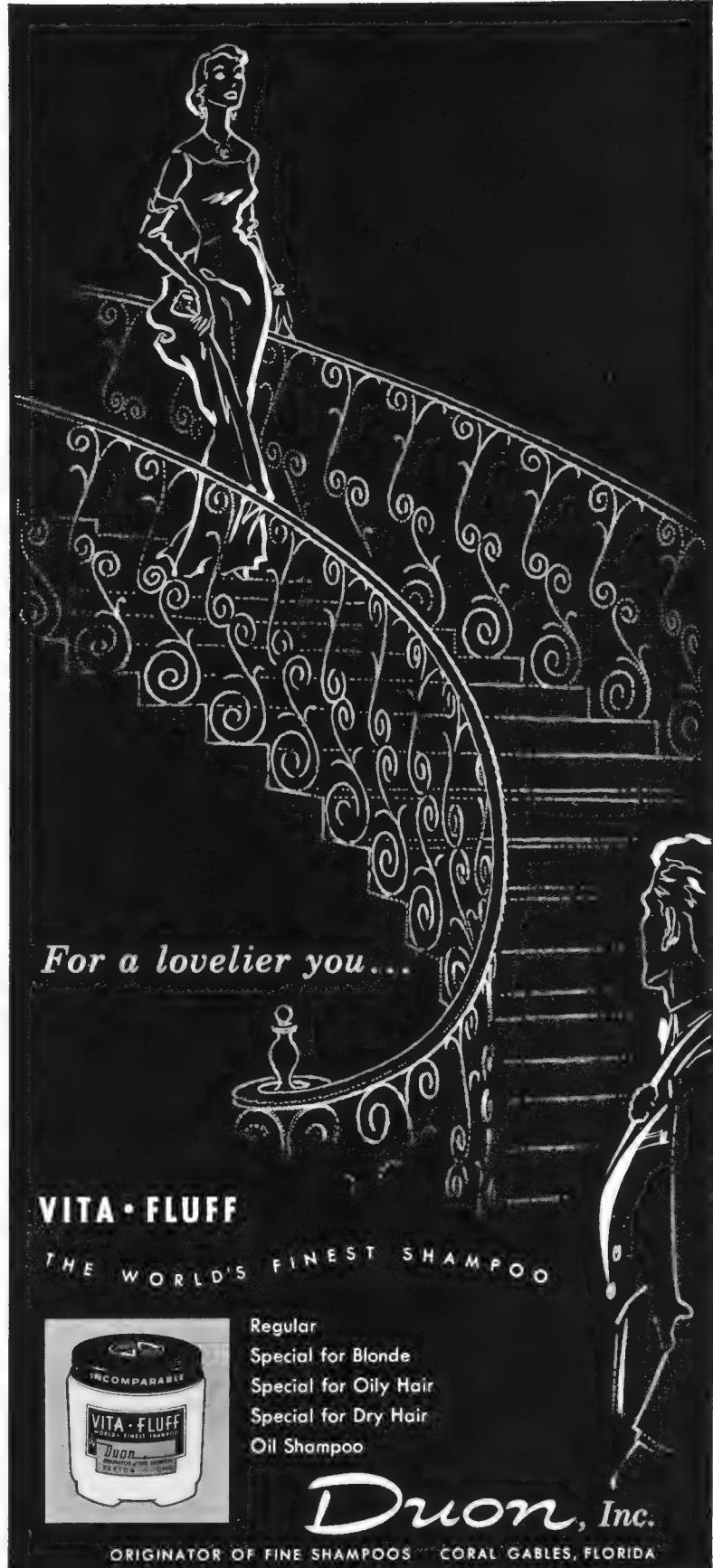
"I feel as if part of my life were over, darling," she said. Cory patted.

"You've fought the good fight, Mother," she said. "The battle is done and the enemy is ours."

"I confess I don't understand your sense of humor sometimes, Coralee," Frieda said. "You love Chris, don't you?"

"Yes, I love Chris, don't I?" Cory said, putting her cheek next to her mother's and wondering just how truthful she was being. "Goodbye."

In ten minutes they had taken off, and the buildings were falling away below them, until they had climbed into the overcast and there was only white



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mist mushrooming around outside the plane windows. Cory Durant looked at the man she had married, sitting next to her, and felt as if she were drowning slightly.

It must be reported faithfully that the memory of Bill Fiske didn't exactly bless and burn, those first few weeks in Bermuda.

Chris had been there for four years, or ever since he had finished his internship at Royal Chelsea Hospital in London, and it had been time enough for him to build up a reasonable practice and to buy a little light blue stucco house about a quarter mile out of St. George. His parentage was half English and half American, and he made polite obeisance to both halves daily by pausing at four o'clock in the afternoon for tea and at five-thirty for dry Martinis.

He was violently good and kind to her. He bought her little presents, he left her by herself when she wanted him to, and he did all the other things. But Cory thought she saw through him.

"He thinks I wasn't ready to be married," she muttered to herself. "He thinks I'm still not far enough removed from the foibles of youth." She shook her head. "I was ready to be married," she said tiredly. "I just don't know if I married the right one."

There was an endless dampness to Bermuda, but aside from that she couldn't have improved on the material things surrounding her.

She was a sun worshiper from way back. She liked the hammering of heavy rain on a roof, and she got that, too. The smell of the wild flowers on the little hills, the clear blue water lapping at the beach edges, the quizzical looks she traded with little lizards when she stopped bicycling during the day to lean against a convenient wall—all these made life sweet and good. She discovered with mild ecstasy that Chris had bookcases covering one complete living room wall. And when she came across British naval officers, she discovered that beneath their trim white dress shorts were the most beautiful legs men ever had.

"Ah, I could look at those legs by the hour," she told Chris shamelessly. "Why don't you wear shorts to the office, the way they do? They're terribly flattering, even to hairy legs like yours."

"What patient would take me seriously?" he said, grinning. "Look at yourself—would you stand to be operated on by a man in shorts?"

Cory had been in Bermuda about three weeks when the first letter came. She stuffed it into a sweater pocket and bicycled with it into the green hills above Tucker's Town. When she was alone, she picked out a grassy patch and sank onto

it, where, leaning on an elbow, she tore open the envelope.

What do you say to a girl who's married when you're in love with her, it began, providing you're not a complete heel? There's something wrong about writing you this way, something almost cheap—but I must tell you flatly and sadly that it can't be helped. I've been auditioning for a couple of parts for summer stock these last couple of weeks, and I see your face along the steampipes on the bare stages, and in the wings and out in the orchestra chairs. Good God, I feel like a college sophomore again, full of hot and cold flashes—but Cory darling, there is a complete, aching desolation in being here in New York without you. I dare not even think of you as married—that'd be masochism—but I think of you as being away from me, with all that miserable water between us, and I am unhappy.

There were three pages of it, typed single space, with the print fainter near the end, signed with a simple bold "B." She read it just once and when she lay back on the grass and looked at the clouds against the ridiculously blue sky, she was back in a taxicab on Fifth Avenue at four minutes past two of a spring morning.

She lay there a long time.

The sun was high and it was almost noon when she arose finally and bicycled slowly back to the little blue house. There were times when Cory thought it must be the nicest house in the world—so gay, when she remembered the gloom of the big house in Merion—but now, this time, it was empty.

She went to the refrigerator for a glass of milk, and after an endless time of sitting at the kitchen table, trying not to remember but remembering all the more sharply because of it, she went upstairs to her bedroom, hauled out the portable typewriter and blew the dust from it, inserted a sheet of paper into the roller and wrote a letter to Bill Fiske. Cory Durant Sauciers had committed the first unfaithful act of her married life.

After that the letters came about one a week.

It was enough to make Cory the complete neurotic. She had to write and tell Bill to use plain white envelopes, and on those days when Chris was home for the coming of the mail, she had to keep the red from coming to her face when he handed her her batch. He never looked at her letters and he never asked who wrote her. That kind of wonderful guy.

"Any girl in her right mind would give an eye," she told herself firmly one day, "for Chris Sauciers. He's kind, honest, intelligent, successful—and he loves me. And it isn't that he's a clod. If I had

never known Bill he would be as exciting and wonderful to know as any man ever could be for me."

But she had known Bill.

"My dear," he had said that night in Matthew Walsh's cab.

In October she flew up to the States for a week with Frieda in Merion. Frieda looked older, more rested, as if she had given in to life a little, now that her war as a mother was over. For some reason they no longer seemed mother and daughter. They were two women together now, the one living, the other remembering.

"Is he kind to you?" Frieda asked her one lazy afternoon as they raked leaves together on the front lawn.

Cory poked at the leaves idly and nodded. "The way any girl would want a man to be," she said. She leaned her head against the warm, smooth nub of the rake handle and listened to the love music from "Tristan und Isolde," coming from the radio through the open living room windows. Finally she looked at Frieda and tried to be casual. "I think I'll go to New York on Friday instead of Saturday," she said. "That'll give me a day to do a little shopping before I go back to St. George."

"A sensible idea," Frieda said absently. "Who do you suppose throws pebbles up here on this lawn, anyway?"

She sent the wire to Bill at the Henry Miller Theatre, where he had opened a couple of days before in a play that—his letters told her—had a fifty-fifty chance of being a success.

When they met under the Biltmore clock at five o'clock Friday, he was the same as before. Exactly the same. It was a little unsettling. He had on a sport jacket and gray slacks and his brown eyes were clear; his brown hair fell with outrageous charm over one temple—precisely as before. He held her hands tightly.

"I always wanted to meet a girl under the Biltmore clock," he said, with his eyes saying something else. "It gives a man a feeling that there's a little of the civilized world meant for him even if he didn't go to Harvard."

"Buy me a drink," she said.

"An alcoholic, yet," he said.

"Nobody in Bermuda says 'yet' that way," she said.

"You miss the way I say 'yet.' That's a fine thing. Well, it's something about me you miss, anyway."

"It isn't the way you say it. It's the way everyone in New York says it."

"Well, what do you miss about me?"

She looked at him, shaking her head and holding tight to his hands. "Don't ask me," she said. "Don't ask me."

They had the drink and then dinner, and afterwards she came to the Henry

AVOID BOBBY-PINCH HAIR!



Miller and sat in a fourteenth-row aisle seat for the play, "God and a Star." The critics had loved it and nearly all of them had taken at least a paragraph to talk about Bill Fiske. "A new kind of juvenile," one of them had written, "You can throw away all those tennis-racquet-carrying, mishmash type young ones. This is a rugged, believable, strong actor who can soften enough to read a line of poetry in a way to make a girl's heart melt. Bill Fiske. Remember the name."

He sat and watched him in a kind of trance and when he was offstage she waited patiently, while other men and women spoke lines, for him to reappear. When the play was over, she was up the aisle while they still were applauding. She waited ten minutes near the stage door for him—she hadn't wanted to go to his little dressing room—and when he came, she took his arm and her heart slowed down a little.

The night lasted until the sun came up.

It went by in a dozen different ways—champagne at midnight in the Plaza Bar, a hansom ride through the park, scrambled eggs in Lindy's at three o'clock, and countless cups of coffee later in an all-night Seventh Avenue diner. Just before dawn they were walking again through Washington Square, the trees beginning to look stripped down to their lingerie as the leaves left them.

The talk drifted gradually to Bill's acting and he was speaking of it as they walked. "You know the good thing about this part?" he said, and the words came along swiftly, almost as if Cory weren't there. "This is a young man who isn't an ass like so many beardless youths, but a guy who has seen a little of life and has a rough idea which way is up." He looked at her.

"You know me well enough to know I'm not giving you a big song and dance, so when I tell you that there aren't too many actors who could play this role, you know I mean it. You know the part where the girl looks at me and says, 'You won't be here tomorrow; I know you won't because that's the way things are made?' You know what makes the scene? It's the way I look at her when she says it—it has to be a look that at once protests and says, No, it's not true, and yet tells her with the eyes that it is true."

He picked up a stone and shied it at the wading pool just behind the arch, now empty and littered with paper.

"Most guys of twenty-five could play half of that scene," he said, "but they couldn't get it all in because they wouldn't know that that's the way life really is." He put his arm around her familiarly as if she were a pet dog, something or someone that belonged to him as a matter of course. "A good writer, a

good painter, a good actor—they're all the same. You can't portray something about life, the way it really is, unless you know it."

They walked along in silence, the city quiet and gray around them, a bird hopping around on a tree limb once in a while, a blowzy city cat padding by like a little cloud of dirty smoke. Then Cory Durant returned to earth. She stopped, somewhere around the corner of Fifth Avenue and Eighth Street, and turned her face to Bill and he kissed her for the first and only time of the night-morning. Then he rustled up a cab and sent her to the Roosevelt alone.

Back at the hotel there was no time to think; she had to shower, fix her hair, pack, pay her bills and all the rest and be on the Bermuda plane at 9 A.M. It wasn't until the big DC-4 had lifted off the runway easily with the morning sun glinting on the wing tips, that she sat back and sighed tiredly—and thought suddenly that Bill had made no impassioned overtures, apologetic or otherwise, toward her. She hadn't come to Manhattan for an assignation, but somehow she thought the problem might have come up.

The engines droned on, and in a moment she was sleeping. *You'd think*, was the way she thought just before she fell off to sleep, *that I'd be desolate at leaving New York, but . . .* and that's about as far as she got. The ravelled sleeve of care began to be knit up.

When she returned to Bermuda, oddly, she came to it almost eagerly.

There were hours on end when there were no problems. When she was bucking the wind on her cycle along the causeway from St. George to Tucker's Town, skipping stones across the water with its mushrooming coral reefs, talking idly with the lackadaisical citizens meeting in the morning on the post office steps, and all the rest. She discovered Bermudians weren't far removed from Americans and that, indeed, the men talked baseball incessantly instead of cricket. She would swim some days in the Castle Harbour Hotel's pool and on other days in the ocean, and she got to know the names of the flowers on the hillsides and the contents of Chris's fabulous shelves full of books. She was happy.

It seemed, sometimes, that Chris wasn't real, although she shared his bed at night. It made sense; they hadn't known each other long. But these times became more spaced out, when she came to know him. The best way to know a man, probably, is to sit in on a poker game with him, but the next best way is to watch him in some kind of crisis, if it can be arranged.

When you consider that thousands of people die every day, Chris's crisis wasn't

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The Man She Married (continued)

a real one, perhaps; but because it seemed a crisis to him, it became one. The six-year-old girl of the grocer, who lived just down the road from them, came close to dying, one rainy night. What she was suffering from, Cory never quite understood, but Chris stayed with the child for seventeen hours. Cory went up to the little house to see him twice in that time, and the worry, the determination, the doggedness in his face did something to her that she suspected but couldn't understand. She had never seen him like this. He was probably the most easygoing man in the world—but when, in Remarque's words, he suddenly faced the huge wild beast, death, he was in all ways a man.

The little girl made it. "Keep her warm," he told the grocer as they left, and when they were walking down the road to the little blue house, she held his arm as if he were a shiny new marble she had just discovered.

Fall stretched into winter and a letter from Bill came each week. She remembered him vividly—but on those occasions when she thought about it at length, before her mind spun and her head ached and she cried, *Hold, enough*, she decided dully that it would be her cross to bear.

She would be a good wife to Chris Sauciers, and if part of her heart was to be buried in New York with Bill Fiske, that was her tough luck.

She read the letters avidly, drinking in the news and re-reading the love lines over and over. *It snowed today; God, if I could have had you with me, walking along Park Avenue with the sidewalks beautiful and shiny and the Grand Central building looming at Forty-sixth Street like the tomb of Napoleon. . . . I am sitting, my darling, in my little apartment, watching the snow drift across the rooftops of Manhattan, but my heart is with you*

In January Hollywood pulled him from "God and a Star" to make a film of the play. There were fewer letters then, for work was hard, but they came every so often and they were the same as before—excited, gentle, rambling on and on. He was there three months, living in a little apartment in Brentwood; then he was back in Manhattan reading parts for the season ahead and waiting for the movie to be released.

A thread ran through every thought Cory had of him. *You can't portray something about life, the way it really is*, he had said that morning in the Village just before dawn, *unless you know it*.

The thought went from one corner of

her mind to another. It would be fumbling around there yet, if it had not been for the fact that in August the film "God and a Star" came to the ramshackle movie theatre not far from Cory's little blue house. They sometimes get the films there when they haven't yet been released in the States.

They have two-a-day movies there, the way they do in so many little American towns, and the first afternoon "God and a Star" was shown, Cory was the third person in the theatre, sitting in the back row and waiting patiently for the lights to go down. It had rained heavily in the morning and then had cleared suddenly, the way it does there, and the roads had begun to be dusty again by two o'clock, when she slipped out of the sunlight and into the movie house. The place filled half full, finally, and the credits began to come on the screen. She sat straight in her seat, not quite touching the back part, and she moistened her lips a little and held her hands together, tight and perspiring, when the phrase appeared *"And introducing: BILL FISKE."*

And then it began—a shooting in the city's streets, shadowy effective photography and the rattle of bullets and Bill flattened against a window front . . . tense and almost agonizing to Cory. Then gradually the flashback began to the boy's youth and things quieted down from the standpoint of action and she became conscious that Bill was making the speeches he had made in the play.

She hadn't heard them clearly, then; she had been watching him in a kind of girlish trance. Now, with the camera bringing his face virtually right up next to hers, she leaned back and listened.

Try to stand off and watch yourself the next time you make a big discovery.

You don't get all excited and fidget around on one foot, or yell to people. You are stunned. You relax and your muscles go limp and your mouth drops open. It was this way with Cory Durant Sauciers as she looked at Bill Fiske, the other man in her life, on that movie screen. Her hands unbent and fell away to her sides, her legs stretched out slowly and she began to breathe normally.

The discovery was simple, if startling.

Bill Fiske on a movie screen was exactly—exactly—the same as Bill Fiske in a taxicab at Fourteenth Street and Fifth Avenue.

"My dear," he said to the wistful little Italian girl who played opposite him in the movie. He said the phrase caressingly, deeply, sincerely—the way he had said it while cabdriver Matt Walsh lighted a cigarette and sighed.

"We're in love," he said. "You can't go and marry somebody else."

"What do you know of life?" he said, roughly and yet gently, to the little Italian girl. "You're a kid. I've been around. I've lived a little. I've . . ."

Most guys of twenty-five wouldn't know that's the way life really is, he had said, shying a stone at the wading pool in the Washington Square dawn.

The minutes passed and Cory sat in the dark and watched her own picture grow clear. It was no fault of Bill Fiske's. He was as he was; he was an actor. It made no difference who the girl was there on the screen. It could have been Cory Durant sitting across a table in the Pent House Club, with twilight coming down over Central Park.

It isn't something about which you can be logical; it's nothing you can put your finger on and say this is how it is. Cory just sat there and began to *know*.

There was no substance to the thing she and Bill Fiske had. It was the beautiful pink cotton candy they sell on Coney Island's boardwalk. It was full of sound and fury signifying nothing. And when the movie was half over—a good movie, but a movie that could be seen other times, when the shopping was done or lunch cooked or important things had been gotten out of the way—she gathered her purse and sweater and umbrella and got out of her seat and went up the aisle and out into the sunshine of midafternoon in Bermuda.

For a moment she stood there, watching a couple of natives drift by lazily and happily in the sunlight, and thought she should cry for something that had gone.

But there were no tears.

She stood for a while; then she took a deep breath and walked over to her parked bicycle, mounted it and rode off to the little blue stucco house near St. George. On the way home she several times zigzagged across the road with her feet up on the handlebars. Reed Durant would have been proud of her.

Around four o'clock she had finished cleaning and at four-thirty she had finished a short letter that had to be written. She was thinking about posting it and had just decided that well, it probably could be done tomorrow, when she heard the crunching of the driveway gravel under the impudent tires of the MG.

She put the letter into her sweater pocket and got up from the writing desk and walked across the shiny floor, freshly polished and strewn with scatter rugs, to meet the man who had left her alone when she wanted to be alone and from whom, suddenly and surely, she wanted to be alone no longer. She was an old married woman. She loved it. **THE END**



The calliope man rolled his eyes. "She's right pretty," he said, "but blondes fade."

COTTON CANDY

**She was supposed to be a cool cat,
a city cynic—not a square at a country
fair in love with a cornbelt Casanova
who might not have her, at that**



BY EILEEN JENSEN

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM VROMAN

Leslie gripped the arms of her chair until the knuckles of her fingers showed white through the skin. She tried to speak slowly.

"This is the third time, Saul—the third time you've postponed my vacation."

"I know, doll, and I appreciate you're upset—"

"Upset? I'm furious! I'm not a machine like a microphone or a monitor—I'm a person and I'm tired. I want that month now." She bit her lip, determined not to break into tears like some new girl in the stenography pool. She couldn't bring herself to tell Saul she had promised to marry George Cooke and make this vacation a honeymoon. He might laugh.

"Leslie," the producer said in the soft persuasive voice he saved for clients, "would I ask it if I had anybody else? Mac'll be filming the motor show, Frank just got back from Boston, Dorie's having her baby, I couldn't trust that birdbrain Rex—have I got troubles?"

"I'm bleeding. All right—so we televise a state fair. Why Indiana? What's wrong with New York?"

"Leslie, honey, would I spend \$2,400 on a remote without a reason? The critics are on our backs for being too slick, too citified. You said it yourself at story conference this morning—"

"Me and my big mouth."

"We got to get back to the people, you said."

"Grass roots."

"The common touch."

"Man in the street."

Saul grinned. He lit two cigarettes, handed one to Leslie. "That's WFIN, Indianapolis—you go out and set it up. Mac will do the spot live. Eight minutes—maybe nine."

Leslie closed the office door behind her and sagged against it. How was she going to square this third delay with George? "All those blood tests!" he

would say. "I'm getting apemic." George could be sarcastic. "A little dividend I collected on a substantial investment in two divorces," he liked to say. When he was in this mood Leslie wondered whether she wanted to be number three on George's Flit Parade. (Let's face it, she told herself, you're thirty—actually, she was thirty-four—and he's eligible.)

She remembered how George had explained the success of his restaurant the day she interviewed him on the Breakfast Show: "At the Golden Door we serve everything in flames. It pleases the customers and it doesn't hurt the food much." Well, he could afford to be frank. He had it made.

Leslie turned down the green-carpeted hall and passed a pretty girl waiting in the pen outside Personnel. She flicked a measuring glance: Young, blonde, neat suit, clean white gloves, small hat. Legs crossed just so. Me—seventeen years ago, Leslie thought. Looking for a job. What does she want? What did I want? Glamour, I suppose. Money. Independence. An apartment of her own. A man. That's what they all want. I could do a feature on it for the show, Leslie thought, already writing it in her mind, hearing Mac's smooth voice as he delivered it:

That's what they all want—these young girls. They converge on the city every summer from Gary and Little Rock and Sandusky looking for jobs. Some of them stay. They take any kind of work to start and eventually they get to be staff writers on national magazines or program assistants on radio or department store buyers or television editors. They make good money and find nice apartments and dress well. They see the new plays and learn the new slang and go to screenings and attend art exhibits.

What you couldn't say on the air was that they found men, but not husbands.

They had escorts—but not mates. They had cocktail and dinner dates; they were called honey, doll, sweetie, baby—but never wife. They couldn't be satisfied with a shoe clerk or an auto mechanic or a brush salesman so they kept looking for something better. They knew what they wanted—an older man in a pinstripe suit, graying attractively at the temples.

What they didn't know—what they learned too late—was that these men all had wives or girls. Or both. At thirty (all right, thirty-four) the men who believed in marriage had been picked off. Leslie found there were a few young ones still available, there were plenty of on-the-make characters, and then there were the divorced—the George Cookes. "A two-time loser," he liked to say.

Leslie paused now with her hand on the knob of her office door, reading her name, LESLIE JONES (her father had wanted a boy), spelled out in gold on the glass. That plain name flashed on home screens from coast to coast five mornings a week at the end of the Breakfast Show. Not bad for that little Jones girl from Ohio, she decided, stepping into her office.

Leslie flinched. George Cooke was sitting at her desk.

"Surprise," he greeted her lightly, rising and coming around her desk to kiss her on the lips. Leslie leaned against him, eyes closed. It was so like him to slip in unannounced.

He held her away from him now. "Lunch?"

"Sorry, George. I'm skipping lunch. Saul gave me a new assignment. You may as well know. My vacation is off. I've got to cover the Indiana State Fair."

"My God. Didn't you tell him—?"

"No."

His voice had a knife edge. "Why not?"

"I don't know. I—couldn't."

"What am I, Leslie—a convenience? That tall, distinguished-looking man in

the pinstripe suit who owns the Golden Door and escorts you to the theatre when you're not too tired to go?" His eyebrows knit together—a danger signal Leslie knew well. "If you had any real desire to marry me you'd tell Saul Taubman he could take his assignment and put it where it would do the most good!"

It was an old argument. Leslie was silent.

He went on. "Leslie, I'm not a patient man. I've got two divorces to prove it. How many times have I said it? I can *support* you! You don't need this job. You can't have both. You want me, or you don't."

It was reasonable. Sweetly reasonable.

Leslie looked at him standing in the doorway of her office, waiting for her to call him back, to say something, anything that would mend the breach. She knew it made perfect sense to this urbane stranger to demand she give up the fruits of seventeen years of hard work to satisfy his male ego. And him a two-time loser.

The station manager at FIN choked when she told him the net wanted to do eight or nine minutes live from the fair. She could feel his hot hand clutching the telephone six hundred miles away.

"I'll be there tomorrow afternoon," Leslie said. "We'll schedule the spot Monday. Use your own judgment—you know—Blue Ribbon stuff—4H Club kids—horse pulling contest—"

"Hey, we got an ostrich race."

"Bully for you." She checked the poop sheet. "Get in touch with their PR man, will you? I've got his name—here it is—H. Arnold Gage."

Leslie frowned into the telephone. Men who part their names on the side—

She shook her head.

Everywhere Leslie went people asked the Question: "Just exactly what do you do?" She always explained she was an editor who thought up ideas for picturing news, fashion, politics, sports, anything timely, on TV three hours every morning. People always nodded and said, "I see. But exactly what do you do?"

Today she cleaned up the work on her desk. She read the Indiana State Fair booklet from cover to cover. She alerted Transportation to get her a flight for Indianapolis, a room at the Barclay for herself and a suite for Mac Delaney, the announcer. She talked to Mac and learned that his wife was giving a dinner party and he would have to take a later flight. She called FIN and relayed the information to them.

All the time she kept expecting George to call. But he didn't. Not before dinner nor after dinner nor while she packed a suitcase. In bed she lay awake a long time waiting for the phone to ring. Finally she fell into an uneasy sleep and

dreamed that the H in H. Arnold Gage stood for Horatio.

Leslie took a cab to the Barclay and was half disappointed when George wasn't waiting in the hotel lobby.

She was fastening the belt at the waistline of her cotton sundress when the telephone rang.

"Miss Jones? Arnold Gage."

"H. Arnold Gage?" She couldn't resist. "Does the H stand for Horatio?"

He ignored it. "I'm downstairs with two men from WFIN." His deep voice was rough but soft—like a good tweed.

"I'll be right down. The tall blonde in the striped sundress."

"That's the best kind."

She spotted him in the lobby immediately—a big man in a rumpled gray suit, his tie askew, a thick lock of dark hair falling over his forehead. As he strode across the lobby to take her hand he gave her a long slow look.

"You forgot to add that you're beautiful."

"You were expecting maybe Frankenstein?"

"Not Venus."

"Down, boy." Leslie was used to this kind of chatter.

Their official red and white car passed between the pillars on either side of the gateway at the fairgrounds and Leslie could hear a loud male voice intoning monotonously over a loud speaker: "Attention, Mark. Meet your mother at the cattle barn." The large crowd spilled off the sidewalks and pushed into the paved street eddying around the open car, pouring and slapping like waves against the fenders. Little boys in cowboy hats darted in and out, winging each other. There were pretty, fresh-faced teenage girls in shorts and shirts or full twirling skirts. The older women—heavier—wore cotton sheer print dresses and carried large leather handbags that swung from their arms. The men were decked out in bright sport shirts open at the throat to reveal deeply tanned necks. They ate pink cotton candy, ice cream sandwiches, and foot-long hot dogs. They perspired and fanned and wiped their faces and called to each other under the fluttering red, white and blue bunting. In the distance Leslie could see a ferris wheel revolving slowly. It was exactly as she had expected it to be—with one notable exception—the disturbing man sitting at her side with his strong hands resting lightly on the steering wheel. He was telling her (with his voice) that the fair was the most exciting event of the year for some ninety thousand people who would enter the gates today; he was telling her (with his eyes) that she was the most exciting of any of the ninety thousand.

His dark-eyed glance followed her as she worked out the camera arrangements with the FIN men. Satisfied, they left her with Arnold. He tucked her arm under his. "I don't know anything about television but I know something about people, everything about cattle—and I want to know more about you."

"What is that wagon over there?"

He glanced over her head. "A calliope."

"Could I have that to open and close the show—like a tag?"

They crossed the cinder track. A small pile of coal was heaped beside the wagon door. An old man with a scruffy gray beard lounged on the doorstep.

"Hi, Pop," Arnold greeted him. "This is Leslie Jones from New York here to do a television show from the fairgrounds on Monday and she wants you to play for the show."

The old man spat. "Ain't in my contract."

"You wouldn't mind being seen from coast to coast on TV, would you?"

"Means nothin' to me."

Leslie dazzled him with her best smile. "Can you play 'Back Home Again in Indiana'?"

"Lord, no. Not on a calliope. Ain't right for the instrument."

"I'll chance it."

"Can't play now. Got to get my steam up."

"How long does it take to get your steam up?"

"Depends."

"How loud is this thing?" she asked, examining the steam whistle.

The old man's chest swelled. "It's a real ding blaster!"

"It might blast us off the network. Can we move it away?"

"Can't leave my coal pile. Got to get up steam."

Shoulders shaking, Arnold walked around the side of the wagon. She knew he was laughing at her but she persisted. The old man rolled his eyes around at Arnold. "Ain't women the limit? She's right pretty, too." He squinted at her bright hair. "Blondes fade, though."

Safely out of the old man's sight they collapsed against each other and laughed. "It ain't easy for a man to get his steam up," Arnold mimicked as Leslie clung to him. He bent to share the laughter in her eyes and that dark forelock fell across his face. For one moment their glances held and they stood alone amid the hundreds of people eddying around them under the grandstand. He put his arm around her waist and drew her into the crowd. "Come on, I want to show you my kingdom."

They crossed over to the cattle building, where the pungent, earthy odors of a clean barn smote Leslie's nostrils. The

prize-winning cattle stood cheek to cheek in long rows, their big soft eyes casting coquettish glances toward Leslie as she walked down the broad center aisle with Arnold. She thought the steers were groomed as beautifully as Hollywood stars—their teeth clean, their coats glistening, their lips shining.

"Can you milk one?" Leslie asked. Arnold grinned. "Not a steer."

Leslie bit her lip. "How about that litter of pigs you promised?" She peered around. "Where are they?"

"Not in the cattle barn." He grinned again.

It was dusk when they got back to the public relations building. Arnold's office was a little cubbyhole partitioned off in one corner of the room.

Leslie met Arnold's secretary—an attractive redhead with the ripe good looks of a fresh peach. Nineteen, Leslie thought, with a pang. And a diamond sparkling on the third finger, left. Virginia's eyes followed Arnold with puppylike adoration. Leslie felt chilled—and it wasn't the air conditioning. I might have known he belonged to somebody, she thought.

She sat down to rough out the show on an office typewriter while Arnold disappeared into his cubbyhole to see the people who had been waiting for his return. She tried to work but was terribly aware of the rhythm and strength of his distinctive voice on the other side of the thin partition. He accompanied callers to the door when they left and she could see they went away pleased and satisfied or relieved. A man came running in to announce there had been an accident—a horse had thrown his rider, stepped on his face. Two giggling girls wanted Gene Autry's autograph. Through it all Leslie listened to the rise and fall of Arnold's vibrant voice and remembered the look in his eyes. Would he ask her to dinner? The PR man usually did. Suddenly it was important that he ask her to dinner.

"What are you doing tonight?" he asked.

Leslie held her breath.

"I wish I could take you to dinner," he apologized, "but I'll have to stay here to check that accident." He looked at his secretary, who bounced up instantly. She beckoned Leslie to follow her upstairs to the ladies' room.

Virginia fixed her face (which didn't need it at all) and Leslie took two aspirins. She slumped into a wicker chair as a barefoot girl padded into the room.

"Hi."

Leslie opened one eye. "Hi."

"You're new."

Leslie nodded.

"Public relations?"

"In a way."

"Isn't Arnold simply wonderful?"

Leslie groaned. "Let's start a fan club." "We got one. The Girls for Gage!" "You're *organized*?"

"Sure! Gage for Governor—that's our slogan!"

"Governor!"

"Sure! He knows practically everybody in the state—and by their first name, too—and he's already been to the legislature. Daddy says he's got the veterans' and women's vote—how can he miss?"

Virginia entered and frowned. "Put your shoes on, Sally."

"My feet hurt."

"What would Arnold say?"

"Ooooh, you said the magic word!" Sally slipped into her loafers and clomped down the hall whistling gaily.

Leslie's headache disappeared when Virginia told her the diamond was from Bill. Things were beginning to improve. After dinner she waited in the lobby of the Barclay for five minutes by the clock to be sure Virginia was gone. Leslie smiled at herself for not wanting the other girl to know that part of her job was to make sure Mac had a drink when he arrived from New York tired and hot. She went around the corner and bought a bottle of rye.

In bed she stretched out between the smooth white sheets and thought about Arnold, retracing her steps with him. She fell asleep smiling and dreamed she saw Arnold squatting on a milk stool beside one of the cows. He turned and winked at her over his shoulder, saying, "The H stands for Homogenized."

They spent the next day working together and then he drove her out into the country to a big white house which commanded the top of a hill—his home. He introduced her to his mother, his pretty sister-in-law, and his three young nephews. "And just exactly what do you do, Miss Jones?" Mrs. Gage asked, looking at Leslie with her son's dark eyes.

Later that night Arnold drew her down beside him in the wooden swing on the side porch. Leslie leaned back to watch the silver moon rising over the lake at the bottom of the hill.

What does he see in me, she wondered. A slick, competent New York career girl? Does he think that my life is one round of parties and celebrities and first nights? Or does he know that after you've been to Rome five times in one year you lose interest in fountains?

Arnold had been to Italy, too—one of the Marines who had landed at Anzio. "That's where I got this." He fingered the scar on his temple.

"Don't you dread returning to the fair tonight?" Leslie asked.

"If it hadn't been for the fair, I wouldn't have met you."

"Does that make a difference to you?"

"It makes all the difference." He looked at her in the dark. "I'm in love with you."

Leslie always had imagined that bells would ring and stars would fall. But it was more like gliding into a harbor.

She leaned against his shoulder and Arnold held her close. He kissed her ear.

"I don't know whether you would marry a man like me or not. Leslie. You're beautiful—I'm sure you've had plenty of chances—but don't tell me—I'm jealous. I brought you home with me to this house because I knew it would tell you all about me—what I am—what I hope to be. I'm going to run for governor. I may win. I want you for my wife. I think I'm trying to say that although you'll have to give up your work in New York to marry me—you won't find life exactly dull." He said it all at once and he waited. "One thing sure—" she heard the smile creep into his deep voice, "we'll never run out of small talk. We haven't a thing in common."

"Yes, we have. One thing." She moved into the strong circle of his arms.

On the way back to the Barclay Leslie told him everything. Well, at least she told him things she hadn't told anyone else. How she'd gone to New York with a friend on summer vacation just out of high school. That first job as copy girl on the *Times*. How she had lived with her aunt on 190th Street to make ends meet. That press agent she had worked for—"one of those characters who operate out of the back room of a Times Square drugstore"—from there to the radio job, on to the network. Finally—television.

They walked into the lobby holding hands. Leslie flinched. George Cooke rose from one of the leather chairs, crossed to her and kissed her on the mouth.

Arnold recoiled as if he had been struck. She couldn't avoid George's arm around her waist. She was excruciatingly aware of the way it looked: his obvious intimacy, his proprietary kiss.

She stammered. "This is Arnold Gage. I've just been telling him the story of my life."

George smiled knowingly, drawing her to him. "I'm the chapter she omitted."

Hot tears stung Leslie's eyes. Through a blur she saw Arnold turn on his heel and shoulder his way through the revolving door. She wanted to run after him.



COTTON CANDY (continued)

George held her arm. "And who is that bumpkin?"

"The PR man."

"He needs a new tailor."

Leslie flared. "He may be the next governor."

"Let's not quarrel, Leslie. I flew out to surprise you. Act glad to see me."

"I've got work to do, George. Mac's due in. I haven't typed the cards yet."

"Let's have dinner."

"I've had dinner."

"At least, have a drink with me."

"There isn't any."

"Any what?"

"Liquor on Sunday!"

George looked out at the blue coupe screeching away from the hotel entrance. "There isn't any *Leslie*, either, is there?"

She was silent. They glared at each other—two unyielding strangers. George turned on his heel and passed through the revolving doors.

She dragged to the desk and found a message to call New York. Now what? she wondered. The whole network could blow and I wouldn't care.

Saul Taubman's voice came ringing over the wire. "Leslie, how's my girl?"

"I'm beat, Saul. What's up?"

"It's Mac, honey. His flight's cancelled. He can't get there until two in the morning. Be a doll and meet his plane, will you, Leslie?"

She tried to speak but her throat was dry. It ached.

"Is anything wrong, sweetie?"

Is anything wrong, he says. The man I've waited for all my life just flung himself out of here in a towering huff—suddenly Leslie began to laugh. "Saul—you know something?—the H stands for Huff!" She clung to the receiver, fighting for control, knowing that Saul was listening and wondering, but she couldn't stop. She laughed until she choked and cried and rolled over on the bed beside the phone.

After a while she picked up the dangling receiver.

"Leslie! Are you all right?"

"I don't know, Saul."

"Leslie, honey—about the airport—"

"Don't nag, Saul." She drew a long shuddering breath. "I'll be there."

It was all she had left. Her glamorous job. Her damned job.

Leslie spotted Mac's crew cut and gray flannel suit as he came down the plane steps and walked toward Gate 4. She fell in step with him in the pre-dawn and they walked through the terminal as casually as if they had met in the hall in New York. In the cab she broke the news about no zoomar lens and only two cameras to

work with. She described the calliope tag and the opener with Mac riding in on a shuttle bus drawn by a tractor.

He loosened his collar. "My God, it's hot here. I could use a drink."

She was glad she had remembered the rye. Mac checked in while she went to her room to get the script, the cards, the bottle. She had hoped for a message from Arnold but there was no word from him. Since she had to go back downstairs and cross the lobby to take another elevator for Mac's suite she tossed a raincoat over the bottle.

When Leslie stepped off the elevator she ran into Arnold. "What are you doing here?" she gasped.

He looked miserable. "Let's go somewhere and talk."

"I can't. I'm on my way to Mac's room." Arnold recoiled. "I mean he's waiting and we've only got two hours—" The raincoat slipped and the bottle bobbed into view.

Arnold stared at the bottle with a kind of wounded expression. This is how he looked when that shell fragment hit him, she thought. She reached out to him and the bottle slipped, crashing to the marble floor where it splintered and spilled at their feet. He backed away from the spreading pool of liquor and flung himself through the revolving door.

Leslie cringed from the odor of the rising fumes. She ran out into the street to catch him, to stop him, to explain—but he was gone. The blue coupe was parked at the curb but Arnold wasn't in it. He had disappeared into the night.

In the gray morning-after Leslie rode to the fairgrounds with Mac in a tired silence. A small crowd—maybe fifty people—hung over the infield fence sleepily watching the early preparations for the TV show. Leslie searched the faces looking for Arnold. He wasn't there. And he won't be there, she thought. I'll never have a chance to explain that a drink to Mac is like an aspirin to anyone else. Her head ached as she began to check her list: color patrol, tractor, bus, calliope—it was in full steam.

Quietly she took her place on the edge of the stage between the two cameras and watched for the cue from the sound truck. At a signal she waved to the calliope and the faltering strains of "Back Home Again in Indiana" ushered them on the network. On the nose, Mac stepped off the shuttle-bus, microphone in hand, and walked up front. He smiled squarely into the camera, greeted the viewers, casually shuffled the cards Leslie had typed for him. He put the 4H youngsters at ease; he stepped up and caressed 1,000-pound steers as if they were blood brothers; he held the nervous

horses by their bridles to keep them in camera range; he fondled the prize-winning vegetables. He made everything look exactly like what it was—Blue Ribbon.

After the show Saul's voice came ringing over the phone on the tie line in the sound truck. "Leslie, baby, I knew you could do it! Who else could wring the essence out of a state fair like that?"

That's me. Leslie Jones, girl whiz. Too bad I can't transfer some of this know-how to my love life.

"Tell you what I'm going to do, doll," Saul was rippling on in her ear. "You can take that vacation starting right now—and old Saul will give you five weeks instead of four! What do you say to that?"

"Just a minute, Saul—there's one story I want to do from here first. It's state politics—the governor's race—a young man running against the party machine—"

When Virginia showed Leslie into Arnold's office he was stiffly polite.

"I understand your network wants to tape an interview on Indiana politics."

"Especially the governor's race."

"Don't do me any favors, Leslie." His deep voice was notched low.

"Where were you this morning?" she demanded.

"You had plenty of help. You didn't need me."

"I'll always need you. I need you now. I needed you last night." He flinched at the memory. "I looked everywhere—"

"I came back here."

"But your car—"

"I walked."

"Walked! It must be miles."

"Three miles." He ran a hand through his unruly shock of hair. The ghost of a smile flitted across his dark eyes. "To tell you the truth—I forgot I had the car."

They stood face to face looking into each other's eyes. Leslie waited, holding her breath. This was the moment. It stretched out taut, like her nerves. Could she explain? Should she? Would he understand? He'll have to trust me, she decided. This is the first of the many compromises we'll have to make before we have "anything in common." Arnold's smile faltered. It widened into a sheepish grin. "When a man waits thirty-five years to get his steam up, he sometimes blows his top."

She went into his arms like a homing pigeon.

The bells rang and the stars fell this time—so it was some time later when he telephoned the airlines ticket office. "Two," he ordered, "to Bermuda. Mr. and Mrs. H. Arnold Gage." He winked at Leslie. "That's H—as in Honeymoon."

THE END

"I brought you here," he said, "so you'd know more about me... we have so little time."





TIGER CRYING

It was the boy's spinelessness that drove his father wild. If only, he prayed, the kid would show one single sign of ever becoming a man

BY ELLIOTT CHAZE

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HUGHES

For godsake why don't you act like a *man*?" Detective Tucker Hamilton said to his son. "You're fifteen years old and you've got no more spunk than a sick cat."

"Yessir," the boy said, letting his face go slack and foolish and humble.

"When I was your age I was a man."

"Yessir."

"Ah, what's the use, what the hell's the use; it all goes in past one sideburn and out past the other. If your mother could see you. Lookit that hair! I swear, if you don't have a finger-wave. You run around here in those little pistol-leg pants throwing your tail out of joint and sideburns you could tie under your chin. Who the hell you think you are, Aaron Burr?"

"No sir."

"You—honest, Son, sometimes I get thinking about it and you make me sick; you never hit a lick at any kind of work except to polish your shoes. Old Twinkle-toes. Every time I come in from work there you are sitting on the bed with a shoe in your lap. Does it take all your strength to sit there and grow sideburns and spit on your shoes?"

"No sir." The boy tried to smile but only succeeded in looking more foolish. One large skinny hand was thrust in the shoe. In the other he held a wadded old blue sock, dark with mahogany stain. The loafer had a small buckle on the back of it, an inch above the heel, and the light blinked from the chrome.

"You got buckles behind your shoes, you got buckles behind your pants. Honest!"

"All the kids wear 'em, Dad." The boy's face closed now, no longer trying for the smile. It was a good clean face, the eyes blue-green, lips full and pink, an almost pretty face. Almost his mother's face. Lee'd had the olive-pink coloring. But she'd had guts. And patience. Maybe she could have done something with Josh, put some spunk in him. When he wasn't at school he was rubbing his

shoes or pressing his pants or goggling television or movies. Half the time he talked and walked like James Dean, or this actor or that, and he probably didn't know who the hell he was. He played wild-guitar records by the hour in his room at night and listened to singing that sounded like something you'd expect from a rattlesnake-throwing backwoods preacher. Sometimes he cocked his shoulder and threw his hip out of place and squinted at you, self-consciously. Guess who I am *today*, Dad. Hair and buckles and rock 'n' roll and make-believe. Nothing.

"Wash up; we'll get supper at Kearney's."

"I could scramble some eggs," Josh offered. "It'd save money."

"What money?"

"Well," the boy shrugged, grinning in foolish apology.

"I want a man for a son, not a housemaid."

"I only thought—"

"I don't want a cook or a laundry-woman for a son. can you get that through your head?"

They ate fried shrimp at Kearney's Cafe, where the shrimp were supposed to be a specialty of the house. They sat at the counter because the service was faster, and somehow it was less lonely on the stools with people eating on both sides of you and the butts of glasses thumping on Formica. For a time after Lee died they ate in the booths along the wall; but in the booths they were more conscious they were alone and that the empty house on North Main was waiting for them. Now and then he looked out the sides of his eyes at the boy. The sideburns really weren't all that bad. Yet they almost were.

Hugh McLeod came in and sat down by him while he ate a piece of gelatinous blueberry pie. McLeod, as always, was full of football talk, having played in college and never gotten over it. "Josh going out for the high school team this

year?" McLeod made a challenge of it.

"You kidding?"

"He's big enough," said McLeod.

"Josh doesn't have the time," said Tucker Hamilton. He said it half sarcastically, half defensively, not knowing himself which he felt the more strongly. But he did know for a certainty that the blueberry pie set some kind of low, even for Kearney's. And McLeod bored him. Men with muscles in their voices always bored him. That wasn't the kind of man he wanted Josh to be. It was worse than the other, the limpness.

"Time?" McLeod laughed. "What's the kid got but time?"

Tucker Hamilton put down his fork, and partly because the pie was bad and partly because he didn't care for McLeod and was sore at Josh he said: "Josh's got shoes to shine, lots of shoes, and he's got records to play and eggs to scramble."

"Oh," said McLeod, ordering coffee from the waitress.

Josh stood up, then. His father saw him in the mirror between the dishracks behind the counter. His soft face was expressionless. "Let's go, Dad."

McLeod sucked coffee, eyebrows lifting. "You're plenty big enough, boy," he said loudly. "You're growing fast."

"Some people grow up," said Tucker Hamilton, looking thoughtfully at McLeod. "Others just swell up."

Some of the high school kids Josh knew had come into the place and taken over a booth. They all spoke to McLeod, almost reverently, the way many people spoke to him in football season. "Well, by God, he *is* big enough," McLeod repeated louder than before. The kids in the booth must have caught a good bit of it. Someone snickered and a girl laughed. Tucker Hamilton, turning on his stool, saw that two of the boys wore letter-sweaters and they were sweating because it was much too hot for woolens. He watched as Josh said hello to them. They had hard, square haircuts and their eyes were round and amused. "Are you

He spent his life playing records, shining his shoes, and letting his sideburns grow. "I'm glad your mother can't see you," his father said disgustedly.

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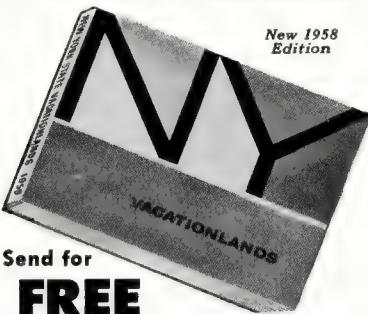
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TIGER CRYING

(continued)

coming out, Tiger?" one of them said to Josh.

"No," said Josh, smiling foolishly, his face drained of color. "I do housework, ask my Dad."

McLeod hooted.

Tucker Hamilton the citizen seriously considered knocking McLeod off the stool. But Tucker Hamilton the cop stared blankly at McLeod's pooched lips which continued to suck coffee. What the hell. Josh had to learn to take it. He arose from the stool and leaning over McLeod, still wanting to hit him, said smilingly, "Don't order the blueberry pie."

By the time they got home he was so angry the blood thudded in his ears. He was as sore at Josh as at that slob, McLeod. The boy went directly to his room and Tucker Hamilton dropped into the brown leather chair in the living room, hands knotted in his lap, gazing at the patch of floor between the wide double doors separating the living and dining rooms. The varnish on the floor looked so very damn much like varnish now that Lee was gone. The figured paper on the walls was nothing but that: paper. Once it had all flowed in a fine piece, a home. If Josh played the records tonight the custard was going to hit the ceiling fan. You could stand just so much. If only the kid had stood up to the muscles in the sweaters; if only he would show a sign, any kind of sign, of guts. What would happen to him when he was on his own and had to knock that soft young head against the wall? This, he realized now, was the mainstream of all his nibbling worries about the boy: the fear that some day Josh would be left alone. A lucky shot in a black alley, a drunk swinging a knife at Tucker Hamilton's neck, and the boy would have to go it alone. Would he crack? Well, if they ever did cart Josh off to the Funny Farm and strap him in a strait-jacket, it'd probably have a damn Ivy League buckle sewed on the back of it. Suddenly he jumped out of the brown chair and snapped off the lights, blacking out the varnish that looked so much like varnish.

As he undressed in darkness he heard what sounded like a snuffling noise in the boy's room. There was no slit of light beneath the door. Lord, if he was crying!

The next day was Saturday and he awoke at seven-fifteen to find Josh already out of the house. Josh hadn't made the usual pot of coffee. Because he'd overslept a half-hour Tucker Hamilton had to hurry to get to work and the hurrying went on all morning. It was a humdinger of a Saturday, starting with a double killing and suicide in Hillcrest, the town's fanciest residential section. Rowland Dugan, the realtor, who had been a sick man for years and much too

heavy on the sauce, shot and killed his wife and her mother, then blew himself out of the world, all of it in a tiled kitchen big as a barn with fifteen-dollar copper pots hanging in a fireplace large enough to hold a jeep. There was a cardinal singing in the sunshine in the front yard and a five-hundred-dollar poodle yawning fatly in the grass, too full of breakfast to get up and chase the bird. Everything was very quiet and beautiful except for the kitchen and the work of lifting prints from the gun and digging a .44 slug out of the wall and a dozen other necessary chores. Three cut-crystal glasses of orange juice stood untouched on the kitchen table, and he drank one glass and some coffee. He wondered briefly while gulping the juice in the red shambles of the kitchen how Josh would react to a thing like this. All of it so terribly real—no background music or grinning it off with a wisecrack: *I do housework, ask my Dad.*

It was good he swiped the orange juice and coffee. There was to be no lunch.

He and his partner Avery Orr had no sooner climbed into the car than the radio hiccuped a couple of times and croaked out the call to Richburg Lake. Some joker had turned over an outboard and Car Number Two was closest to the lake and that was that. There were two kids, no more than babies, in the boat, said McNair, the police radio dispatcher. The mother, too. "Man tried to make a tight turn and the boat ran right out from under the whole damn family," said McNair. "You better shower down on that Ford, fellas. I've alerted the fire department boat crew, too. They may be late."

"Ten-four," said Detective Tucker Hamilton.

The patrol car took off in a rain of expensive rose-tinted gravel. Orr, even without McNair's goading, was a hair-raising driver.

"Take the cut on Dawson Drive, Car Two," croaked McNair. "Repeat to Car Two: take the cut on Dawson Drive."

"Ten-four," Hamilton acknowledged, wishing now that McNair would shut up, gripping the seat as Orr cornered the car at an intersection. "Look out, you crazy ape," he said to Orr, raising his voice above the tire-squeal. Well, Josh was probably home by now, finished pouting, getting that good glow on the loafers. To the tune of "Hound Dog."

Then they were there. And it really was bad.

The lake was very deep and still, and the boat, only the bow showing, was a good hundred yards out.

"Tucker?"

"What?" He was stripping off his clothes.

"I can't swim a lick," Orr said.

There were four heads out there by the

boat. They must be holding onto it, four dark peas and the white pod of the bow, all looking as if they were pasted on a sheet of green cellophane, some kind of a game that came in a box. He shucked off his pants, teeth chattering, not from the cold, but from what he was thinking. It was a hundred yards. He'd be exhausted if he made it at all and what would he do when he got there? It was like running a mile and falling into a pit, your tongue hanging out, to fight a wildcat.

Yet with the babies in it, too, there was no choice. He bitterly envied Orr his inability to swim.

He had the sure feeling as he hit the water that he was going to die, that the boat would finish sinking before he reached it, if reach it he did.

A third of the way to the boat he was exhausted. He'd been swimming side-stroke with one cuff of his pants clenched in his teeth. He'd knotted each leg near the cuff and had zipped the placket, so that now when he paused to tread water, lifting the pants above his head and plopping the opening against the water, the legs filled with air, sticking up like rabbit ears. Holding the waistband bunched in his fists to capture air in his makeshift waterwings, he started kicking again, bone-tired and hopeless. The wildcat was waiting, way down there in the green cellophane depths. It was all so silly; a jackass turned over a boat and you died—a silly way to die.

In the good days he and Lee and Josh had fished here, Josh no bigger than a minute, mostly eyes and ears, marveling at everything—the brilliant twisting fish and the water and the stuffed eggs and fried chicken lunches. The boat didn't look much closer, and the muscles had begun to vanish from his legs.

When finally he reached the boat, someone was talking, but he saw no one clearly and wanted to vomit but couldn't. "Going down," he said absurdly, in the manner of an elevator operator. "Hold a minnit there," someone said, clutching at him. "Hold a minnit, mister." But the hand slipped from his naked arm and he really was going down. It was crummy, it hurt his nose and wasn't at all pleasant the way you read it in stories, a sorry way to die; but then it had been a sorry way to live, too, without Lee, and Josh sprouting buckles and sideburns and hi-fi all over the place.

They had hold of him again now, clamping his wrist and shoving his hand against the upturned keel, making room for him. He saw the plain, worried faces of the man and the others; they were all there at the boat, the man with

a little girl on his back about to strangle him, and the other baby on the back of the mother. "There's a fella down there," the man said, lowering his chin in the water. "He's down there somewhere."

"He must have been trying to help us," the woman said. The child on her back was crying; it was an ugly child with water-wrinkled knuckles. "He just swam out almost to us and sank."

"That's right," said the man. "And before he jumped in he stopped a car up there on the highway. He must have told the driver to phone for help."

Tucker Hamilton's knee bumped something under the boat.

He reached with one hand and grabbed cloth and pulled weakly, then harder, still wanting to vomit, and finally a foot and ankle came out of the water, and on the foot was a loafer with a sassy buckle on the back about an inch above the heel.

The fire department's swift little booster truck with the launch arrived by the time Tucker Hamilton had his son right-side up in the water, and in a matter of minutes the rescue was completed.

They used the portable mechanical resuscitator to revive Josh, and when he came around he was very sick. His father, kneeling at his side, was sick with him.

A crowd had gathered on the shore by the time the ambulance arrived. There was a girl reporter from a radio station who wanted to get something on tape for the noon broadcast and who kept getting in everybody's way. Finally she decided the hell with it, she couldn't use the gagging of the two sick Hamiltons on the radio no matter how dramatically they had arranged to get

nauseated. After a time she put her tape-recorder back in the car and, shaking her hair around rather disappointedly, got in and drove away.

One of the firemen managed to keep the photographers at bay until everybody was through being sick and Josh was on the stretcher on the ground ready to be put into the ambulance. It turned out a better picture anyway, because Tucker Hamilton crawled to his son and threw his arms around boy, stretcher, and everything, in a great lifting hug. It was the first and last time anybody ever recalled seeing Detective Hamilton cry.

A young newspaper reporter, frantically involved in the business of getting all the circumstances, names, ages, and addresses straight for his story, did manage to hear the boy say to the man bending over him. "I borrowed your fishing stuff this morning, Dad." The boy had a foolish, apologetic smile on his lips. "Don't know what I did with it when I saw the boat flop over out there."

"The hell with it."

"All the way out there to the boat I kept saying to myself, 'Man, I wish I never learned to swim.'"

"I know." The man rared up on his knees and glared at the crowd.

Everyone looked away.

"Your shoes are ruined," the man said. "Payday I'll get you some really good ones—with buckles, yet."

The reporter noted that the boy's worried smile stretched into a grin at this and that both man and boy were grinning when the attendants slid the stretcher into the back of the ambulance. THE END



"Hi ya, tiger," a kid said to Josh. The girl with him laughed.

Cosmopolitan's Complete Mystery Novel

STAIN OF SUSPICION

Every time she walked down the street she stood trial for murder

BY CHARLES WILLIAMS ILLUSTRATED BY ERIK BLEGVAD

The shop foreman had a surly attitude. He appraised the smashed front end of the Buick. "New radiator, new grille. Lot of fender work. Friday, at the earliest."

"Okay," I said wearily. I didn't look forward to spending three days in the place, but there was no use crying about it. I lifted out the bags. "Where's a good place to stay?"

"Couple of pretty good motels east of town on the highway. Spanish Main, and the El Rancho."

"Thanks," I said. "Can I call a cab?"

He jerked his head toward the front office. "See the girl."

A big kid in white coveralls had come in to get something from a workbench. He glanced at us. "If he wants a motel, Mrs. Langston is out front now, getting gas."

The shop foreman shook his head.

"Who's Mrs. Langston?" I asked.

"She runs the Magnolia Motel."

"Well, what's the matter with that?"

He shrugged. "Suit yourself."

He puzzled me. "Is something wrong with it?"

"I guess not. It's run down, and there's no pool, but where you stay is your business."

Langston? I frowned. Then the name clicked. I carried the bags out front, and she was standing beside an old station wagon at the gas pumps. She was the same girl, all right, the one who'd come forward at the accident a few minutes ago. Except for her I might have been in jail.

What had been just a routine bit of

fender-gnashing had started to get ugly. I was on my way through the town, going about twenty, when a local in an old panel truck came scuttling backward out of his angle parking space without looking behind him. And before the pieces of grillwork and glass stopped rattling on the pavement he came storming back to get hard-nosed about it, a mean-looking slat of a six-footer with muscatel on his breath. The sour mood I'd been in for weeks overflowed on me, and I caught his shirt to back-hand him across the mouth just as the mammoth cop came up behind me and stopped it. The usual crowd gathered. It looked as if I'd started the fight, in addition to outweighing the local hard-case some forty pounds, and my California tags probably didn't help much. Then she stepped off the curb and told the big cop how it happened.

But there was something strange about the scene I couldn't quite put a finger on. It was too quiet. No one spoke to her. The officer listened to her, but in some cold, impersonal way, as if she were a tape recording. And when I'd thanked her, she went back through the crowd, which parted for her in utter silence.

Now she glanced at me with a brief smile. "Oh, hello." Her face was slender and attractive, with fine gray eyes, but there was a hint of some bone-deep weariness behind it.

"Looks as if I'll be here for a while," I said. "If you've got a vacancy, I'd like to ride out with you."

"Of course. Just put your bags in back."

We drove down the main street. It

wasn't much of a town. It was hot and still, around 2 P.M. of a day in June. Shadows were like ink in the white sunlight. I'd have been in Miami the next day, I thought sourly.

I turned and looked at her again. She had dark reddish-brown hair worn in a long bob just off her shoulders, and a complexion like pale cream. The mouth was nice. Her cheekbones were prominent, giving an impression of faint hollows below them and adding to that overall suggestion of being underweight and overtrained. She was about twenty-eight, I figured. Her wedding and engagement rings looked expensive, but the dress was off the \$9.99 rack and the sandals were old and scuffed.

The Magnolia was about a half mile east of the city limits, on the left. There was an air of neglect about it, as he'd said. There were about fifteen connected units in a hollow square effect with the open end facing the highway. The construction itself was solid, brick with a red tile roof, but all the trim needed painting and the grounds were bleak and inhospitable in the hot glare of afternoon.

Her office was a separate building at the left. I carried the groceries inside for her. The small lobby was cool, and pleasantly dim after the harsh sunlight. Opposite the door was the registration desk, and at the closed end of that a small telephone switchboard. Behind the desk was a curtained doorway that apparently connected with their living quarters. She punched the bell, and a colored woman with a gentle face came



The barefoot blonde stared at me like a cow. "Go to bed," I told her. "You'll be a lot safer."

STAIN OF SUSPICION

(continued)

through the curtains. "Yes'm?" she said.

Mrs. Langston indicated the groceries. "Take these out in the kitchen, will you, Josie?"

I unclipped my pen and bent over the card to register, wondering—as I had for the past week—why I still gave San Francisco as my address. Well, you had to put down something.

She turned the card and glanced at it. Then she smiled. "How are you standing the heat, Mr. Chatham?"

Before I could reply, the telephone rang. She went rigid, as if she'd been sliced in the back with ice water, and I saw terror in her eyes. She fought for control, but its shrill clamor tore across the silence twice more before she could force herself to pick it up.

"Magnolia Motel," she said in a strained voice.

Then all the color went out of her face. I reached out and caught her just as she collapsed onto the stool behind the desk. The phone lay on the blotter with faint sounds issuing from it while she put her face down in her hands and shuddered.

I picked it up, out of pure reflex. The voice was an unidentifiable whisper, vicious, obscene, and taunting, and the filth it spewed up would make you sick. I thought I heard something else, too. In a minute the flow of sewage halted, and the whisper asked, "Hearing me all right, Honey?"

I clamped a hand over the transmitter. "Answer him," I said, holding it before her.

At first she only stared in horror. I shook her shoulder, and uncovered the transmitter. "Why?" she cried into it. "Why are you doing this to me?"

I put it back to my ear. The soft laugh was like something crawling over your bare flesh in a swamp. "Because we've got a secret, baby. We know you killed him, don't we?"

I frowned. That wasn't part of the usual pattern. The whisper continued. "I like to think about just the two of us—" He repeated some of what he liked to think. He had a great imagination, with things crawling in it. Then suddenly there was a brief burst of some other sound in the background, and he hung up.

I replaced the receiver and looked down at her. "How long has he been doing it?"

"Months," she whispered raggedly.

"No idea who he is?"

She shook her head.

"You reported it to the police?"

She took a shaky breath. "Several times."

I whirled back to the phone and dialed Operator. "Give me the sheriff's office, quick."

A man answered after the second ring,

and when I asked for the sheriff, he said, "He's not here. This is Magruder. What is it?"

"I'm calling from the Magnolia Motel," I told him. "It's about the psycho that's been phoning Mrs. Langston—"

"The what?"

"Psycho," I repeated. "A nut. He's been hounding her on the phone."

"Yeah, yeah," he said brusquely. "What about him?"

"I can give you a lead, if you work fast. He just hung up."

"Hold it, friend. Not so fast. Who are you?"

I took a deep breath. "My name's Chatham. I'm staying at the motel, and I happened to be in the office when the creep called this time. I listened to him—"

"Why?"

I choked down a sarcastic reply. "I've got a lead—"

"Listen, friend," he cut me off coldly, "you think we got nothing to do but play Junior G-Man with some drunk on a telephone jag? Tell Mrs. Langston if she don't want to listen to this goof to just hang up."

"She can't take much more of it," I said.

"Nobody's ever been hurt over a phone. Believe me."

"Thanks," I said. "I'm glad you told me." I hung up, burning.

She was still shaken, and much too pale. One of these days she was going to come apart like a dropped plate. "They ever do anything about it at all?" I asked.

"A deputy came out once. I don't think they even believe me."

That figured, I thought, if that clown Magruder was typical.

She glanced up then. "Why did you want me to answer him?"

I shrugged. "Force of habit. I used to be a cop."

"Oh," she said. "You wanted to keep him talking, is that it?"

"Sure. The longer he spews, the more chance you'll get something."

She looked at me with quickened interest. "And you did?"

I nodded. "Of a sort. He was calling from a pay phone in a beer joint or cafe, and it could be identified—"

"How?" she asked wonderingly. "I mean, how did you learn that?"

Dumb luck," I said. "You play for the breaks, and sometimes you win. Most of those booths have fans, you know; this one did, and it had a noisy bearing. And I heard a jukebox."

"And they wouldn't even listen to you!" she said angrily.

I said nothing. Her county police force was none of my business.

"You say you *were* a policeman? Then you're not any more?"

"No," I said. I picked up the room key and started out.

It was as curt as a slap in the face, and I was instantly ashamed. I turned in the doorway. "If your husband'll go to the D.A. and get tough about it, you'll probably get some action."

"My husband is dead," she said simply.

"Oh." I paused awkwardly. "I'm sorry."

She made no reply. I got the bags out of the station wagon and went across to Number Twelve.

The room was nicely furnished, with carpet, bedspreads, and drapes all the same, dark green. I switched on the air-conditioner, sat down to light a cigarette, and the old black mood and the restlessness were all over me in an instant. It'll be better, I thought, when I've got something to do, some kind of hard work—I looked at my watch. It was two-forty. If I stayed cooped up here with my thoughts all afternoon, I'd be walking up the walls.

A phone booth with a noisy fan . . .

I swore. It was none of my business, was it? He'd be gone anyway.

But it would kill time and keep me from going crazy. Call it an exercise, a problem in police work. Take a tank town of twenty square blocks, eliminate the drugstores and the phone company—any good leg man would find it in an hour.

Two hours later I was baffled. My feet hurt, I was soaked with sweat, and I knew the layout of the town from the river on the west to the railroad and colored section on the south side and the schools and good residential area to the north, but there was no booth with a noisy fan.

The only place left to hit was that one on the highway, the Silver King, but that seemed hopeless; it was directly across from the motel entrance, in plain sight. Still, who knew what a creep would do?

I picked up a cab near the bus station. As we stopped at the first light, the driver glanced at me in the mirror. He had dirty brown eyes and a badly made set of false teeth. "You're the feller that was in the accident, ain't you? Man, you sure look a town over. I bet I seen you six times, goin' in and out of places."

I hadn't thought of that. It was my first experience with small towns. I was a stranger, I weighed 220, and had spiky red hair.

He was still talking. "Figured you might have something to do with the Langston case. I mean, stayin' at the Magnolia, and all this runnin' around. You wouldn't be a reporter, would you?"

I did a delayed take. "Langston case? What do you mean?"

"Oh. You didn't even know about it?" "About what?" I demanded.

"Langston was murdered," he replied. I didn't say anything for a moment. I was thinking of a filthy whisper. *We know you killed him, don't we?*

Then I snapped out of it. "Well, did they catch the party that did it?"

"They got one of 'em," he said. "The man. But they ain't never been able to prove who the other one was."

He wasn't making sense. "You mean the ones they got wouldn't tell?"

The light changed. He shifted gears, and tossed the words back over his shoulder. "Mister, they won't never get anything out of that guy. He pulled a gun on Calhoun, and he was dead when he hit the ground."

"Who's Calhoun?" I asked.

"City cop. That guy that stopped you from clobberin' Frankie. He's so tough—"

"Sure, sure," I said impatiently. "But you say this one was killed resisting arrest. If he didn't talk, how do they know there was another one. Did he catch 'em in the act?"

"Not exactly. When Calhoun jumped this man—Strader, his name was—he was down in the river bottom about four-thirty in the morning tryin' to get rid of the body. He was drivin' Langston's car, and Langston himself was in back wrapped in a tarp with his head caved in."

"But was there anybody else in the car?" I asked.

"No. But there was another car, fifty yards up the road. It got away. Calhoun chased it, but he tripped in the dark and lost his gun before he could shoot. He got the license number."

"So they know whose car it was?"

"Sure. It was Strader's."

"And where did they find it?"

"Where else?" he asked. "Right in front of Strader's room at the Magnolia Motel. And the only thing they ever found out for sure was that it was a woman who was drivin' it."

I said nothing. I could already see the ugliness emerging, the stain of suspicion that had spread over the town.

The cab pulled to a stop before the Silver King. Heat shimmered off the white gravel parking area. I could hear a jukebox inside.

"When did this happen?" I asked.

"Last November."

Seven months, I thought. No wonder you had that feeling she was running along the dark precipice of a nervous breakdown.

"That'll be a dollar," he said. "Outside the city limits."

I gave him two. "Who was Strader?"

"A woman-chasin' bum from Miami. Supposed to be a real estate salesman."

"Did they ever make an arrest?"

"Yes. And three days later they dropped the charge. Lack of evidence." He laughed unpleasantly.

"Figure it out for yourself. Strader was registered at that motel three times in two months. Alone. He wasn't on business. You couldn't give away Miami real estate around here, let alone sell it. She's from Miami. Strader was always mixed up with some woman that was helping support him, usually a married one. And why do you reckon he was tryin' to fake it to look like an accident?"

I glanced up. That was deadly. "So that was the reason for the two cars?"

"Sure. They was going to leave Langston's down there. Evidence, hah! Just because they never been able to prove Strader knew either one of the Langstons—" He broke off, glancing at his watch. "I got to get back."

The front part of the Silver King, facing the highway, was a lunchroom. A doorway at the right led into the bar, a longer room running back at right angles. I ordered a beer. In the back there was a jukebox and a phone booth. There were two enormous mounted tarpons over the backbar mirror. The bartender appeared to be in his middle twenties, a man with big shoulders, a wide, tanned face, and steady brown eyes. Two men were talking at the end of the bar, and in one of the booths a man in a garish cowboy shirt

and white hat was sitting with his back to me, facing a thin, dark splinter of a girl.

Every time she walked down the street she stood trial for murder. Well, maybe she had killed him; what did I know about her? But if that sordid motive was all they had—she just didn't fit the picture.

The bartender put my change before me. "In that Langston thing," I said, "what makes them so sure it was a woman driving Strader's car?"

The room went instantly silent. The two men down the bar stopped talking and stared. Before the bartender could reply, the one with the meddlesome eyes said, "Who're you, friend?"

"I was talking to the bartender," I said curtly.

"Maybe you're a private eye, or one of those true-crime guys, huh?"

I could feel the hostility in the air. The bartender shook his head. "If you want to talk about the Langston case, do it somewhere else. Fixtures cost money."

"It's that touchy?"

He nodded calmly. "That touchy."

"It's your bar," I said, and took a drink of the beer. The two men slowly settled down, like wasps that had been disturbed.

I fished a dime from my pocket and went back to the phone booth. The dark girl glanced up as I went past. She seemed scarcely eighteen, but looked as if she'd spent twice that long in a furious and dedicated flight from any form of innocence. Her left leg was stretched out under the edge of the table with her skirt hiked up, and the man was grinning slyly as he wrote something on her naked thigh with her lipstick. She met my eyes and shrugged with boredom.

The instant I closed the door of the booth, I knew I'd found it. The fan came on with an uneven whirring sound. But the chances were a thousand to one against his still being here; it had been

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STAIN OF SUSPICION (continued)

three hours ago. And there was no use asking questions, not in that atmosphere. I went through the motions of making a call, and as I came out I shot a glance at the literary cowboy. He was around thirty-five, with a bland moon face. The ornate shirt had fancy pearl buttons and old food stains down the front. His eyes were China blue and reminded you of a baby's except for some quality of yokel shrewdness and sly humor in them. He was probably known as a card.

I went back and cased the other two from force of habit, but they were as unlikely as the humorist. They looked mean enough, but not like creeps. I went out and crossed the highway in the leaden heat of late afternoon. What was it to me, anyway?

She was in the office, making entries in a couple of big ledgers. I told her what I'd found, shrugged off her thanks, and went back to my room. I was lying on the bed smoking and staring up at the ceiling a half hour later when there was a light knock on the door.

"Come in," I said.

She stepped inside, leaving the door slightly ajar. "Could I talk to you a moment?" she asked, as if uncertain how to begin.

I nodded morosely toward the armchair. "Sure. Sit down." She probably thought I had the manners of a pig, if it mattered.

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She sat. "You say you're not a policeman any more. Would it be prying if I asked whether you're doing anything right now?"

"No, on both counts," I said. "I have no job. I'm just on my way to Miami. The reason escapes me at the moment."

"Would you be interested in doing a job for me?"

"Depends on what it is."

"Will you try to find out who that man is?"

"Why me?" I asked.

"Because the sheriff's office won't do anything. And I know you could do it."

"No," I said.

"But why?" she asked helplessly.

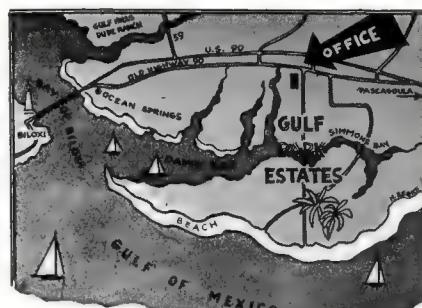
"In the first place, it's police work. And I'm not a policeman."

"But private detectives—"

"Are licensed. And operating without a license can get you in plenty of trouble. And in the second place, just identifying him is pointless. The only way you can stop him is a conviction that will send him to jail or a nut-hatch. Which brings you right back to the police and your local D.A. If they're dragging their feet, you're out of luck."

"I see," she said wearily. For an instant I could feel her getting hold of me, but I pushed her off. She was a fine and sensitive girl taking too much punishment, and there was great gallantry in her. So what the hell was it to me? Was I supposed to weep over her troubles?

GULF PARK ESTATES WHERE THE LIVING IS EASY



"Why don't you sell out and leave?" I asked.

"No!" The anger of it surprised me. "My husband put everything he had left in this place, and I have no intention of giving it away and running like a scared child!"

"Then why don't you landscape it? It's so bleak it drives people away."

She stood up. "I'm aware of that. But I don't have the money."

And I did, I thought. And perhaps it was the kind of thing I was looking for, but I didn't want to become involved with her. It had nothing to do with that murder thing; I'd have bet all of it she was innocent. I just didn't want to become involved with anybody. Period.

She hesitated at the door. "Then you won't even consider it."

"No," I said. "I'd get her and her troubles off my neck once and for all. "There's only one way I could stop him if I did find him. Do you want to hire me to beat up an insane man?"

She flinched. "No. How awful."

I went on roughly, ignoring her. "I'm not even sure I could. I was suspended from the San Francisco Police Department for brutality, but at least the man I beat up was sane. I would assume there is a difference, so let's drop it."

"Brutality?"

"That's right."

She waited a moment for me to add something further, and when I didn't, she said, "I'm sorry to have troubled you, Mr. Chatham," and went out and closed the door.

Round six I called another cab and went into town for a solitary dinner. I bought a magazine and walked back to the motel in the blue and dust-suspended haze of dusk. There were cars parked in front of only three of the rooms. I read until nearly midnight. Just as I was dropping off to sleep the telephone rang on the night table.

I groped for it, mystified. Nobody would be calling me here. "Hello," I muttered drowsily.

"Chatham?" It was a man's voice, toneless, scarcely louder than a whisper.

"Yes."

"We don't need you. Beat it."

I was fully awake now. "Who is this?"

"Never mind," he went on softly. "Just keep going."

I sighed. "Go home and sleep it off, will you, Jack? Or beat up your wife, or something. I'd like to get some rest."

"Well," he said, "we'll give you a little hint." He hung up.

I dropped the receiver back on the cradle. How silly could you get?

It was after nine of a hot, bright morning when I dressed and started across to get some breakfast. The cars of the night

were gone. Josie was waddling along in front of the doors in the other wing with her baskets of cleaning gear and fresh bed linen. I waved to her, and had gone only a few more steps when I heard her scream. She came plunging down the long and continuous porch, running like a fat bear, and crying. "Oh, Miss Georgia! Good Lawd in Heaven—"

I didn't bother with her. I whirled and went across the courtyard on the run, toward the door she'd left open. I slid to a stop and looked in, and I could feel the cold rage come churning up inside me. They'd done a job, all right. It was sickening. Paint hung from the plaster in bilious strips, and some of the piled bedclothes and drapes still foamed slightly and stank, and the carpet was a darkened and disintegrating ruin. I heard them running up behind me, and then she was standing by my side.

"Don't go in," I warned.

She looked at it. Then she leaned against the door jamb and closed her eyes. Josie stared, and whimpered, and patted her clumsily on the shoulder. "What is it?" she asked me, her eyes big and scared. "What makes them sheets and things bubble like that?"

"Acid," I said. I picked up a piece of the carpet. It crumbled.

She cracked then. She put her hands up against the sides of her face and began to laugh. I lunged for her, but she turned and ran out on the gravel and stood there in the sun pushing her fingers up through her hair while she shook with the wild shrieks of laughter that were like the sound of something tearing. I slapped her, and when she stopped laughing to stare inquiringly at me as if I were somebody she'd never seen before I grabbed her up and ran for the office. I put her down in an armchair. Josie hurried after us.

I waved toward the phone. "Get her doctor out here."

She began dialing. I knelt beside Georgia Langston. Her eyes were without expression, and her hands twisted at her skirt.

"It's all right," I said. She didn't even hear me.

"Georgia!" I said sharply.

She frowned. And this time I was there. Josie, said the doctor was coming. "Good," I sprang up. "What number was that room?"

"Number Five."

"Get me the registration cards."

"A box . . . behind the desk," Mrs. Langston said. "If you'll hand it to me—"

We found it and put it in her lap. "Do you take license numbers?" I asked.

"Yes," she said. "I've got that one. I know. It was a man alone. He came in about two o'clock this morning."

"Good." I whirled back to the telephone, and dialed Operator. "Get me the nearest office of the Highway Patrol."

"Yes, sir. Hold on, please."

Mrs. Langston had found the card. "What kind of car was it?" I asked.

She was seized with a spasm of trembling. She took a deep breath. "A Ford . . . a green sedan. It was a California license, and I remember thinking it was odd the man had such a heavy Southern accent."

"Fine," I said. "Read the number off to me."

"It's M-F-A-3-6-3."

I repeated it. "M-F- . . . what?" I whirled, reached out, and grabbed it from her hand.

"I'm ringing your party, sir," the operator said.

I looked at the number on the card. "Never mind, Operator," I said slowly. "Thank you." I dropped the receiver back on the cradle.

Mrs. Langston stared. "What is it?"

"That's my license number," I said. "They used the plates off my car."

"We'll give you a hint," he'd said. That obscene ruin was just to get his message across to me. Fighting down my rage, I knelt beside her and gently extracted a fairly good description of him before she slipped back completely into the wooden insularity of shock. The doctor came. He was a youngish man with a pleasant, alert face. I explained what had happened, and carried her into the living quarters. Just beyond the curtain was a combined living and dining room. A doorway opposite led into the bedroom. A double bed was covered with a blue corduroy spread. I placed her on it, and she tried to sit up. I pushed her gently back on the pillow. Framed in the aureole of dark hair, her face was white as milk, and it occurred to me—strangely, for the first time—that she was a very lovely woman. The doctor motioned for me to go out. I grabbed the phone in the office and called the sheriff. Magruder answered.

"Let me speak to the sheriff himself," I said curtly. I was in no mood to fool around with Magruder.

He came on. "Redfield speaking. What is it?"

"I'm calling from the Magnolia Motel—" I began.

"Yes?" he interrupted. "What's wrong out there now?"

"Vandalism," I said. "An acid job on one of the rooms."

"Acid? When did it happen?"

"Sometime between 2 A.M. and day-light."

"He rented the room? Is that it?" In spite of the undertone of antagonism or whatever it was, this one had more on the ball. There was a tough competence in the way he snapped the questions.

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Zone..... State.....

STAIN OF SUSPICION (continued)

"That's right," I said. "How about sending a man out here?"

"You got a license number? Description of the car?"

"Green Ford sedan," I replied, and quickly repeated her description of the man. "About thirty-five, six feet, thin, sandy hair, pale blue eyes. No marks. Got it?"

"Yeah. License number?"

"Phony. The plates were stolen—"

"Hold it!" he cut in brusquely. "What do you mean, stolen? How would you know?"

"They were mine. My car's in the Buick agency, being worked on."

"Not so fast. Just who are you?"

I told him, or started to. He interrupted again. "I don't get you in this picture. Put Mrs. Langston on."

"She's collapsed," I said. "The doctor's with her. How about shagging out here and checking for prints?"

"Get off my back, will you? If he was working with acid, he had on rubber gloves. Prints!"

There was logic in that, of course, but as an assumption it was slipshod police work. And I had an odd feeling he knew it. He was a little too hard, a little too vehement.

He hung up. I went up and threw some planks in the room to walk on, and strung a garden hose. The doctor came out to get in his car. "How is she?" I asked.

"I gave her a sedative," he said. "She's a strong girl but she's badly run down and needs rest. In bed. With no worries, and no more emotional upheavals."

"Any danger of a nervous breakdown?"

"You never can tell; we'll just have to wait and see how she is when she wakes up. But see she gets that rest. It'd help if this place was closed."

"It is closed," I said.

He left. I waited fifteen minutes in mounting anger. They weren't coming. I took the hose and went to work, sluicing down walls and ceiling and floor till water flooded the gravel outside. I found a garden rake and dragged out the mushy shreds of drapes and bedclothes and carpet. It made me sick. I was throwing in more water when a police car stopped in front of the doorway and the driver got out. He was in his twenties, a big man with a fleshy, good-looking face, green eyes, and long dark hair meticulously combed. You could have cut yourself on the creases in the khakis.

I choked down a sarcastic remark; even a little cooperation was better than none, and I couldn't afford to antagonize them. But he wasn't interested in the room. "Turn around," he said coldly. "Put your hands up against that wall."

I stared unbelievingly. "Cut it out."

"Turn around!"

I turned. He shook me down for the gun he knew I didn't have, roughing me up as much as possible in the process. "All right, get in the car!"

"What the hell is this?"

"Questioning," he said with lordly condescension. He jerked his head. "Get in!"

It was in the courthouse, in a dreary room floored with scarred brown linoleum. The walls were banked with filing cabinets and bulletin boards. A bull of a man with a bald spot was doing paper work at a desk by a barred window. We crossed to the doorway of an inner office. Magruder shoved my arm. "Here he is, Kelly."

Redfield was a slim-hipped man of about thirty-eight in faded khakis. The face was lean, and he had a high and rounded forehead, thinning brown hair, and incisive gray eyes. It was a face with intelligence in it, and character.

I was still burning. I jerked my head at Magruder, who was lounging in the doorway. "What's the idea of sending this fugitive from 'Rose Marie' to bring me in?" I asked. "All you had to do was call."

"Shut up," he said, without raising his voice. "I'll ask the questions." He nodded curtly to the chair at the other end of the desk. I sat down. He walked over in front of me, lighted a cigarette, and snapped, "What're you after around here, Chat-ham?"

"What do you mean?"

"I want to know who the hell you are, and what you're up to. He went to all that trouble to steal your plates. Why?"

"The message was for me," I said. I told him about the telephone threat, and the call to her and my efforts to find the noisy fan.

"In other words, you're not in town thirty minutes before you're up to your neck in police work. You're a troublemaker; I can smell you a mile."

"I reported it to this office," I said. "And I was kissed off. Same way you're trying to slough off this acid job. What's the deal here, Redfield; why can't she get police protection?"

For an instant there was something goaded and savage in his eyes, and I thought he was going to hit me. Then he had it under control. "Nobody's being kissed off here," he said coldly. "Those descriptions have gone out. The acid's a blank; in a place this size he'd have to be from out of town, so if he was hired for the job he brought his own. That just leaves you. Put your identification on that desk."

He shuffled through it. Then he glanced up sharply. "A cop?"

"I used to be."

"What are you now? Who's paying you?" he demanded.

"I'm not doing anything. I was just on my way to Miami."

He stabbed a finger at me. "And you're still on your way to Miami. Or somewhere." Magruder, in the doorway, grinned nastily.

"Who says so?" I asked.

"That's a stupid question, for a man that used to be a cop. You know who says so. Get this, and get it straight. We don't need any meddlers. And I've got a bellyfull of goons and bully-boys that wander in here for no reason and seem to wind up out there at that motel. We've still got the stink from the last one."

"I thought we'd get back to that," I said. "In other words, you don't care what happens to her, or how she gets pushed around. You've got an unsolved murder on your hands, and as far as you're concerned she's guilty whether you can prove it or not. Well, I'm staying. Somebody's deliberately trying to smash her or drive her insane. I don't know who, or why. But he did that acid job to her because of me, so I'm going to do what I can to find out."

Redfield leaned over me with that savage expression in his eyes again. "You make one phony move around here, and I'm going to land on you. And land hard. Get out!"

Magruder moved aside grudgingly. I ignored him, and went on. I'd just made things worse, but I was still angry enough not to care. I couldn't figure him out. He was a tough cop, and an honest one unless I was crazy, but he was being too hard, like a man on the defensive. Somewhere inside him a bunch of mice were eating the insulation off his nerves.

I had an idea that big bartender at the Silver King would be different if you talked to him alone. He was. He was friendly, and fair-minded. His name was Ollie Graves, and he owned the place. He was intelligent, but apparently his sole passion in life was fishing for tarpon. He'd heard about the acid, and considered it a filthy shame.

"Sure," he told me frankly, "I think she's pretty nice. And getting a rotten deal. And that she probably didn't have anything to do with that murder. But I'm not in the opinion business. I just sell beer and hotcakes to people who do have opinions."

I told him about the filthy telephone calls, and the noisy fan.

He nodded. "Same guy who did the acid job, you think?"

"Sure. He saw me checking all those booths, and caught on."

He made an effort, but couldn't recall who'd used the phone anywhere around that hour. "Unless they ask for change," he said, spreading his hands. "They're in and out all the time. You know how it is."

"What about the ones who were here when I was?"

"Hmmm," he said. "Let's see. The hot-head who wanted to jump you was Rupe Hulbert. He's harmless; he hasn't got brains enough to be mixed up in anything. The big guy with him was Red Dunleavy; works in that service station just up the road. He's a harum-scarum screwball but a pretty good joe. Pearl Talley gets off some fairly raw jokes, but never anything vicious."

"What about the guy in the guitar-player's shirt, in the booth with her?"

Ollie grinned. "That's who I'm talking about; I don't know the girl. Talley's a clown type; to look at him you'd think they had to rope him every morning to put shoes on him, but it's a front. He's got the sharpest business mind in the county. Owns a lot of property."

There appeared to be nothing in those three to warrant any more questions at the moment. "Why's everybody so bitter about the Langston thing?" I asked.

He lighted a cigarette and leaned on the bar. "It was so coldblooded and dirty, for one thing. And Langston was kind of a hometown hero. Greatest football player the high school ever turned out. All-American at Georgia Tech. Fine combat record. Went to Miami after the war and made a fortune in the construction business. Then he crashed, like running into a wall. First wife divorced him and got a big settlement. He lost a lawsuit over land titles that just about cleaned him out, and then his health quit on him. Heart attack. Doctors said quit, or he'd had it. So just about the time he married again he retired and bought the motel up here. Little over a year ago."

"Who got the insurance?" I asked.

"Daughter. Kid about thirteen, by the first wife."

"There goes that motive. What about the fake accident?"

"Langston was supposed to be going fishing. He had his tackle and motor in the car. There at Finley's Cut where he kept his boat tied up there's a steep climb down an eight-foot bank and a big log at the bottom. The motor weighed fifty pounds, so you can see what the verdict would be when they found his body with his head smashed against the log and the motor on top of him. They'd have got away with it clean except that Calhoun just happened to be camped right below there and the car woke him up. He caught Strader down by the edge of the water with a flashlight and some of the bloody tarp, fixing up the log."

"And Strader was a stranger here, of course," I said thoughtfully. "So it had to be the woman who knew the setup—where he kept the boat?"

"That's what they figured."

"All right. Now, how do they know it was a woman?"

"My short-order cook saw her when she got out of the car over there."

"Could he describe her?"

"No. The light was too poor. He thought she had dark hair. She went across and disappeared into that space between the office and the left wing of the motel. There's a back entrance to the living quarters."

"How soon did the police find the car?"

"Less than twenty minutes. Just as soon as Calhoun got back to town, they came out to the motel to tell Mrs. Langston her husband was killed. And there was the car with the Dade County license they wanted."

"Then it was still before five-thirty. Was she awake? They could tell."

"Yes. She was in a nightgown and robe, but she was awake."

"Did she say why?"

He nodded. "Telephone call, about ten minutes before."

"Who was it?"

"Some woman, she said. Sounded about half drunk, and wanted to talk to somebody that wasn't even registered."

"So she had to shuffle through all the cards to be sure?"

"Yeah."

I nodded. This was a great little place for telephone calls.

The thing that damned her was simple. *One* of them had known he'd be suspected if there was an investigation; otherwise, there was no point in faking an accident. Strader and Langston didn't even know each other, so it had to be the woman. And when the accident thing went sour and there was a

homicide investigation, Georgia Langston was the only woman in sight.

It was less than an hour later and I'd just returned from town. Josie was working in the office, and she'd said Mrs. Langston was sleeping peacefully. I'd told her to plug the phone through to my room, and switch on the NO VACANCY sign.

This whole thing was tied in some way to Langston's murder. It had to be. And the key to it was Strader. You *had* to know what he'd really come up here for. Well, at least I'd made a start. I'd gone to the telephone company office, picked a private detective from the Miami directory, and called him. He was working on Strader now, and was to call back at 6 P.M.

The phone rang. When I picked it up, a woman's voice said, "Mr. Chatham?"

"Yes," I said. "Who's this?"

"You wouldn't know me, but I might be able to tell you something."

"About what?" I asked quickly.

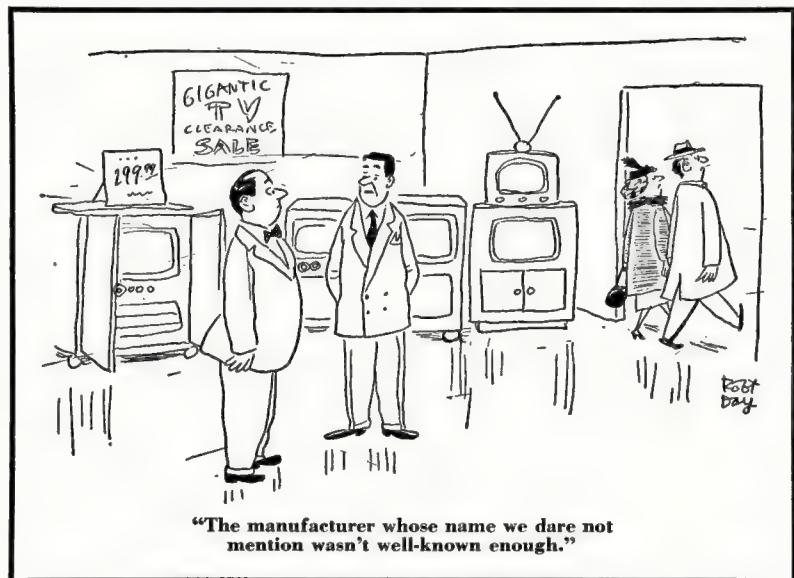
"About some acid, maybe. If you thought it was worth a hundred dollars—"

She left it hanging there, and then I caught something in the background that made my pulse leap in my throat. It was the rough, whirring sound of that fan with the defective bearing.

"It'd be worth that," I said. "Where can I meet you?"

"You can't. I wouldn't risk it. But if you'll get the money to me, I'll phone—" She gasped, and the line went dead.

I was out the door in three strides. The entrance to the Silver King was in plain sight. Nobody came out. I shot across the highway in the hot sun and hurried through the lunchroom, and then stared



STAIN OF SUSPICION

(continued)



I pretended to make a call while I cased the baby-faced creep outside.

around in amazement. The bar was empty, except for Ollie. He was cleaning the parts of a big reel spread out on a newspaper.

"Where'd she go?" I demanded.

"Who?"

"The woman that used the phone booth."

"In here?" He stared at me, frowning. "There hasn't been any woman in here. Nobody at all for the past half hour."

I strode back to the phone. Taking down the receiver, I held it against my cheek. It was as cool as the air-conditioned room. He was telling the truth.

I was staring morosely at a glass of beer when I heard hard heels behind me. Ollie uncapped a bottle and put it on the bar to my left. I turned. It was Pearl Talley. He was still wearing the flamboyant shirt, apparently with a few added food stains.

"Howdy, men," he said, and grinned at us with that odd combination of blue-eyed innocence and sly humor, like some precociously lewd but none-too-intelligent baby.

Ollie introduced us. I shook hands, not paying much attention to him. My thoughts chased themselves in an endless circle. I knew I'd heard that fan. Was I going crazy?

Talley drew a circle on the bar with a piece of chalk, and took three small seashells from the breast pocket of his shirt. "How'd you fellers like to git in on a little hermit-crab race?"

"Not with you, you shyster," Ollie cut him off. He grinned at me. "If this guy tries to bet you even money the sun'll never come up again, don't take it. Just buy an overcoat."

"Shucks," Pearl said, "you fellers ain't got no sportin' blood."

"How about a story?" Ollie asked. "Somebody said you got a new one about three Swedes and an Irishman."

"Oh, that ain't no great shakes," Pearl said. "But did I ever tell you the one about the ol' country boy that taken up with this real snooty society gal?"

I waited for the dreary punch line, and left. A battered pickup truck I assumed was Pearl's was parked before the place, its spattered sides attesting that chickens roosted on it. Well, every town had its character. Forget the fan, I thought; at the moment there's no possible answer. But she wanted to tell you something, for a price. Somebody scared her. She may try again. Josie said there'd been no calls. I went over to the room and waited. An hour went by. Two. It was 1:40 A.M. when it finally rang. It was the same voice.

"Are you still interested in that deal?" she asked quietly.

"Yes," I said. "But what happened be-

fore?" I listened intently, but there was no trace of the noisy fan in the background now.

"I almost got caught. I'm calling from a different place."

"What do I get for the money?" I asked.

"Names. The man that did the job, and the one who hired him."

"Names are no good. I need proof."

"You'll get it. Listen—they're going to do it again. It'll be a different man, of course, but I'll give you a description of him and tell you what night. You want ice cream in your beer?"

"Okay," I said. "How do I get the money to you?"

"In cash. Put it in a plain envelope and mail it to Gertrude Haines, General Delivery, Tampa."

"H-a-i-n-e-s, or H-a-y-n-e-s?"

"What difference could it possibly make?" she asked boredly. "So send it in twenties."

"How do I know you'll call?"

"You don't. So if you've had a better offer, grab it."

"I know a little about shakedowns. And before I fork out the money I want some proof you know what you're talking about."

"We-ell," she said slowly. "The acid was the kind they use in batteries. And it came off a hijacked truck. How about that?"

"Fine," I said. "Except anybody could say that."

She sighed with exasperation. "God, you're a hard man to do business with. Well, look—I can tell you where the acid is."

"That's better."

"Don't rupture yourself, Clyde. *Where* it is won't prove anything by itself, if you get me. You still got to pay me."

"Of course," I said. "Just tell me how to get there."

"Not so fast. You make damn sure nobody's following you. I don't care what happens to you, but I bruise like a peach."

"I'll watch it," I said. "Go on."

"Okay. Drive east on the highway about four miles. Turn off to the left at a mailbox that says J. Pryor. It's a dirt road. You pass one farmhouse, and then it's just about three miles to an old abandoned farm. The house is burned down, but there's a barn. The acid's up in the loft in some hay, six glass jugs of it. When you get back, mail the money. I'll call you within two days."

I stopped the station wagon beside the fire-blackened monolith of the chimney where the house had stood, and when I cut the ignition and got out the drowsy stillness of summer afternoon closed in around me. It was remote, and peaceful.

Abandoned fields shimmered in the heat, and beyond them was the dark line of the timber. The old barn was about a hundred yards away. It was weathered gray, and had holes in its roof. I walked down to it through brittle weeds. The door was at this end.

It was secured with a turn of baling wire. The interior was gloomy. Narrow shafts of sunlight slanted in through cracks in the wall, illuminating the dust motes hanging in the lifeless air. About halfway back, against the left wall, was the ladder going up to the loft. There was an opening about three feet square above it, the top rung of the ladder gilded by a shaft of sunlight coming in through one of the holes in the roof. I stepped over in the dead silence and mounted it.

My eyes came level with the top of the ladder. Then my breath caught and the skin tightened up, cold and hard, between my shoulder blades. In the thick coating of dust where the sunlight was striking the top of the two-by-four were the fresh imprints of fingers. I threw my feet outward and pushed down with my arms to get my head out of that opening, and for one awful fraction of a second I seemed to be hanging suspended in the air, unable to fall, and then the gun crashed behind me, paralyzing my eardrums. The air was filled with dust and flying splinters, and I was falling, trying to swim downward into the gloom below me and away from that deadly shaft of sunlight.

I landed off balance and fell backward and rolled, and as my feet went up and over and I was staring in horror at the opening above me, I saw the bent, denim-clad leg and the knee in the shaft of light, and the beefy hand, and the searching twin barrels of the gun, still swinging. I was over and down when the gun roared again. The shot string raked the powdery manure and dust and exploded it into the air about my head and into my eyes. I was blinded. I came up erect and crashed into the wall, and fell again. I heard the sharp metallic click of ejectors above me and the thump as he closed the breech of the reloaded gun. I pushed up, tearing at my face to clear my eyes. The doorway was a faint oblong of light. I hit it head-on and gaining speed. When I was fifty yards away, I risked a glance over my shoulder. There was no sign of him, and I was beyond the dangerous range of a shotgun.

I climbed into the car and hit the starter, looking back at the drowsy and peaceful scene a painter would have loved. He hadn't even come out. His gun was useless at this distance, and he was standing quietly inside somewhere, waiting for me to go. As long as I didn't know who he was, he could always try again.

A mile away the road crossed a little stream in the timber. I stopped and bathed my face in it and washed out my eyes. The reaction hit me, and I was weak and had to sit down. The way they'd outmaneuvered me was chilling. It was the oldest con game in the world, and I'd gone for it like a greenhorn.

An anonymous tip to go out to that old barn would have put me on guard, but they hadn't done it that way. The tip was something else, and I'd talked her into telling me about the barn.

I called the sheriff's office from the motel, but Redfield was out. Twenty minutes later, after a bath and a change of clothes, I tried again. He was busy. "Get off my back!" he snapped, and hung up. I drove in to the courthouse to have it out with him, but he was gone again. Nothing could have been more futile than reporting it to Magruder, so I left. I located a small florist shop and bought some flowers for her room. I didn't know why. I wondered how she would be when she came out of the sedative. Staring at the wall? I could only wait.

I turned the flowers over to Josie, borrowed some ice cubes, and went over to the room. Mixing a drink from a bottle of bourbon I'd bought, I tried to make some sense of it. I didn't get anywhere. The phone rang at exactly six, and it was Lane, the Miami private detective. "How'd you make out?" I asked.

"Okay," he said. "So far, of course, it's mostly just the poop from the newspaper files of last November."

"Shoot," I said, grabbing something to write with.

Strader was thirty-five, and a no-good. Not a crook, just sleazy. No criminal record. His trouble was women—if that's trouble. Big, good-looking guy, probably oversexed, good front, easy manner, and lazy. It's nine hundred miles round-trip from Miami to Galicia, and you can bet your life when he drove that three times in two months, it was a woman.

"Came from a pretty good small-town family in upstate Louisiana, played football in military school, but flunked out his first year at Tulane. Went in the Navy after Pearl Harbor, and got into electronics school. First showed up in Miami in 1946, disk jockey at a small radio station. For a while in 1948 he was shacked up with some racy old girl running a string of horses at Tropical and Hialeah. Lived here most of the time since, selling cars, real estate, and so on, but never much good at any of it. Not continuously, you understand. There's one small gap when he seems to have been in New Orleans, and he had a couple of traveling jobs for short periods. In the fall of '53 he was selling P.A. systems and motion

picture projectors to lodges, schools, and so on, working for a Jacksonville distributor with a northern Florida territory. Then in '55 and early '56 he was traveling Florida and Georgia for an outfit called Electronics Enterprises, but I don't know what he was selling. Just a boomer, you see. Usually shacked up with some woman who helped support him."

"No record he ever knew Langston?"

None. Same for the first Mrs. Langston. Remember, Miami's a big place. And no evidence he ever met the second Mrs. Langston, the widow. That was the one that hurt. He went up there to see a woman, presumably a married one, and wound up killing a husband, so where do you look? And in seven months—nothing. She simply wasn't his cup of tea. She was a medical lab technician with no money except her salary, and she didn't run with any gay crowd. The way she met Langston was clipping



*I fell, deafened by
the shot, blinded by dust,
choked with terror.*

those wires to him to take an electrocardiogram."

"Right," I said. "I mailed you a check today. Keep on him. See how many old girl friends you can uncover, and where they are now. I gather there were no letters in his stuff, but did they check long distance calls?"

"Two toll calls from Galicia. And in both cases, the day before he drove up. No lead. They originated at pay phones."

"Smart baby," I said.

Around seven I went across to Ollie's and tried to eat some dinner while endless questions chased themselves around in my mind. If everybody was right and Strader'd come up here merely to see a woman, who was the butcher with the shotgun? What was eating Redfield? What about that utterly baffling angle of the noisy fan?

When I went back, Josie said she was awake. I went into the bedroom. She was propped up on two pillows, wearing dark blue pajamas. There was touch of lipstick, and her hair was freshly combed, the rich mahogany gleam of it contrasting with the creamy pallor of her face. The gray eyes were completely rational; she smiled as she held out her hand.

The relief must have shown in my face, for she said, "I'm as strong as a horse." She glanced at the flowers, and then back at me. "Do sit down, Mr. Chatham, and tell me some more about your brutality. I tend to forget."

"I'm sorry about that," I said wryly. "It's true, all right. But I get in those moods; with too much time on my hands, I feel sorry for myself."

"I think perhaps you should explain."

I shrugged. "Call it failure. I always wanted to be a cop, and I was a fairly good one for seven years, and now I've got to start over at thirty-one. It's a hard thing to explain, but laws are supposed to be enforced by impersonal men, not crusaders or fanatics. And a fanatic was what I was becoming. I didn't realize it until after my wife had given up and divorced me, and after I was handed a thirty-day suspension for beating a man unconscious in the washroom of a bar."

"What happened?" she asked quietly.

Junk," I said. "I was assigned to a narcotics detail. I began to hate the stuff and the people who pushed it. I don't know why. It's dirty, but so are lot of things. It just got to me, you see. There was a smart punk shoving the stuff to kids, and I was so hot-eyed for him I picked him up without building a solid case and they had to let him go. He gave me the horse-laugh. And two nights later I ran into him in a bar."

She nodded. "Yes, I suppose it was wrong of you. But nobody can turn his emotions off entirely."

"Well, it's all past. And I need something to do. How would you like to have this place put back on its feet and landscaped so you could sell it at a fair price?"

"I'd love it," she said frankly. "But I don't have the money."

"I've got a little I inherited from my mother's family," I told her. "And I like that kind of work and know how to do it. One of my uncles was a landscape architect, and I used to work for him summers when I was in high school and the two years I went to Cal. How much is your equity worth, off the last offer you had from a buyer?"

"**A**round \$15,000," she said. "That's nearly \$20,000 under the cash we put up when we bought. The mortgage is \$40,000."

"For a half interest," I said, "I'll match your equity with \$15,000 to be put into a pool and landscaping. By doing the work myself I believe we could up the value \$25,000. Are you interested?"

"Of course. But aren't you forgetting the bitterness here?"

"No. I was coming to that." I told her why they'd used my license plates, and that I believed it all tied in with the death of her husband, but made no mention of the man with the shotgun. "In all the time the police were questioning you, did they ever consider the possibility somebody tried to frame you?"

"Why, no," she said wonderingly. "Not to my knowledge."

"They could have, of course, without telling you. I'm referring to that phone call, the one that woke you up. Tell me about it."

It was substantially as Ollie had given it to me. I nodded. "Do you remember the name of the man she wanted to talk to?"

"Yes, a Mr. Carlson."

"What did Redfield say when you told him that? Not at first, but later."

"He said I was lying. There was no such person as Carlson."

I nodded. "Redfield's too smart a cop to miss the phony ring of that one. So he checked and found there wasn't any Mr. Carlson registered anywhere in the county. That's what I wanted to know."

"Why?" she asked.

"Because it's almost certain nobody was trying to get hold of a mythical Mr. Carlson at five in the morning. That reduces it to only two possibilities. And he should at least have considered the second one. If you weren't lying, you were talking to the woman who killed your husband."

She stared. "What kind of woman could do that?"

"Take a look at her," I said. "In the space of an hour she'd helped kill a man, and had seen her lover shot down by a

policeman, and still she was able to get off the hook and figure out a way to hang it on you. It was ad-lib, you see, because Calhoun gummed up the first plan. I'd say she was about as flighty as a cobra."

Strader had arrived at the motel around 6 P.M. She had registered him, and as far as she knew she'd never seen him before. Apparently her husband had registered him the other two times, in October. She didn't know whether his car was still there later on that night. He was definitely alone, and when the police searched the room the next day there was no evidence that there'd been a woman in it.

Kendall Langston had got up at three-thirty the next morning to go fishing. She made the coffee for his thermos, so she was sure of the time he left. It was ten minutes of four. It was a twenty-minute drive to the Cut, where he kept the boat. And Calhoun had testified it was 4:25 A.M. when the car woke him up.

That left fifteen minutes unaccounted for. In that length of time, somewhere, he'd either met or run into Strader and the woman and been killed. At four in the morning in a small town. It made no sense, but there it was.

She herself had gone back to sleep after he'd driven off. The telephone had wakened her shortly after five, and after arguing with the half-drunken woman she couldn't go back to sleep. The police knocked less than ten minutes later to tell her Kendall was dead. It was around 9 A.M. when they learned from Ollie's cook that the driver of Strader's car had been a woman. She was arrested then. She was held for three days, and was questioned for hours at a time as they tried to make her admit she and Strader were lovers. She wasn't mistreated, but began to realize after a while that Redfield disliked or even hated her.

"Something is chewing him," I said. "I don't know what."

"I think I do," she replied. "He and Kendall were friends, and Kendall was something of a boyhood hero of his. You know, an All-American. He simply believes I'm a cheat and a murderer, and that I got away with it."

I nodded. That might account for the harsh, defensive attitude. He knew he had no business giving her a raw deal because of a personal dislike or personal belief, and so he was constantly at war with his conscience.

"**O**ne more thing," I said. "Did you ever have any reason to suspect your husband might be involved with another woman here?"

"No," she said. "Certainly not."

"Well, sometimes at that age—"

There was a quick ruffling of temper in the eyes. "I told you—" Then she

stopped. "I'm sorry," she said, and smiled.

She was getting tired. I said goodnight, told her to be sure all the doors were locked, and went across to my room. I bolted the door, and made sure the window at the rear was locked and the drapes tightly drawn. Anybody who isn't afraid of a shotgun is insane.

Who was the woman? And what possible connection could she have had with Langston? She lived here, she was probably married, and somewhere before she must have known Strader. And if he was driving that far to see her, she must be quite a girl; on the evidence, he was no love-starved adolescent.

I had one very slim lead. When she'd called me on the phone to send me out to that old barn, she'd made no attempt to disguise her voice or speech mannerisms. She hadn't considered it necessary because she figured that in half an hour I'd be dead. She had a wise-guy manner.

Then I sat upright in bed, cursing myself for an idiot. There was no mystery about the fan. That first call, when she'd hung up abruptly, had been a test. They were checking me. They suspected what I was after, going into all those phone booths, but they wanted to be absolutely sure. So what could be simpler than setting up a fake, duplicating the noise with a fan near some other phone, and watching while she called me? If I ran across the street to try to catch her when she hung up, they'd know. And I'd fallen for it like a backwoods yokel.

Did it mean, then, that it had to be one of the four who'd been in the place that first time—Rupe, Dunleavy, Ollie, or Pearl Talley? Not necessarily, I thought, but it was a strong possibility. If it was, which one? Dunleavy worked in a filling station just up the highway. He'd have been able to see me run over there. Ollie was already there, naturally. Pearl Talley had come in just after me. Rupe—or anybody, for that matter—could have been watching from a parked car.

But if it had been Talley, would he have walked in that brazenly? Sure, I thought. Where was the strain? It was the same reasoning as the girl's: I wasn't going to figure it out later, because later I was going to be dead. But it couldn't have been Talley, I thought; not with that mush-mouthed hillbilly accent of his. Whoever the man was, I'd heard him twice on the telephone, and while he'd been whispering once and speaking very softly the other time, some of that hound-dawg dialect would have come through.

It was just after sunrise when I parked Georgia Langston's car and walked down past the old barn. Awake at dawn, I'd been struck by the thought that I'd seen

STAIN OF SUSPICION (continued)

no traces of any other car out here yesterday. But he must have had one. I crossed the field behind the barn and entered the timber beyond. In less than a quarter mile I struck it, the trace of an old road, not much more than a pair of ruts. There were fresh tire tracks in it. I followed it to the left. Most of the ground was too hard or covered with pine needles to show anything clearly, but in the softer areas I studied the tread marks, looking for a flaw or cut that might identify the tire. There was nothing. The treads themselves were a standard diamond pattern like hundreds of thousands of others.

In about a hundred yards I came to the place he'd stopped and turned around. A large pine had fallen across the ruts, and there was no way he could get around it. I saw where he'd pulled out to the left, backed, and stopped faced the other way. Several drops of oil had seeped into the ground between the ruts, so he'd been here for some time. It was almost certainly the butcher with the shotgun. I studied the ground with growing disappointment; there was nothing I could learn, now that I'd found it. The few footprints were too indistinct to be of any value. Then I noticed something. In turning, he'd been cramped for space because of the trees on both sides, and at the very end of his reverse he'd backed into a pine sapling. I stood looking at it. The small gouge in the bark was unmistakable, but it was too high. Then I knew what had done it—not the bumper of a car, but the tailgate of a pickup truck.

Talley drove one. Then I shrugged. So did hundreds of other people. I went back and searched the barn, but found nothing, not even the empty shells. I shuddered as I looked at the mutilated plank at the head of the ladder. Where would they try next? And when? It was creepy, not knowing who he was.

I drove back to town, had some breakfast, called the sheriff's office. Magruder answered. He said Redfield was taking the day off. "What do you want?" he asked nastily.

"A cop," I said, and hung up.

I looked up Redfield's home number in the book, and dialed it. A girl answered. "No," she said, "he's gone fishing. Could I take a message? This is Mrs. Redfield."

"Thanks," I said, "I'll call later."

"He'll be home this afternoon. He's going to work in the yard."

"I'll try him then. Thank you very much."

The stores were opening now. I bought a hundred-foot tape and some drawing instruments, and drove back to the motel. Georgia Langston was still asleep. I tore out the rest of the ruined carpet in Number Five, washed it down again, and

called a truck to cart away the whole sickening mess. Making a crude sketch of the grounds and buildings, I reeled out the tape, and began measuring. For the next three hours I was happier than I'd been in a long time. I made a scale drawing of it on a large piece of paper, visualizing it as I sketched it in—pool, concrete deck, paving, lawns, flower beds. Georgia knocked and came in just as I was completing it. She was wearing a crisp white skirt and short-sleeved blouse, and looked refreshed and very easy on the eyes.

"How do you like it?" I asked.

She studied the drawing. "I think it's wonderful," she said. "Are you sure you want to do it?"

"Yes," I said. "Very much."

She smiled and held out her hand. Then her face became somber. "Don't throw your money away, Bill. The minute the place is reopened, they'll wreck another room."

"I'm working on it," I said. "Trying to get hold of Redfield now."

"Do you think he'll ever do anything?"

"He has to. We've just got to keep trying."

It was after 1 P.M.; we went over to the office and I called Redfield's home. There was no answer. Maybe he was working in the yard and couldn't hear it ring. I looked up the address. It was 1060 Clayton. "That'd be here in the east end, wouldn't it?" I asked.

"You don't have to go clear back to town," she said. "Turn right on the first street, at the city limits, and it's three blocks."

Clayton ran parallel to the highway. I turned into it, and saw it dead-ended against a fenced orchard at the end of the next block. On the left was a playground and baseball diamond. The house was on the right, the only one in the block. It was a low ranch-style with a new coat of white paint. There was a well-kept lawn in front.

I stepped up on the porch and rang the bell. No one answered. I crossed the lawn to the driveway, and there at the side of the house was a Ford pickup loaded with bricks and a bag of cement. I frowned, and glanced quickly at the rear tires. The treads were that same diamond pattern. And he was out of the office when I got back to town, I thought.

I stepped over and examined the metal tailgate for shreds of bark or traces of pine sap, but found neither. I shrugged. There were hundreds of pickup trucks in any area with tires like that. I stepped back along the driveway and around the corner of the house to see if he was working on the other side of the back yard.

He had been. I could see his tools and a pile of bricks where he'd been doing

some paving near the high grapevine fence in back, but the place was deserted now. I had come slightly past the inner corner of this wing of the house. As I turned to leave I glanced idly behind me at the area between the two wings, and froze. On the flagstone deck almost under my feet a girl with dark, wine-red hair was lying on her back on a large beach towel facing me with her hands under the back of her head. She was completely nude except for a pair of dark glasses that were aimed at my face in a blank, inscrutable stare. I whirled, and was back around the corner of the driveway by the time I'd grasped the fact she was obviously asleep. I sighed with relief, and hurried out to the car.

I tried guiltily to scrape the picture of her off my mind, but it stuck. I could see the dark red hair spread across the towel, and the plastic squeeze bottle of suntan lotion beside her hip, and—the ashtray, and the ribbon of smoke from a lighted cigarette! My face flamed.

She couldn't have been awake, I told myself. She'd have screamed. I whirled the car about, turning at the corner to speed toward the highway, still uncomfortable about it. But even in the confusion of my thoughts, it occurred to me that Redfield's home was almost in back of the Magnolia Motel, probably not more than a quarter mile across that orchard.

Georgia was in the living room, working on her ledgers at the coffee table. I took them from her. "The doctor said rest," I told her. "And you'll rest if I have to belt you one."

She grinned. "You're a bully. But nice." I lighted cigarettes for both of us, and sat down across from her. "How well did you and your husband know the Redfields?"

"Not really well," she replied. "You don't entertain much when you operate a motel. He and Kendall fished together quite often. In fact, he was going with Kendall that morning, but he had to go out of town."

"Hold it!" I cut in. "Tell me about that."

She looked puzzled. "It happened Thursday, you remember. They'd planned the trip several days before, but Wednesday morning Redfield called and said he had to go to Alabama and bring back a prisoner."

"He talked to you?" I asked. "Not your husband?"

"That's right." "But you gave him the message? You're positive of that?"

"Of course. But why are you asking all this?"

"I'm not sure," I said. "Who picked up whom, as a rule?"

"Kendall always went by there for him."

"Umh-umh. But did Redfield actually go out of town? Remember, he arrested you the next morning."

"No. That was Magruder, and Mitchell. Redfield didn't get back until that afternoon."

I nodded. "What do you know about Mrs. Redfield?"

"Not too much, I'm afraid. She seems very nice. She was a schoolteacher, and I think they've been married about two years."

"Is she a native?"

"No. She came here from Warren Springs. That's about sixty miles. But she does have relatives here; you'd never believe it if you met her, but she's a cousin of that horrible Pearl Talley."

"Talley?" I asked sharply.

"I gather you've met him," she said. "Lots of people think he's amusing, but to me he's revolting. Those depraved girls he lives with. And it isn't as if he were stupid; he's one of the smartest business men in the county. He came here from Georgia eight years ago with nothing, and now he owns the movie theatre, and that big junk yard across the river, and I don't know how much real estate."

"I know," I said. "But tell me about Mrs. Redfield."

It was sketchy. Her first name was Cynthia, and she thought the maiden name was Sprague. She'd come here just before school started in 1954, taught third grade one year, and married Redfield in June, 1955.

"Why are you so interested in her?" she asked.

"Hunch," I said. "Strader was coming up here to see a woman, and from what they say of him he wouldn't bother for Gravel Gertie."

She stared. "You couldn't mean Cynthia Redfield!"

"Why not?"

"I don't know. She just doesn't seem the type."

"Neither do you," I said. "But it didn't seem to bother anybody when it came to hanging Strader around your neck. So let's try her."

She was scared. "Bill, if you even hinted that, he'd kill you."

"I know," I said. And if I tried asking questions about her I'd be pistol-whipped and run out of town. "I'm going to Warren Springs."

When I was within ten miles of it I realized I was an idiot on a wild goose chase. I'd talked to Cynthia Redfield on the phone, and she simply wasn't the slangy tart who'd sent me out to that barn. Her voice was entirely different, a pleasant contralto, and she spoke as if she'd gone to school. I shrugged, and

went on; there was no point in turning back now.

Warren Springs was larger than Galicia. I parked in the square where magnificent old trees did their best to hide a turn-of-the-century courthouse that set your teeth on edge, and got busy on the phone. The superintendent of schools was out of town, but I finally ran down his secretary at her summer job and took her out for coffee. Her name was Ellen Beasley; she was unmarried and forty-ish, with earnest but friendly blue eyes. We sat down in a booth and she refused a cigarette as if she were a little ashamed of having no bad habits.

"Cynthia Sprague?" she said thoughtfully. "I don't recall a teacher by that name. Wait, I know now. But she wasn't a teacher; at least, not the last two years she was here. She was married to one. Robert Sprague, the principal of the junior high school. But she did do part-time clerical work in his office. That is, up until the time he was killed."

I glanced up quickly. "Killed?"

"Yes. It was an accident, one of those bathroom things people are always being warned about. An electric heater, a portable one. He must have tried to turn it off while he was sitting in the tub. She heard a noise, and rushed in, and it was in the water with him."

I felt excitement; then it subsided. There were accidents like that all the

time; and the police and insurance company would have looked into it. She went on. It had happened in January of 1954, she was pretty sure. Mrs. Sprague was quite broken up about it, and left town a few weeks after the funeral. No, she didn't know where she'd gone. I worked the subject around to insurance, and she said she believed there'd been a small policy, about five thousand. Ten, I thought, if it carried double indemnity. Mrs. Sprague's maiden name had been Cynthia Forrest, and she and her mother had come here from Georgia, oh, when she was about twelve. Her mother was no longer living.

Dead end. I thanked her and walked her to her office. There was nothing here to link Cynthia Redfield with Strader. I was in the station wagon reaching for the starter when it hit me. I snatched out the dope Lane had given me, checked the dates, and headed for the telephone again on the double. It took three calls to learn his name and run him down, but I had him in a little over five minutes. His name was Joel Edson, and he was principal of the junior high school.

"My name's Carter, Mr. Edson," I said heartily. "With Bell & Howell. I'm trying to set up a demonstration of our motion picture projectors."

He laughed. "You people ought to keep records. We've already got one of your



Her hand in mine, we slipped toward the lighted window.

STAIN OF SUSPICION (continued)

movie projectors. And it's working fine."

I sighed, and leaned against the wall of the booth while it fell into place as if I'd written it for him. It'd been bought, oh, about four years ago, October, '53. He remembered, because it was just before Sprague died. Sprague was the principal before him. He'd been at the demonstration when Bob and Mrs. Sprague and the salesman were trying to sell the superintendent. No-o, he couldn't remember the salesman's name. Big fellow, though; talked a good game of football.

I thanked him, hit the waitress for a supply of change, and put in a call to Lane in Miami. My luck was still running. He was in. "Strader was selling sound gear and motion picture projectors in '53," I said. "Whose projectors?"

"Bell & Howell's. Why?"

"Just a lucky hunch that paid off. Anything new there?"

"Not too much. I found out what he was selling with that Electronics Enterprises outfit. Burglar alarms. New patent of some kind. And I called a boy I work with in New Orleans sometimes and checked out the rumor he'd been over there for a while. He was, in the spring and summer of '54, but still no line on anything criminal."

"Shacked up?" I asked.

"Oh, sure. This one was a smooth job with hair about the color of a good grade of burgundy, and he called her Sin. He had a bar, on Decatur Street. Or did till he went broke. I don't know where he got the money to buy it."

"From an insurance company," I said. "Sin's husband tried to take a bath while holding onto a light circuit."

I went out and got in the car. For what it was worth, I knew now who Strader's girl friend was. I couldn't prove it. If I mentioned it to anybody I'd have my head blown off. She had no discernible connection with Langston. And she still wasn't the girl who'd tried to get me killed. Not yet, anyway.

It clicked at last, while I was driving back, and I knew how it had happened and why no one else had ever been suspected. It was after five when I stopped in front of the office. Georgia Langston was working on tax forms.

"I give up," I said.

She smiled. "You can stop the fragile business as of now. I had a complete checkup this afternoon, and there's nothing wrong with me. I needed a little rest, and I've had it."

"Wonderful," I said. "We'll celebrate by going out for dinner. But right now I've got a lot of news."

"Good or bad?"

"Both, I'm afraid." We went into the living room. Josie had gone home. I

mixed a couple of drinks, and lighted a cigarette for her. "Hold onto your hat," I said, and told her everything I'd learned.

She put down her drink with a look of horror. "But, it seems so impossible!" She hesitated a moment. "Then you think they—?"

"Yes," I said. "They killed your husband. Strader and Cynthia Redfield. Actually it was Strader, I suppose."

"But why?" she asked piteously.

"Because he went over there when he left here. They probably thought he was Redfield, and panicked."

"Bill, why did he go there?"

I sighed. "You won't like me. He knew Redfield wasn't there. And he didn't know Strader was. Remember, you registered Strader that time. I'm sorry, Georgia. It's just a guess, but probably the only one."

I hated the hurt, defenseless expression in her eyes. "No, he couldn't have," she said, but it was without conviction.

"Maybe he'd been there before," I said. "Or maybe not. But he definitely could have known what she was. She probably made a play for him sometime. And he could have known about Strader."

"But you don't really know he went there?"

"Yes," I said. "And the thing that makes it certain is the very thing that baffled me about it from the first; that is, that the woman knew if there was a murder investigation she'd be suspected, or at least questioned. But she never was. They didn't try to fake that accident just for nothing, so *what became of her when it failed?*"

"I don't understand."

"She never would have been suspected; she just thought she would. Your husband was in his fishing clothes, so she assumed he'd come by to pick up Redfield."

"But that had been called off . . ." Then she got it. "Oh!"

"Sure. She simply didn't know it. She just thought Redfield had forgotten to phone you. In which case, both you and Redfield would know he'd come there after leaving the motel, and in any murder investigation she'd come in for a lot of very rough questions. Then when Calhoun broke up the accident thing, she tried to frame you. She left the car here, ran home across the orchard, and called you to be sure you'd look wide awake when the police got here."

She looked sick. "That's horrible."

"It's not very pretty."

"And Redfield knows about it?"

"Probably not," I said. "He doesn't want to know. That's what's tearing him up, trying to back away from it and pretend it's not there."

She nodded. "I suppose that's even more horrible. But, Bill, what can we do?"

How are we going to be able to prove it?"

"We can't," I said. "If it happened just as I said, there isn't a shred of proof. Three people were involved, and two of them are dead. You couldn't break her in a thousand years. That's aside from the fact Redfield might kill anybody who tried to dig it up again."

"Then it's hopeless?"

"Not quite," I said. "I've got a crazy hunch there was more to it than that. Somebody else was mixed up in it, and I don't think Strader came up here solely to see her. Somebody else is scared, too; damned scared." I crushed out my cigarette. "But we're going to forget it for tonight. We've got a date, and I want to see you wearing your best outfit and a smile."

I was waiting for her in the office at six-thirty. When she came out she had on a very dark dress that set off the creamy complexion of her face and throat. She wore small gold earrings, and some very slender high heels.

"You're too lovely to waste on the peasants," I said. "Let's go to Miami Beach."

She grinned. "Was that an honest proposition, Bill? Or were you just trying to restore my faith in myself?"

"Don't be silly," I said. "That was a perfectly honorable pass, from the bottom of my heart."

She laughed delightfully, and we went to the car feeling wonderful in a lightheaded way, as if we'd had two quick Martinis. It didn't last, however. After I parked the car we had to run the gauntlet of hard, unfriendly stares, moving in our own little corridor of silence along the walk. I admired her poise. We salvaged some of the mood, and had a good dinner. She told me some more about herself. Her father was a flight captain for Pan American Airways, and she'd grown up in Coral Gables. She'd gone to the University of Miami for a year. For a long time she was engaged to a boy in Korea, but decided she didn't really want to marry him after he returned.

I paid the check and we walked back to the car past eyes that were like nail-heads in the wall of silence around us. One of a pair of loafers leaning against a corner made an audible remark after we'd passed, and I started to whirl in the quick flash of anger, but remembered her in time. As we were getting into the car, I looked back, and the big cop, Calhoun, had snatched them off the wall. He jerked a thumb, and they disappeared.

We turned into the main street, headed for the motel, and were just pulling away from the next traffic light, when I heard her gasp. "Bill, that man! The acid—" I glanced across the street and saw him. He matched the description she'd given

me, tall, lanky, sandy-haired. I turned the corner, circled the block, and came back. We couldn't find him again. I finally located a parking place, and cruised the area on foot. He'd disappeared.

"Are you sure?" I asked. "Remember, if he's the wrong man he can sue you."

"It was only a glimpse," she said. "But I'm almost sure."

"I'll drive you home," I said, "and come back in a cab. If I locate him in some joint I'll call you to come have another look."

We went back. I called a cab, gave her the car key, and we went into the living room. One bridge lamp burned dimly in a corner, striking faint lights in her hair. She turned, and the gray eyes were concerned. "You will be careful, won't you?"

"Sure," I said.

She smiled and held out her hands. "It's been wonderful."

My hands slid up her arms and my lips touched hers for a casual goodnight kiss. It got out of control. Next thing I was holding her too fiercely and assaulting the sweetest and most exciting mouth in the world, and her arms were around my neck. Then she broke it up with her hands against my chest, but it was herself she was talking to. "Whoa up, girl. As you were," she said shakily, and stepped back, her face flushed and confused.

"Cigarette," she murmured. "Re-group."

"It got away from me," I said.

"Thanks," she said laconically.

"How's that?"

"For not pointing out it was both of us that got away from. Or almost. A little silly, isn't it? I've known you for three days."

"I hadn't noticed," I said. "My calendar and stop-watch are in my other suit. All I know is I think you're wonderful."

She smiled. "Cut it out, Bill. I've never doubted you're a normal, healthy, thirty-one-year-old male. You don't have to prove it."

"I don't think I was trying to."

"It's just a little frightening. I hadn't realized before that after a long enough time a girl might give way just for a place to cry."

"Is that all?" I asked.

"I don't know. Don't ask me. But you'll never believe how utterly damn sick you can get of being brave about something. Or how tempting that shoulder has looked a couple of times."

"It's available."

"Why?" she asked.

I put my hands on either side of her face and tilted it up under mine. "I just told you. I think you're wonderful."

"All right, maybe I think you're pretty nice, too," she said quietly. "Now, Bill, will you please get out of here?"

"Aren't we going to say goodnight?"

"We've already said goodnight. I'm just trying to keep it airborne." The gray eyes were dreamy, and large enough to swim in. "Take your damned shoulder and get out of here."

The taxi honked out front.

Thirty minutes later, in the fourth beer joint, I located him. There were five or six other men in the place, but I spotted the white shirt about halfway back, and caught a glimpse of his face in the mirror. He didn't see me. I eased into an opening near the front of the bar, and saw there was a phone booth in back. I'd call her, and we could park outside until he emerged, so she could get a good view of his face.

I hadn't paid any attention to the others, but now it struck me that a strange silence had fallen. I looked around. On my left was Frankie, the hard-case who'd backed his truck into me. Beyond him was one of the two loafers who'd made that remark as we went back to the car. I didn't know any of the others, but they were all watching me with the same hard expression. Well, there wouldn't be any of that. There were too many of them, and I had more important things to do. I started back to the phone.

Frankie tapped me on the arm. "She give you the night off?" he asked. I hit him, and they were all over me.

Somebody dropped a coin in the jukebox and turned up the gain. I didn't have a chance, but I couldn't even feel the blows, if any of them were landing. All I was conscious of was the bright ocean of rage sloshing around inside me and faces popping up like targets in a shooting gallery. There were so many of them they defeated their own purpose; nobody could throw a solid punch. I went down under a pile of them, like the fourth-and-one play at the goal line. Then I became aware of an odd phenomenon. They were disappearing. There was no other way to describe it.

Turning my head, I saw two khaki-clad legs growing out of the floor. It was Calhoun. He was unpinning them and throwing them behind him toward the rear of the bar, methodically, effortlessly, like some huge and completely noiseless machine. He yanked the last one off me and flung him rearward and I pushed to my knees, still raging, and saw Frankie hanging to the bar just beyond him. I shoved Calhoun aside and lunged at Frankie, and the roof fell on me. He spun me around by the shoulder, and a hand like a picnic ham stiff-armed me in the chest. I shot backward and slammed up against the wall, and slid down beside the wreckage of the pinball machine.

I was vaguely aware of being helped into a car, and then of motion and night

air and of being sick at my stomach, and being helped out again. Jail, I thought. But it was dark, and I was conscious of trees overhead, and a brick wall along the side of a house. My head was clearing a little. We went through a doorway, and a switch clicked, exploding light in my face. I leaned against a wall with most of my shirt flapping around my knees like a kilt and blood dripping from my face. My hands hurt. I saw a steel cot, two old leather chairs, and a big table stacked with magazines. On the walls were some autographed pictures of fighters, a pair of boxing gloves, the tanned skin of a diamond-back rattler, and a mounted bass too large to be true.

"Sit down," he said. I collapsed into one of the chairs by the table. He went through a doorway, returned with a metal box like a first aid kit, and went to work on the cut over my eye. There was a sharp, stinging sensation. He mopped, and grinned. "That does it. With twenty seconds to spare."

"You used to be a pro?" I asked.

"Yeah." He nodded toward the doorway. "Wash up in there."

I repaired some of the damage. It wasn't too bad when I'd washed my face, poked in the dangling shirt, and buttoned my jacket to hide it. When I came out he handed me a can of beer. "Sit down, son."

I folded up again and studied him across the table. This was Calhoun, the lumbering fat slob who was 250 pounds of muscle that could move like a tiger. He was a hick, a town-clown, if you weren't careful where you looked. He wore a farmer's straw hat, and the wide suspenders could have been props in a vaudeville skit. The eyes under the shaggy brows, however, were a frosty blue.

He took a drink of his beer. "So you came back to look for him? I heard him make the crack."

I worried out a cigarette and fumbled with the lighter. "He wasn't the one I was looking for," I replied. "But while we're on the subject, I saw you give the

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STAIN OF SUSPICION (continued)

two of 'em the bum's rush. How come?"

"Why not?" he asked. "That's what they pay me for."

"But you think she's guilty yourself."

"If I do, I keep my mouth shut. And women don't get jockeyed around on the streets of this town while I'm patrolling it."

"They could use you in the sheriff's office," I said.

"They've got a good man in the sheriff's office," he replied. "He's a friend of mine."

I drank some of the beer, and said nothing.

"What'd you go to Warren Springs for?" he asked.

It caught me by surprise. "How'd you know?"

"I find out things. And around here you're about as hard to keep track of as a moose in a phone booth. What were you after?"

"I'd rather not say."

"Then you already have. You're asking for it. Chatham."

"So?" I said. "Then you've wondered just a little yourself?"

"Listen," he said harshly, "that girl's no floozie he picked up in a bar. She's his wife. She was a schoolteacher."

I leaned forward. "What part of it bothered you? Was he out of town those two times in October?"

"So what does that prove?" he demanded.

"Nothing, by itself," I said. "Do you want to hear it? Or go on seeing an innocent woman crucified?"

"Let's have it," he said.

I told him all of it, everything I'd found out. When I finished, there was something sad in his face. He nodded. "I think you've tagged it. But you'll never prove a word of it. And if you accuse her, he'll kill you."

"He may have tried already."

"The shotgun?" He shook his head. "That wasn't Kelly; I've known him too long. He may get you, but it'll be from in front."

"Then it definitely wasn't as simple as that," I said. I lighted another cigarette. "There were more people mixed up in it. And something happened that night besides Langston's death."

"What?"

"That's what I don't know; but maybe you can help me. Can you remember anything else?"

"No-o. Not around here. But what makes you think so?"

"Several things. Nobody attempts first-degree murder to cover up a rap for malicious mischief or vandalism. These people are scared of something big. I don't think it's Langston's murder, because she's safe on that. Absolutely invulner-

able. And another thing—when you jumped Strader that morning he pulled a gun. Hasn't anybody ever wondered why he was carrying one?"

"Well, he'd just committed murder. Carrying a gun isn't much of a crime, compared to that."

"That's not the point. Why was he carrying it? Langston wasn't killed with a gun; and his death was incidental, anyway. Strader came up here for something else. And real estate salesmen don't usually go around muscled up that way."

"But he didn't have a record."

"Neither did Dillinger when he was born. You start somewhere."

"Wait a minute!" he said suddenly. Then he shrugged. "Oh, hell, that was in Georgia."

"What?"

"Gang cleaned out a jewelry store. Picked up the safe and carried it off like it was a portable typewriter."

"Same night?" I asked idly. It didn't sound like much.

"I'm pretty sure. And there was a killing connected with it."

"Hold it!" I said. "How far away?"

"Weaverton—hm—that's about eighty-five miles."

"Did they ever make anybody for it?"

"I don't know," he said. "Naturally, we had nothing to do with it. Only reason it stuck in my mind was that I met this constable once, this man they killed."

"Can you find out for me?"

He nodded. "I'll go to the station and call. What else you want to know?"

"What kind of burglar alarm the store had."

He put down his beer. "Why?"

"Part of that report on Strader. He had a job one time selling alarms for an outfit called Electronics Enterprises."

"I get you." Then he shook his head. "But, hell, son, it wouldn't prove anything. Plenty of pros can gimmick an alarm."

"I know," I said. "But we'd have a place to start."

The telephone rang. He reached for it. "Calhoun. Yes. Prowler? Where's that again? Okay." He hung up and sprang to his feet. "I've got to run out to the east end. I'll drop you off in town."

I took a cab. When we reached the motel, I looked around in surprise. The station wagon was gone, and the front door was open. I paid the driver and hurried inside. The lobby was dark, but cracks of light showed through the curtains. I shoved through them, and stopped abruptly. The coffee table was overturned, its glass top broken, and cigarette butts scattered across the rug from an upended ashtray. A cup lay near it, in a wet coffee stain. I hurried through the bedroom and kitchen. They were in

order, but she was gone. I ran out into the lobby to the phone.

Calhoun's office had no jurisdiction; it was beyond the city limits. Redfield was my only hope, and he was off. I dialed his home. Cynthia Redfield answered.

"Is your husband home?" I asked. "It's urgent."

"No," she replied. "I think he's at the Magnolia Motel, but I've been trying to reach him there and can't get—"

"I'm calling from the Magnolia," I interrupted. "This is Chatham. You say he's been here?"

"I don't know, actually. You see, he was at a lodge meeting. There's a man here who has to see him about something important, so I phoned the hall. But they said he'd got a call and left."

"To come here?" I was scared worse now.

"I gathered that. Anyway, it's something about the Magnolia he wants to tell him. About Mrs. Langston, I think."

"Is he still there?" I cut in urgently.

"Yes. Has—?"

"Don't let him leave!" I said. I snapped down the switch and called a cab. It seemed to take forever.

When we pulled up before the house the porch light was on, but there was no car in front. Maybe the man had gone. I could see the back of Redfield's station wagon in the drive, however, so presumably he'd got home. I tossed the driver a dollar and ran up the walk.

Cynthia Redfield came to the door. She wore a cotton dress rather on the demure side, and the wine-red hair was caught in a pony tail. The eyes were blue in a tanned and very lovely face. She smiled. "Mr. Chatham?"

"Yes," I said quickly. "Has he gone?"

She nodded. "But just to look for my husband. He'll be back. Please come in, and I'll try that lodge hall again."

There was a faint whisper of warning, but I brushed it aside. I was too worried about Georgia. And she hadn't called me; I'd called her. I followed her down a short hallway and through a door on the left. It was a fairly large living room, with closed drapes on the right and a fireplace and another door at the other end. A sofa, coffee table, and some modern Swedish chairs were grouped on the left. It was air-conditioned and very quiet.

"What did the man say?" I asked.

She turned, and smiled with a despairing shake of her head that set the pony tail a-swing. "He's Cuban, and very hard to understand when he's excited." Then she broke off, and said apologetically. "But I'm wasting time. Excuse me."

The telephone was on a stand near the end of the sofa. She dialed, and said,

"This is Mrs. Redfield again. Will you check and see if my husband's come back? Thank you." She waited. Then she nodded courteously to me. "Please sit down, Mr. Chatham."

I thanked her, but remained standing. What could have happened? Was she hurt? Worry and impatience sawed at my nerves, and I was too confused to think. I looked at Cynthia Redfield. She was incredible, I thought. If all my theories were right, she was as deadly as a bushmaster, but you simply couldn't believe it. This was the young suburban housewife, the P.T.A. type. Maybe I was crazy, or entirely wrong. At the moment, everything was crazy.

"All right, thank you," she said into the phone, and hung up. "He's not there," she told me regretfully. "But wait. I'll call the office. He may have called in." She dialed again.

I nodded. She swung around facing me, the base of the instrument dangling from her right hand as she waited for someone to answer.

Then she cried out, "Kelly—Kelly—!" in a strangled voice, and casually tossed the instrument, receiver and all, onto the floor.

There was nothing I could do about it now, except watch. She reached behind her to tip over the stand and the bridge lamp beside it. Before the crash had time to die she pulled the phone out of the wall. Catching the yoke of her dress with both hands, she yanked down sharply, and the seams gave way to her waist. She wore nothing under it, of course.

"It'll take him about two minutes to run it with the siren," she said, critically appraising the effect.

"I could kill you in one," I said. "Had you thought of that?"

"Of course," she replied. She loosed the pony tail and let her hair fall about her face. "But you won't. You're not the type, and you might get away if you start running."

"Sure," I said. I had a wonderful chance of getting away.

"Well, aren't you going to start?"

"No," I said. I could hear the siren. It was still far off, but he was probably doing seventy through town. "I'm going to call you. Your husband's not nearly as stupid as you think."

From the sound, he was within three or four blocks now and still floorboarding it. He'd be a good driver if he stopped without turning over or going into that orchard. The siren cut and began to growl its way down.

She shifted nervously. "You're a fool."

It didn't seem likely she was doubtful about having enough stomach to watch it, so maybe she was thinking about the rug. "All right, Mrs. Redfield," I said, and

grabbed her. She put up a struggle, but it was pretty useless because I didn't care whether I hurt her or not. I backed up against the wall beside the doorway, holding a hand over her mouth. The long scream of his tires died outside and feet pounded on the porch and down the hall.

As he hurtled through the door I got him with a high tackle, around both arms. He rode down under my weight and slid along the rug, and I chopped a right just under his ear. It had no effect except to make him explode. I outweighed him at least thirty pounds, but he heaved upward and rolled the two of us against the coffee table, upsetting it and scattering ashtrays. I managed to pin him again and work the gun out of the shoulder holster.

I dropped it in the pocket of my jacket, having no illusions at all about threatening him with it. On television shows you ordered people around with guns as if they were some form of magic wand, but this was Redfield, and his wife had been beaten up and raped. But I could use the sap, if I could find it. I groped for the right pocket of his jacket. He saw her at last, sitting up in her torn clothing, and went silently berserk. If I'd weighed four hundred pounds I couldn't have held him down. He broke the hold around his throat, heaved me off, and scrambled to his knees. I hit him over the heart, and it had no more effect than hitting a wall. He battered at me, pushed to his feet, and kicked at my head. I caught his legs and upended him, and this time as we threshed across the floor I found the sap.

It was ugly and I hated to do it, but it was the only thing that could stop him.

Knocking him out was no good, even if I could. I had to try to talk to him. I cut his arms down with it and then sliced it across the backs of his legs. She ran past me to the fireplace and tried to hit me with the poker. I grabbed it and jerked her off balance. She fell.

Redfield lay against the wreckage of the coffee table. I pinned him with a hand against his chest as he struggled to get at me with arms and legs that would no longer answer his commands. Wind roared in my throat.

"Listen!" I said. I gasped for breath. "I didn't do it. She framed me. Don't you know yet she killed Langston, you fool? How much longer . . . you going to try to close your eyes to it?"

Fighting to get my breath, I looked at his face. Then I realized he hadn't heard anything I said. It couldn't penetrate; there simply wasn't room in his mind for anything beside that implacable yearning to get hold of me and kill me. His eyes moved once, toward her, and then back to my face. They were terrible. I pushed myself to my feet, and turned at the doorway. He was trying to crawl toward me, like a dog with a broken back, and not once had he ever uttered a word. So I was going to explain it to him, I thought.

The keys were in the cruiser. I skidded it around the corner at the other end of the block, and headed for the highway. I'd never make it out of the state; there wasn't a chance, even if I had another car. And somehow I had to find Georgia Langston. There was no use trying to think of a plan; at the moment, survival was a matter of one minute at a time.



"Have you boys seen Mother's pinking shears?"

STAIN OF SUSPICION

(continued)

Maybe Ollie had seen something. I slid to a stop in the parking area at the side of the Silver King and jumped out. Right beside me was Pearl Talley's old pickup truck with its spattered sides. I looked across the highway. Georgia's station wagon was parked before the office. I frowned, remembering the scene at the bar in there yesterday afternoon. Maybe I was beginning to understand, now that I probably wouldn't live until morning. I broke into a run, and was almost hit by a car. The driver called me something unprintable, and sped on. She was in the living room, still dressed as she had been at dinner, and apparently unharmed. She turned, and said, "Oh, thank Heaven! Bill, where have you been?"

"No time now," I said. "We've got to get out of here. Fast."

She grasped the urgency in my voice, and asked no questions. Running into the bedroom, she came out with her purse and a pair of flat shoes.

"Where does Talley live?" I asked, as I hit the starter. "I mean, east of town, or west?"

"West," she replied. "On the other side of the river, and then south four or five miles."

We had to risk it now, I thought. In another few minutes everything was going to be closed for us. I shot onto the highway, headed toward town, and almost at the same time I heard the siren wailing up ahead. It was too late to turn. The sheriff's car shot past us and went on. He hadn't noticed us; they were looking for that cruiser. I watched in the mirror. He turned in at the motel. As soon as he saw the cruiser over there by the Silver King they'd be looking for this station wagon. We'd be lucky if we made it through town. We did, somehow. Breath escaped me in a long sigh as we came onto the bridge and I bore down on the throttle. The speedometer climbed. "Where do we turn?" I asked.

"A little over a mile," she said.

We made it with no one in sight. It was a gravel road running through timber. I slammed on the brakes, and opened the door to get out. "Go back to the highway and turn east. Get out of the county."

"Are you in serious trouble?" she asked.

"Yes. And you will be, too, if you're caught with me. But I was afraid to leave you there. There's no telling what'll happen; they might try to take it out on you."

"And I'm supposed to leave you here in the dark, afoot? Is that it?" she asked crisply. "Bill, you're making me angry. Keep going, or I'll drive."

I tried to argue. It was no use. I put the car in gear and hit the throttle. "Have you ever been to Talley's place?" I asked.

"I've been past it," she replied. "I know where it is."

"Fine. Let me know when we're getting near."

We sped on, meeting no one. In another few minutes a fence flashed past and I heard a cattle-guard beneath the tires. She thought his place was less than half a mile. I slowed and found a place to get off the road. When the car was well hidden in the timber, I stopped, and cut the lights. It was immensely silent and black all around us. I reached out and touched her hand.

"All right," she said quietly. "Tell me about it, Bill."

"I'm batting a thousand," I said. "First I was booby-trapped by a hillbilly who thinks intelligible English is a dialect. And now I've been sandbagged by a small-town schoolteacher."

"What do they want you for?"

"Rape."

She gasped. "How did she do it?"

I told her about it. "Was it a man or woman that called you?"

"A man. He said you'd been hurt in a fight, and arrested. I went to the hospital, and jail—"

I sighed. "He gets monotonous. But they had help on their telephone circuit this time. Let's try Frankie. Who's he?"

"Frankie Crossman. He runs Pearl Talley's junk yard."

"It gets better and better," I said. Frankie had started the fight so that acid-thrower could get away.

"But why was everything upset in the living room?"

One of them went over and broke in as soon as they saw you drive away. It had to look as if something terrible had happened to you, so I'd try to get hold of Redfield to report it."

"Why did you want to come here to Talley's place?"

"A hunch. It's real long shot, but my only chance now."

"What do you mean?"

I lighted cigarettes for us. "First, I want to verify something. Talley's a pretty good mimic, isn't he? Dialects, that sort of thing?"

"I understand he is," she said with dislike. "Filthy stories."

"I thought so," I said. I told her about the incident in the bar, when Ollie had tried to get him to tell a dialect story about some Swedes and an Irishman. "It just occurred to me awhile ago that Pearl changed the subject a little too fast."

"But what about him?" she asked.

"Pearl's the boy who was making those filthy phone calls. He hired the acid job done. And he tried to get me," I told her about that.

"Oh, no!" she said.

"The telephone seems to be his favorite

weapon. I kept picking up little leads that pointed to him, but I couldn't quite believe them because the man we were looking for spoke something that at least resembled English. Apparently he can when he wants to. What else do you know about this comedian?"

"Let's see," she said thoughtfully. "Besides the property in town I mentioned, I think he owns three farms. He lives on this one, and has relatives operating the others. Kinfolks, as he says. Nobody knows how many he has, or where they come from, or whether he pays them anything. He's not married, so there are usually two or three over here with him, along with whatever ratty girl he's living with at the moment. I don't think I've ever seen him with one that didn't look like the dregs of humanity."

"He does most of his business in bars, but doesn't drink much, they say. I've heard his house is even decorated like a cheap honkytonk, with a jukebox for a phonograph. It's his idea of gracious living, I suppose. You may have gathered I don't like him."

"You're being unfair," I said. "I think he was trying to drive you insane or wreck your health so he could buy your motel at a reasonable price, but there was no animosity connected with it. It was merely a simple business deal."

"But, Bill, he wouldn't try to kill you just for that."

"I don't know," I said. "I'm hoping it was something else. Do you know whether he's ever been arrested? For a felony, I mean?"

"Not that I ever heard of. Why?"

"It's that hunch. I may be able to tell more about it when we get to a phone."

"Where on earth," she asked incredulously, "do you expect to find a telephone out here?"

"Why, I thought we'd use Pearl's," I said.

"But—"

"It strikes me we've been shoved around long enough by these telephoning creeps. What do you say we try a little of it on them? We've got nothing to lose now."

It was a two-story frame house in a setting of large oaks some two hundred yards back from the road. One lighted window showed in front, on the right. I took her arm, and we moved silently around to the side, studying the place. There was a lighted window there, too. Same room, I thought. Behind the house was another large shadow that presumably was a barn. A car was parked under a tree in the yard.

I left her by the tree. "Wait here," I whispered. "Don't come in till I call you."

I slipped over to the lighted window at the side of the house. Phonograph music

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began inside and I heard shoes scraping against the floor. I peered through the dirty screen. It was a long room, extending from the front of the house almost all the way to the rear, harshly lighted by two big overhead bulbs. Directly across from me an overblown and vapid-looking blonde girl of eighteen or nineteen lay on a sofa reading a comic book. She was dressed in a pair of brief shorts and an inadequate halter, and was barefoot, but wore a gold chain around one ankle and a wrist watch with a gold band. Beside the sofa was a card table stacked with more comic books. I couldn't see the rear of the room, or anything off to my left at all.

The dancers shuffled into view. I stared. One of them was that dark, hard slat of a girl Talley had been writing on with lipstick the first day I met him. But it was the man who caught my eye. He was the one I'd gone back to town to look for and had located in that bar when the fight started. The acid-thrower.

I slipped around to the front porch. The screen door opened noiselessly and I was in a hallway that was unlighted except for the illumination from the open door at the right. I stepped through it and looked swiftly around. There were only the three of them, and it was the craziest room I'd ever seen.

Beyond the sofa was a Coke machine. On top of it was a stock saddle, lying on its side. There was a jukebox against the outer wall, and at the far end of the room a bed made up with a patchwork quilt. Directly opposite me was a small safe, and in the corner next to it an old roll-top desk. There was a telephone on the desk, and on the floor beside it a small electric fan. There were no rugs, and nothing on the unpainted walls except pinups from girlie magazines.

The dancers sprang apart. The man said coldly, "What do you want here?"

"Use your phone," I said.

The dark girl made a noise with her lips. "Take him, T.J."

He clicked open his knife and advanced in a prancing walk. I took the sap from my pocket and hit him across the muscles of the forearm. The knife fell to the floor. I kicked it under the sofa. The dark girl said something obscene and tried to rush past me, toward the desk. I tossed her back, and she bounced against the jukebox before she fell to the floor with a display of stringy legs. T.J. held his arm, gritting his teeth.

"You ever try sulphuric acid for that?" I asked, and hit him on the other arm. I thought of the way the room had looked, caught him by one arm and his belt and whirled him against the wall. He slid down it to a sitting position. He had an angular, sun-reddened face and pale eyes,

just as Georgia had described him. The gun was in one of the top drawers of the desk. It was a .45 automatic. I dropped it in the left pocket of my jacket, remembering I still had Redfield's .38.

I walked over to the big blonde girl on the sofa. She was sitting up now, watching me apprehensively. "What's your name?" I asked.

"La Verne Talley," she said. "I'm Pearl's second cousin."

"What time does he usually get back from town?"

"Oh, not never before one or two o'clock."

The dark girl lashed out at her. "Shut up, you dumb cow!"

"What's her name?" I asked.

"Trudy Hewlett. She ain't no kin."

I glanced at Trudy. "Gertrude Hewlett. Gertrude Haines. You people never learn, do you?"

She cursed me.

"And this one?" I continued, nodding toward T.J. "What's his name and kin rank?"

"T.J. Minor," she replied. "He's a first cousin. Me an' him's engaged. We're goin' to run the motel for Pearl."

Trudy tried to reach her, the tendons standing out in her neck. "You dim-witted animal, shut up!"

I shoved her back, and spoke to the big girl again. "That's a lovely watch you've got there, La Verne. Is it the one Pearl gave you?"

She gazed at it fondly. "No, Frankie give this to me."

"Pearl didn't give you one of his?" I asked, astonished.

She shook her head. "He won't even let me wear it to town. Says somebody might steal it. He give Trudy one, though. Had genuine diamonds on it."

I had to subdue the raging Trudy again. I pushed her harder, and she sat on the floor by the jukebox.

"All right, La Verne," I said. "You go upstairs and go to bed. Things are going to get a little rough around here, and you'll be safer out of the way."

The jukebox quit. The room was still and very hot under the naked lights. I went over to the desk, picked up the little fan, and plugged it in. As I'd already known it would, it ran with a rough whirring sound. Emery dust in the bearings, I thought. I unplugged it.

"What time is it?" I asked Trudy. She spat at me.

I called Georgia, and she came in. I saw the quick recognition in her eyes as they came to T.J.

"Meet some charming people," I said. "You know the acid artist, of course. And the hard, gemlike flame is Trudy Hewlett. She's the girl who phoned me how to get out to that old barn."

STAIN OF SUSPICION (continued)

"I think I feel a little sick," Georgia whispered.

"He gave her a wrist watch with real diamonds."

"Bill, don't—"

"You squares kill me," Trudy said. "You really do."

"Is there anything we can do?" Georgia asked.

"Why not call the cops?" Trudy asked. "That'd be a shrewd move."

"We've still got a chance," I said. "You wait outside; if a car comes, warn me. I'll make that call."

She went out. I perched on the side of the desk so I could watch Trudy and T.J., looked up Calhoun's number, and dialed. He picked it up on the first ring.

"This is Chatham—"

He interrupted. "I don't know where you're calling from, and I don't want to know. But if you're not out of this county yet, *get out!*"

"I didn't do it. You know that."

"That's not the point. If they pick you up, he'll kill you. He's half crazy. I just asked him to calm down a little, and he almost hit me in the face with a gun."

"I can't get out. There's not a prayer. Have you had a chance to check into that Weaverton job?"

"Yes. You tagged it. The alarm was installed by Electronics Enterprises."

I sighed softly. "What else did you get on it?"

"It was a slick operation, except for the stupid part of it—killing that constable. Fire broke out in an old building about three blocks away, pulling everybody over there. This constable must have got suspicious, because they found him in the alley back of the store after the robbery was discovered. Been hit from behind with something like a jack handle."

"What time did the fire start?"

"A little after one. November eighth. Same morning Langston was killed. Figure they got that safe out of there in less than thirty minutes."

"Probably had the equipment for it," I said. "Talley's junk yard would have a big truck, and dollies, and hoists, wouldn't it?"

"Sure. But, look, have you got any kind of proof at all?"

"Not yet."

"Anything I can do?"

"I'm counting on you. Is Frankie Crossman married?"

"Yeah."

"Good. Park where you can watch his house. He's going to come out in a few minutes and drive off. After he's out of sight, knock on the door and ask for him. Give his wife the impression he's wanted for questioning in something serious."

"Got you."

"Then drive out to Redfield's house.

His phone's on the bum; she pulled it out of the wall. He won't be there, of course, but tell her you've been trying to get him at the office and he's out. So you want to give her the message just in case she sees him first. I called you. I wouldn't say where I was, of course, but I wanted you to call the F.B.I. because I claimed to have information in a federal case of some kind, and that as soon as they were here to protect me I'd come in and surrender on that rape charge. It's hogwash, of course, as far as you're concerned, but I may call again, and if they're set up they might trace it. And suggest that Redfield contact the nearest F.B.I. office and ask them if they'll trace the call in case I try to get in touch with them direct."

He whistled. "That one's loaded, all right. Anything else?"

"No, that's all. And thanks."

I hung up, and checked my watch. It was twelve-twenty; we were going to have to work fast. I called Georgia. She pulled the sheet off the bed at the rear of the room. I tore it into strips, tied T.J.'s hands in back, and gagged him. I tied Trudy's hands, left her lying face down on the floor, and handed Georgia Langston the blackjack. "If she tries to move, hit her across the backs of the legs."

I shoved T.J. out ahead of me, put him in his car, and tied his ankles. Taking the keys from his pocket, I drove the car down behind the barn where it would be out of sight. When I came back, I untied Trudy's hands, and pulled her to her feet. Georgia watched me, puzzled.

I grinned coldly. "Trudy's our secretary. She's a great little girl on the telephone."

Trudy told me what I could do, I nodded to Georgia. "This may not be very pretty. Wait outside and keep an eye on the road."

I led Trudy over to the desk. "Stand right there," I said, and looked up Frankie Crossman's number. Hoping he and his wife would be asleep, I dialed it, and listened, holding my finger on the switch. In the middle of the sixth ring somebody picked it up. I pressed down at the same time, breaking the connection.

"I'll bet that was a real smart move," Trudy said. "If I was stupid enough to figure it out."

"It won't be necessary," I said. "In about two minutes, you're going to call him. I'll tell you what to say."

She spat in my face. I slapped her. She tried to scratch me. I caught her wrists in one hand and slapped her twice more, forehand and backhand. I shoved and let go. She fell backward, and looked up at me with the beginnings of doubt. "You're crazy!"

She climbed to her feet. I caught her wrists again. "You cut it out," she said, sullen now instead of insolent. I felt a little sick at my stomach. She was about eighteen. But it had to be done; this was the method they'd left us.

"Your trouble, Trudy, is you've been milking fat mopes all your life and never ran into a desperate mope. There is a difference." She could be bluffed now, I thought. I pulled the .38 from my pocket and cocked it.

"You wouldn't," she said nervously.

"We can use T.J., if we have to. He'll be easy to convince, too."

"Why?"

"We'll just show him you," I said.

She cracked. All the brass melted at once, and she began to whimper. "What do you want me to do?"

"Talk to Frankie. Here's what you say," I told her.

I dialed the number and held the phone so she could speak into it and we could both hear. "Listen, Frankie," she said. "Pearl just called from town, and he's on his way out here now. He said he tried to get you, but you didn't answer."

"He hung up before I could get to the phone," Frankie grumbled. "What is it?"

"I don't know, except there's some kind of trouble. He just said he was leaving right then and for me to keep calling till I got you. Don't tell anybody, not even your wife, but get out here as fast as you can."

"I'll be there," Frankie said. He hung up.

I looked at my watch again. It was 12:47. We were cutting it fine. Pearl might leave town any time. It was very hot in the room. Sweat ran down my face. I wondered if we had any chance at all.

"When Mrs. Crossman calls," I told Trudy, "just say Frankie hasn't been here. And you don't know where Pearl is. That's all."

She nodded, but said nothing.

"What's in the safe?" I asked.

"I don't know," she replied.

"What's in it?" I repeated harshly.

"Honest to God." She began to whine. "Nobody ever sees in it. That Mrs. Redfield offered me three hundred dollars if I could steal the combination."

"Why?" I asked.

"I don't know. But Pearl carries it in his head. Nobody'll ever get it."

Mrs. Crossman called. She was plainly worried. Calhoun had just left. Trudy repeated what I'd told her.

Georgia said quietly at the side window, "Car turning in, Bill."

"Right," I said. "Stay out of sight."

I warned Trudy, and went over to stand behind the door. The car stopped outside and footsteps sounded in the front hall.

Crossman came in. "Hey, Trudy, hasn't Pearl got here—?"

I put a hand in his back and pushed. "He'll be here, Frankie."

He whirled, and the dark and bony face was mean when he saw me. The lip was swollen from the fight in the bar, I shook him down, found nothing on him except a knife, and threw that under the bed. I returned Redfield's gun to my pocket. "You can hold a reunion," I said. "Everybody'll be here—except Strader, of course."

Fear showed in his face. He turned on Trudy. "You little—"

She shrieked at him. "He made me call you!"

"Which one of you killed the constable?" I asked.

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"It makes no difference," I said. "You all know that. All of you take the rap, regardless of who hit him."

I was wasting my time with Frankie. He had realized by now Trudy had told me nothing. I tied his hands and shoved some of the sheet in his mouth.

"Call the Silver King and ask for Pearl," I told Trudy. "Here's what you say." I told her carefully, and then repeated it.

She began to cry. "He'll kill me."

"He won't be able to. Get on that phone."

She dialed. I held my ear close to the receiver. We were in luck; he was still there. He came to the line, and I nodded to her.

Pearl! I think something's wrong. Mrs. Crossman phoned trying to find Frankie. She said he got a call from somebody about a half hour ago and left the house in a big hurry and wouldn't tell her where he was going. And just after he left, Calhoun come lookin' for him."

"Oh, Frankie's jest been in another fight, or somethin'."

"No! That ain't all. Frankie called too. He just this minute hung up. He said he was leaving town. Something about finding out that man is a private detective workin' for an insurance company. I'm scared. Pearl. T.J.'s scared. We're goin' to get out of here."

I pressed down on the switch, breaking the connection, and dropped the receiver back on its cradle. I could feel myself tighten up. We had seven or eight minutes at most. "All right, Trudy. Stand up, and turn around." I called Georgia. We took the two of them out and shoved them in the rear of Frankie's panel truck, and she turned on the ceiling light while I tied their legs. "Watch the road," I warned. "He'll be here any minute."

"Nothing yet," she said.

I found Frankie's keys, and slammed the rear doors. We drove the truck down behind the barn beside T.J.'s car. I cut the lights and ignition, and sighed, beat-up and dead tired. My hands hurt, and would scarcely bend now. She fished the cigarettes from my pocket, lighted one, and put it between my lips. "Thanks," I said. "Don't let it tip me over."

"How does it look now?" she asked calmly.

"I don't know," I said. "They're guilty as hell, but so far we haven't got a shred of proof. They pulled off a safe job that night and killed a man, up in Georgia. Bringing the stuff into another state makes it a federal deal. That, and the felony murder, is what they've been so jittery about. Plus the fact that the man they killed was a policeman. I couldn't get anything out of Frankie, but we've still got Pearl and Mrs. Redfield to go. If we get Cynthia out here; she's a real cool cat."

"I hear a car coming," Georgia said.

Headlights flashed briefly across the trees beside the barn, and died. A car door slammed. Pearl was here.

I hurried across the yard and reached a position by the side window as he came into the room. I couldn't see him; he was

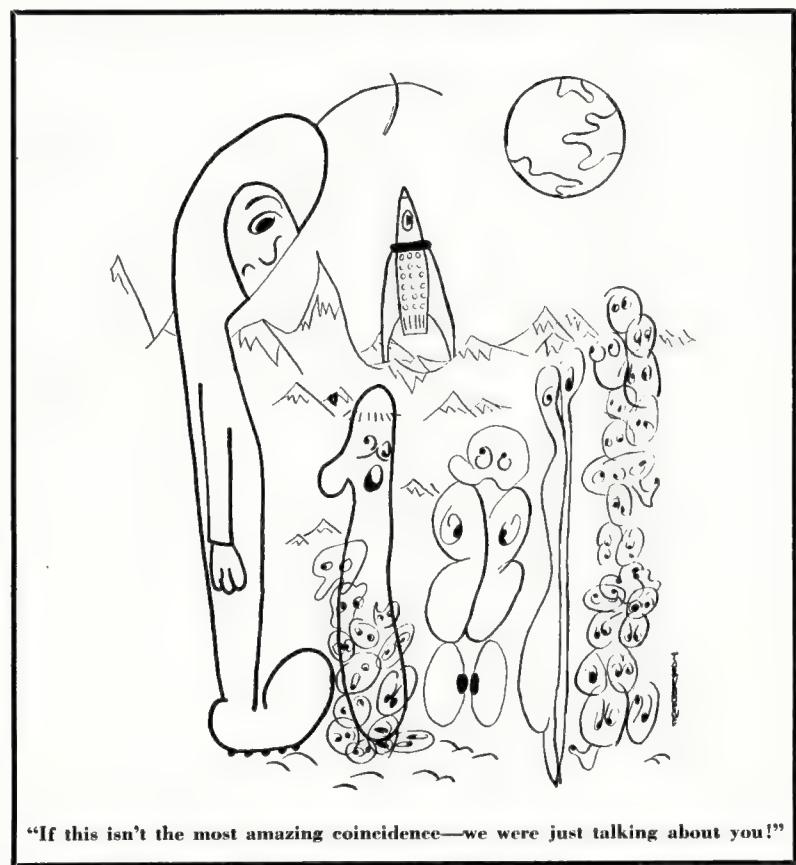
off to my left somewhere. Then I heard the sound and recognized it, and excitement ran along my nerves. It was the faint rattle of the knob of the safe as he spun it through the combination.

He could be after money, or my hunch might be right and there was something in it he wanted to hide somewhere else. The telephone rang. He paid no attention to it. It rang again. I heard the click of the handle as he swung open the door of the safe. Slipping around front, I stepped into the hall. The telephone shrilled again, covering any sound I might have made.

He was squatting before the opened safe with his back to me, wearing another of those garish shirts, the cowboy hat pushed onto the back of his head. On the floor beside him was one of the metal drawers from the safe. It held two chamois bags, one of them very small.

"Turn around, Pearl," I said. "And get away from the front of that safe."

He whirled and stood up. After the first shock, there was no confusion in his face. The blue eyes were calculating, and more than a little cold as they looked at me, and then shifted, estimating the distance to the desk.



STAIN OF SUSPICION (continued)

"There's no gun in it," I said. The telephone started to ring once more, but was cut off in the middle. Whoever it was had hung up. Silence roared in my ears. I thought of the shotgun going off in that loft, and the obscene foaming of acid, and whispered filth on a telephone. I wanted to get my hands on him and beat him into something unrecognizable. Then I wearily shrugged it off. What good would it do? What good had it done last time?

I jerked my head. "Move over, Pearl. Get away from that safe."

He took a sideways step, watching me carefully. He knew I had a gun. I lifted the chamois bags to the desk and worked the drawstrings loose. One was filled with engagement rings in all sizes of stones, and the smaller held perhaps a dozen unset diamonds. I didn't know whether they were expensive stones or not. Another drawer held several men's and women's wrist watches, wrapped in tissue. The last compartment I slid open was stacked with bundles of currency held together with rubber bands. Several thousand dollars, I guessed.

I stood up. He regarded me with a sly expression on the fat baby face. "You know, I bet you an' me could work out a dicker."

"Yes?" I asked. This should be interesting.

"Why, shore. Them police got you treed like a coon. You ain't goin' to get out of here, and that Redfield's goin' to pistol-whip you to death. But suppose I was to take you out in my truck?" There

was a pause, precisely timed, and then he added. "Even give you a whole pocketful of that money."

This was the second level, I thought—Talley the trader. It lay somewhere between the low-comedy yokel with a face like a lewd baby's, and the real Talley, the cold-blooded and deadly hoodlum. Pearl was an apt name for him; pearls are built up in layers. Or maybe there wasn't any real Talley at all; if you stripped off all the layers, at the bottom there wouldn't be anything but an elemental force, a sort of disembodied and symbolic act of devouring.

"Don't you want to get away?" Talley demanded.

"No," I said. "But I wouldn't try to explain it to you."

I wasn't angry any more, I thought: I was sick. Sick of the very sight of them. All of them. I sighed. "Which one of you killed the constable?"

He said something, but it occurred to me that I hadn't even bothered to listen to him. What was the use?

Then he was looking at something by the door. I turned. Cynthia Redfield was standing there. She was wearing a dark blue dress and sandals, and was carrying a flat bag in her left hand and holding a short-barreled .38 in the other. It was a corny pose, like a still from a B picture, but it wasn't ridiculous on her at all.

She came on into the room. "Turn around, Mr. Chatham," she ordered. I turned, raging at myself. I'd been so near—She came up behind me, and said,

"Take off your jacket and toss it over there on that sofa."

She couldn't miss. I did as she said. "Now, get over there and stand by Pearl. I walked over by the safe, facing her.

She stared coolly at Pearl, and said. "I thought you might walk right into it, so I parked up by the road. I tried to head you off in town, but they said you'd just got a phone call and left. And Frankie had disappeared. Didn't it occur to any of you that Chatham was doing it, trying to make you panic?"

I glanced sideways at Pearl. He was watching her nervously. That seemed strange.

He started to say something, but she cut him off. "I don't have much time." She stopped to give him a taunting smile, and went on, "I see you have the safe open. That's nice, isn't it? We can have an accounting now, after all these months."

Pearl said nothing, and it began to dawn on me at last that I wasn't the only one being threatened by that gun.

"Come on, Pearl," she taunted. "Tell me again how much was in that safe when you and Frankie got it open. Two thousand dollars' worth of cheap junk, wasn't it?"

He swallowed uneasily. She walked to the desk, motioning for us to move back. Setting her purse on it, she poked her finger into the openings of the two chamois bags. A few rings spilled out on the desk.

"You got to listen—" Pearl began.

She cut him off coldly. "In the end, you got it all, didn't you, you filthy pig? You always do. By lying, and blackmail, and extortion."

She went on talking, but I forgot her. I was facing the doorway, and saw a slender hand come around the edge of the frame, searching for the light switch just inside . . . higher . . . now, over . . .

"—Well, I can get out. Pearl, and I'm going to take it all. I'd have killed you long ago if I could have thought of a way to get that safe open."

The exploring fingers touched the switch, and the lights went out.

She pulled the trigger through sheer reflex, but I was already diving to one side. Pearl hit me and we fell together. I kicked him away from me and rolled, aiming for the spot Cynthia Redfield had been standing. I missed her, and swung my arms. One hand brushed the cloth of her skirt. The gun crashed again. Pearl and I collided. We fell against a wall, and he had me pinned under him. I heard a collision in the hallway, somebody cried out, and the screen door slammed. She was gone; I'd never catch her out there in the night.

Pearl had a knee in my chest. A fist



caught me just above the ear and rocked my head back against the wall baseboard. He had the range now, and hit me again. One arm was pinned under me. I put everything into one last heave, and came up, toppling him into the darkness beside me. We rolled into the legs of the card table. It folded, dumping comic books on us. I thought I heard a car somewhere, but it was impossible to be sure above the sound of our breathing.

We threshed through the wreckage of the card table. I found his throat with one hand and swung the other. Pain went up my arm, I swung it again, and felt him go limp. I pushed myself away and collapsed, too weak to get up. Somewhere behind me a match flared, and then the lights came on. I pushed myself to a sitting position and turned. Kelly Redfield was standing just inside the door.

He was a good ten feet away. There was nothing I could do but sit and stare at him. His face was pale and haggard, the eyes full of torment. There was no gun in his hand, but the short khaki jacket was open in front and I could see one in the shoulder holster under his left arm. He said nothing. There was no sound in the room except that of my own breathing. His right hand came up and pulled the gun away from the spring clip that held it.

He spoke at last. "All right, Chatham." The voice was without expression.

Then I saw his eyes flick away from my face for the first time as they glanced toward the open safe and the desk beside it. Something held them. I turned involuntarily. On the desk, one of the chamois bags was still pulled open and light glittered on the stones in the rings. And beside it was the maroon leather of Cynthia Redfield's handbag.

He pulled his eyes away from it, and tried to do it anyway. He raised the gun, and cocked it. Sweat stood out on his face like beads of glycerin. Then the muzzle wavered, and he let it fall to his side. He was motionless for what seemed a long time but probably was two or three seconds, and at last he lifted the gun and put it back in the holster. He walked over to the desk and stood with his back to me as he picked up the phone.

I let my head fall on my forearms, braced across my knees, and closed my eyes. I was shaking all over, and limp.

I heard him dialing. "Redfield," he said. "Call off the search for Chatham. But send somebody to pick up Frankie Crossman—"

"Frankie's out here," I said, without looking up.

He gave no indication he had heard me, other than to change his orders. "Send Mitchell out here . . . Pearl Talley's

place . . . to pick up Talley and Frankie Crossman for suspicion of murder."

He paused, as if he had been interrupted, and then said savagely, "No, that's not all! I'll tell you when I'm through."

I looked up then. He reached slowly over and picked up the purse with his free hand, and tilted its contents out onto the desk. For an instant he stared down, stony-eyed, at the little accumulation of feminine articles, the tiny wadded handkerchief, comb, lipstick, mirror, and Kleenex tissues, and then he probed through it with his finger and pushed something to one side and looked at it. It was an ignition key.

"Tell Mitchell to bring enough men to search the area," he said tonelessly. "One of them got away on foot."

I looked away. Georgia Langston came running in from outside and dropped down beside me with a little cry.

Calhoun arrived a few minutes later, driving like a madman. "I tried to call you," he said, "and warn you he was on his way out here. It was my fault. I tried to talk to him about Pearl and Frankie and that Weaverton job. He caught on to where you were, and tore out."

"It's all right," I said. I told him what had happened.

He nodded. "Well, can I give you and Mrs. Langston a ride back to town? If your car's off the road in the timber, you'll never be able to find it till after daylight."

"Thanks," I said. "Be with you in just a minute." I went back inside the room. Pearl was sitting up on the sofa, wearing handcuffs. Redfield was inventorying the contents of the safe. I picked up my jacket, put the .45 on the desk, and held his gun out to him butt first. He accepted it and dropped it into the pocket of his uniform jacket. Neither of us said anything. I went out and got into the car.

It was 5 a.m. We were in the living room drinking coffee. I'd gone over to my room and showered and shaved my battered face as well as I could, and put on some clean clothes. She was wearing dark pajamas and a robe and looked lovely but very tired. The telephone rang.

We both started. Then the same thought hit us at exactly the same time, and we looked at each other in dawning comprehension and faint wonder. For the rest of our lives, we'd be able to pick up a ringing telephone without wondering whether Pearl Talley was on the other end of it.

I went out and answered it. It was Calhoun. "They got her," he said. "About two hours ago. She was just wandering around in a circle. Mitchell says she made a statement, and it matches pretty well with what they got from Talley and

Crossman. It was Talley who killed the constable. They say she was the one who hatched the idea, and she doesn't deny it. She wanted a stake so she could go away with Strader again. Pearl gypped her out of her share, and Strader's. They had Strader's car with them, as well as the truck, so they split up on the way back. She and Strader came back to her house, and Frankie and Pearl took the safe out to the barn on Pearl's place to open it. Naturally, she and Strader were planning to be there for the opening, since she knew Pearl, but Langston showed up and changed the whole picture."

"Langston just walked in on them, the way I thought?"

"Walked in on her, actually. Strader happened to be outside, bringing in some more of the stuff they'd taken from the showcases. All he saw was a silhouette, and he thought it was Redfield. There were some watches and silver and things like that right in plain sight on the table. And a dead policeman in an alley back of a jewelry store in Georgia."

"It wouldn't need anything else," I said. "How's Redfield taking it?"

"Nobody'll ever know except Redfield."

"That's right," I said. "Thanks for calling."

I went back. "They caught her," I said. "She signed a statement. It's all over."

Georgia nodded gravely. "Except trying to thank you. Which is obviously impossible . . . Bill?"

"What?" I asked.

"Do you want to talk about it any more?"

"No," I said.

"Neither do I. Not now, anyway." She put down her coffee cup. "It must be nearly dawn; don't you think it would be nice to go outside and look at it? It sounds clean, somehow. And we can talk about the swimming pool."

We went out and sat on the edge of the concrete porch. Day was beginning. I tossed a pebble. "How about the springboard right there?"

"Perfect," she said thoughtfully. Then she asked, "Do you really want to stay and do it?"

I grinned at her, or tried to. "I should, don't you think? I've invested too much of my face in it to drop it now."

She gently touched a bruise with a fingertip. "I was hoping you would. But do you know why I asked? This is the day they're supposed to have your car ready."

I turned. We stared at each other. It was impossible, but she was right.

She went on in a voice full of wonder. "It's inevitable. Some day, somebody's going to ask you what on earth you did to pass the time, stuck in a little place like this for three whole days." THE END

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Pensacola, Florida: My wife and I were excited and pleased to see the picture of our son and daughter-in-law in your January issue [p. 26]. You may not have noticed that my son wore the wings of the Royal Canadian Air Force on his

I.N.P.



right breast. He volunteered for service with the Royal Air Force at the time of the London blitz, but the U.S. government would not give him permission to join, so he went to Canada to assist the Empire Training Plan as an instructor, and after two years transferred to the U.S. Air Force. I gave him his preliminary instruction in flying, and carried Harriet in my plane for her first ride. Harriet won her WASP wings at Sweet-

water, Texas, after a strenuous course which included two crack-ups due to mechanical failure. On August 4, 1946, shortly after Harriet and Nimmo took off from a ranch near San Diego, their plane crashed and both were killed. At the time of his death Nimmo was trying to get permission to do experimental work on a "trip to the moon." He suffered some ribbing about it, but now it doesn't seem that he was too much ahead of his times.

—BEN THYSON

CAREER WIFE?

Gadsden, Alabama: Your article, "Help Your Husband Get Ahead" [February] is quite enlightening. However, I should think if an executive must be hired or fired on his wife's merits, or lack of them, why not just hire the wife instead of the husband!

—MRS. O. L. HYDE

FICTION FAN

Vancouver, B. C.: Of all the stories I have ever read, I think "The Gentle Rain," by Nancy Burrage Owen [January], is the most inspiring. When I came to the close of the story it moved me so greatly that tears flowed. I then read the story over again just to feel the same way.

—MISS SUSAN BARCLAY

VACATION WIFE

Youngstown, Ohio: I've read your magazine for quite a few years, and generally

I agree with the contents of your articles in the main. But I'm afraid "Separate Vacations" [January] is just not "my dish of tea." Probably you will quickly categorize me as either an old-fashioned wife or a suspicious one. But I frankly feel I am just a wife who enjoys being with her husband both in workaday life and in vacation life.

—MRS. JOHN W. MINCHER, JR.

COSMO FAN

Tuscumbia, Alabama: I want to take this opportunity to hand your fine magazine a bouquet. I am of the opinion that if you like or particularly enjoy something or someone you should let them know. Therefore, I want to tell you how much I do enjoy your magazine. I like the way you devote an issue to a particular subject of importance and interest. I especially like the articles and stories continued on the next page so that I don't have to hunt for the rest of them. If you have published anything I don't like or approve of, your other good qualities and features have made up for it.

—MRS. J. W. STEELE

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SPECIAL ISSUE IN MAY

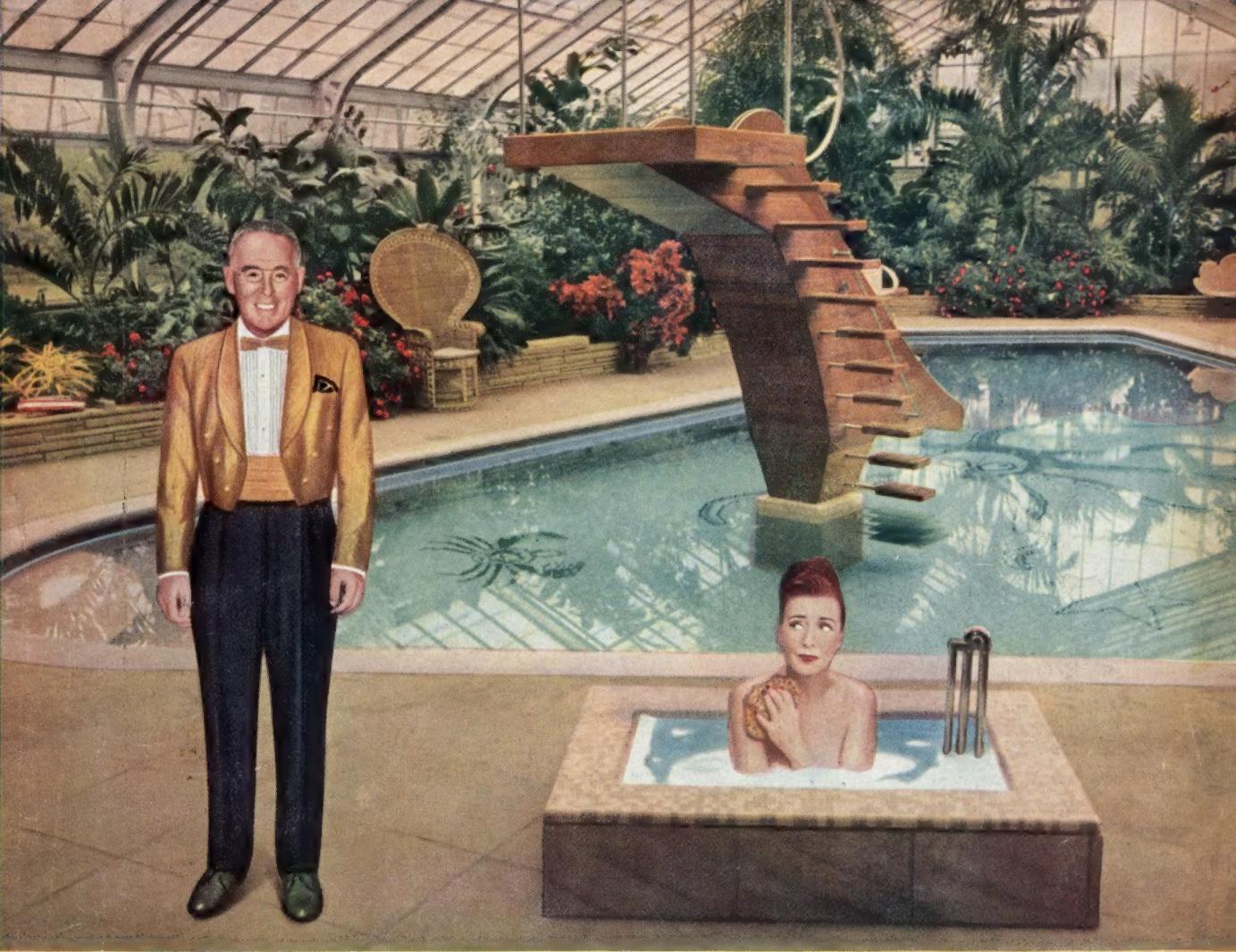
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"Our chief tester, Miss Gypsy Rose Lee, is shown here in the whirlpool which was originally designed for hydrotherapy, but which in a pinch can be used for

broad research. One hour here at full pressure is equivalent to two hundred tumblings in a washing machine. The chute came from the swimming pool of the Andrea Doria. Three slides down it is the equivalent in abrasion to squirming a year in an office chair. The cloth survived both tests. Then I knew I had something! A fabric for the lingerie trade!

"I am shown here on my way to a party to test a bolero shirt. Each night I spill gravy on it and then I wash it and hang it up to drip dry. It was never ironed and after thirty dinners I was still presentable. Then I knew I had something! Ulcers!

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